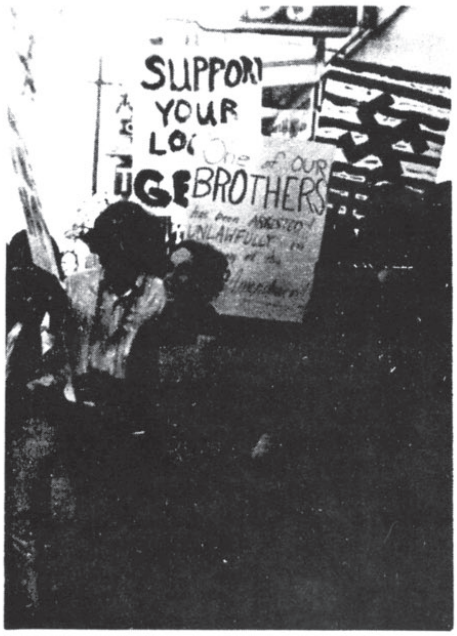


Vol.I-No.1, 9-20-66

SAN FRANCISCO

SF ORACLE

15¢

HAIGHT-ASHBURY meets POLICE

Two plainclothes officers of the Police Community Relations Unit appeared at the I/and Thou Coffee House on Wednesday, September 14, at the invitation of David Rothkop, the owner, in one of a series of bi-weekly community dialogues.

Officers Jones and Blackstone jovially, openly, and intelligently countered a barrage of questions from a crowd of 120 people, ranging from the bearded and bare-footed to grey-haired ladies, professors, lawyers, and other concerned citizens of the Haight-Ashbury.

The questions articulated a passionate concern over police harrassment and brutality by members of the Park District police station. The officers admitted police harrassment and brutality and that "the wheels of justice are not always just"(Jones): and that the Community Relations detail could only affirm and clarify the impartiality of the law but coudln't justify or defend individual acts, biases, or attitudes of 1,800 policemen.

Officer Blackstone stated the main police problem in the Haight-Ashbury was possession of marijuana and then holding up a cigarette said, "I've probably got a more deadly narcotic in my hand than pot, but that's not what the law says." The two officers parried all questions, harangues and pleas from the heated, tightly packed audience with a coolness to be envied by all hipsters. Everyone agreed that they were the best "good guys" the police could find. Jones admitted the subjectivity and prejudices of policemen on the beat. "Some policemen will look at your face, decide you're a crook and arrest you," he said.

Speaking of a citizen's rights while in public he said, "If not arrested you can refuse to be searched and go on your way but I can't promise you what would happen after that." He stated that all who feel they have been harrassed by the police should file a complaint at the Hall of Justice. All complaints are investigated and listed in each officer's records.

Members of Citizens Alert who have been collecting information and filing complaints on police harrassment and brutality, indicated that in 18 months of activity, they have received only 8 official replies, all dismissing their complaints as unfounded.

The meeting continually stumbled into the same impasse of police prejudice and hostility against the new bohemians in the Haight-Ashbury, which has caused illegal, unjust, and often brutal search and seizure. Jones suggested that it is "the responsibility of the community to keep the police as clean as possible." This lead to suggestions that Haight-Ashbury citizens have an opportunity to confront Captain Kiely and members of the Park District Police Station in an open meeting, to discuss community problems. Jones said that such a meeting could probably be arranged if a written request were sent to Chief Cahill and a cover letter to the Community Relations Unit. It was resolved by all those present that the request would be drafted and sent. Members of the audience then advised the officers that if dialogue between police and community did not improve, the community would resort to more drastic measures against illegal and brutal law enforcement, including open petitions, picketing of the police station and police surveillance teams.

Finally the officers were asked why pictures were taken of all peace marchers and demonstrations; under what mandate and in investigation of what crime. Blackstone replied that the Intelligence Division, whose job it is to gather information, took and filed the pictures, but that he had no idea what the pictures were used for and that anyone interested could ask the Intelligence Division.

Allen Cohen

Photos by Hap Smith

AFFIRMING HUMANNESS

"Cicero's inquiry of the oracle was characteristic, 'how heshould attain the highest fame,' The Priestess answered that he should 'make his own nature, not the opinion of the multitude, the guide of his life.'"

The quickest, healthiest most effective way to change our society is to turn on, tune in, drop out! Protest has not gained any meaningful change; the Vietnamese peoplehave not been helped, the Blackman's condition in this country has not really changed. The system remains and continues to destroy.

Our protests have been ineffective because we're psychologically and materially dependent on the system that we're protesting. American democracy needs our protest to acclaim its health. To protest as we have been is to nourish the system that is waging war degrading people.

Effective protest is not in proclaiming the faults of the system, but in surviving independant of the system.

That's why drop-outs bring meaningful change, as they are creating a new community which the system cannot explain or assimulate.

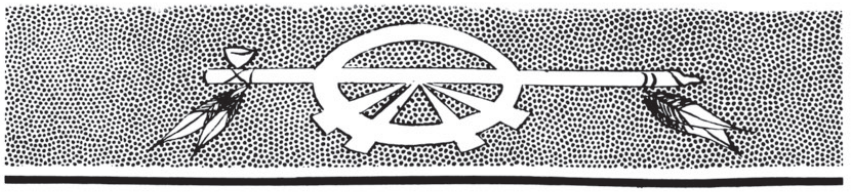
Consider the wise words of Timothy Leary; "Turn on --consciousness is a chemical process. Learning is a chemical process ing; memory, sensation, perception -every aspect of learning is chemical.

Tune in to the natural energy that covers the planet. You exist in an ocean of energy, undulating and pulsating in tidal waves around you. If you are in a stupor, you are turned off - look at the Lush, ,the Junkie. If you are trapped at the symbolic level you tune in to the symbols around you - a dead robot.

If you are turned on to the senses, you tune in to the play of energies- light, sound, air, pressure that continually bathe your sense endings. The world is alive and pulsating.

Drop out! Modern civilization is a dangerous, insane process - desrtuctive of man's natural potential, murderous to other species of life, symbol addicted, anti-life. Drop out of the social game,"

We are now in the chemical age accept your chemistry; flow with evolution, join the revolution, Turn on, Tune in, Drop out!



"The Oracle" is an attempt to create an open voice for those involved in a "life of art," as Dr. Timothy Leary calls it, though there are many ways of expressing what coming changes may be.

As the communication revolution grinds out new forms, "old" media must adopt new concepts to survive. So, with the audio-visualization of news on TV, what is the role of the newspaper?

The East Village Other, an underground newspaper, characterizes the role of the underground press as "the rise of intellectual journals." Our environment demands instead that we must be a "Living Journal," reflective of our involvement in our environment.

California is the center of radical change in every form, from the space race and automation to a whole new way of life. From political awareness, the FSM, to the sensual awareness in trip dances, and kinetic involvement of the surfer generation. Not to forget the reaction of the radical right to the awesome spectre of bureaurocracy, both stemming from fear and directed by paranoia. We hope they will discover that power seeking men always end up authoritarians.

We are in the most dynamic period of change in western history, the cybernetic/chemical revolution. We hope to create a desire to participate in the revolution now happening. The growing automation and increasing inexpensiveness of printing is one way for every community, individual, or group to have a voice.

Reading is a visual exercise and the more expressive the visual impact the more communicable the idea. The "Oracle of the Electric Age" (as Life Magazine calls Marshall McLuhan, has prophesized "that the media is the message," "that all extensions of man's body and central nervous system (e.g.: radio, TV, telephone, photography, etc.) are in themselves , by virtue of existence, at least as important as whatever they say or show."

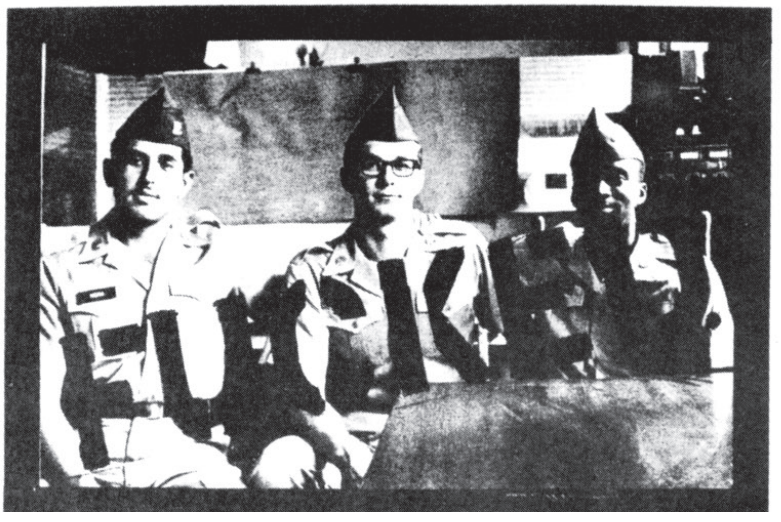
Life Magazine itself uses photos and color to create a means of editorializing and conveying ideas within a dynamic medium, but with a reactionary message.

Photography has become art; it's message illusive and subtle, often in mass media standing apart from the written word. We hope to let the word merge with photography and illustration in an organic form of graphic communication.

One realm that the camera does not enter, that os internal perceptions, has been encountered in the East through discipline and meditation. Today, the West, in mass, is entering the same realm through a chemical environment. Whether it will destroy itself in getting there is not known, but to be aware and reflect this change we believe will be the job of the new media.

"The new media is too important to be left to the Peter Pan and Mother Goose executives, but . . . (as a new artform) . . . can only be trusted to the new artists."

Marshall McLuhan



PROVOS SI, YANKEE NO

The ghost of Civil Rights' past haunts the New Left which is immobilized under the spectre of a seemingly unstoppable war, and the growing paranoia of white America. While our "hip left" has been disintegrating into dogmatists or escapists, our European contemporaries have been developing the theories and tactics of the new revolution: the integration of political action into a "life of art."

So far there has been only one serious document produced here which transcends our Calvinist heritage and suggests tactics for an American revolution: Allen Ginsberg's "Berkeley Vietnam Days," printed in the Berkeley Barb and Liberation Magazine, which emphasizes the need of "an unmistakable statement outside the war psychology." Twenty points are stressed which include the use of flowers, music-making instruments, toys, religious symbols, white flags and rock bands, even Sacred Heart and Hell's Angels floats. And, in case of attack, mantras to intone: "the Lord's Prayer, Three Blind Mice (sung), OM (AUM) long breath in unison, Star Spangled Banner, and Mary Had a Little Lamb (spoken in unison).

That's "How to make a March/Spectacle." Has such a real revolutionary demonstration happened? Not in this country, with the puritanical left (new left included) indicting acid, mod and minnie threads, and free sex faster than the Moral Mothers of America can lace up their tennis shoes.

How much longer will the so-called left get up tight when 200 floral-suited, long-haired young men march in Amsterdam in protest against our Klansmen burning Beatles' records? Comparing our treatment of the Beatles to Germany's treatment of Brecht 33 years ago.

How many of us have had the insight to sing "they're coming to take me away, Ha! Ha!" when the cops attempt to break up our flimsy acts of defiance?

Holland has provided a backdrop of industrial alienation and given us a new political artform for our generation: the Provo (provocation happening) of the under-thirty anarchist underground. They love life, their city of Amsterdam and its people. They stage mass cough-ins against cigarettes, the most obvious symbol of "The enslaved consumer - choiceless, other-directed mass man," they act against tree-destroying, brainwashing newspapers, by removing newsprint rolls from trucks and unwinding them like carpets down main streets.

They seek to build both a livable city and an international movement of hip, alienated youth-the "Provotariat." They plan for an auto-free city and propose free trams and distributing 70,000 free white bicycles for the use of all citizens. White plans for the humanization of their environment (white for purity). Police to act as social workers and instead of weapons, to carry white bags of candy and fruit to give away.

They ran a candidate for the city council and won. They will alternate that seat among themselves and agitate for turning the city into a cultural center, as well as pushing programs for decentralization, demilitarization and collectivization, and organize a Benelux federation of small communities.

The city of Amsterdam is plastered with CND peace circles and the upside down apple symbol of the Provos, the modern day Johnny Appleseeds. The visual emplanting of the seeds of another form of existence is an important factor in the influencing of people.

What do we have to counteract the destructive tendencies in our own environment? We fill the Bay with garbage, the air with carbon monoxide, and living space with strangulating asphalt ribbons. It will stop only when we begin to care and act active as the Provos weekly happenings demonstrate. Sit-downs in the middle of busy intersections, not to protest discrimination, but to protest intersections; phalanxs of singing youth moving down the middle of streets at rush hours, using the streets for the only thing that they're good for - dancing.

Rally around statues and parks they're ours, spread green throughout the city, renew life in the cities, a human renewal.

GREEN GUERILLA WARFARE FOR AMERICAN CITIES - NOW

Purity in America has a bloody history at best, and there's too many things marked White in this country as it is. We need a movement based on growth and life - a love of all livlng things - a Green Movement.

THINK GREEN - LOOK FOR THE GREEN LEAF!

John Brownson

Mojo to Indo

MOJO REPLIES TO INDO-ROCK

This article is written as a reply to the "Indo-Rock" piece which appeared in the first issue of P.O. Frisco. In a recent issue of my own newspaper, the Mojo Navigator R&R News, I propounded what was basically a hastily-written, and from my present point-of-view, ill-conceived critique of the article in question. The essential hang-up in writing a criticism of any piece of music is that the criticism must by definition be subjective, since the performance of any musical group will vary from occasion to occasion. This hang-up is only intensified when a critic attempts to write a subjective evaluation of someone else's subjective evaluation.

The "Indo-Rock" article can be legitimately criticized from several points of view. In the first place, the musical judgments made are essentially high-handed. We are told that certain musicians are "musically illiterate." Now, whether one's taste runs to one particular form of music or another, it is completely unfair to label people who have an obvious technical competence on their instruments as illiterates. If the writer of the article had approached the rock scene with an open mind, I think he would have been forced to concede that the musicians playing in the three specific bands he mentioned, Big Brother & the Holding Co., the Grateful Dead, and the Great Society, have achieved a goodly measure of technical competence

CON'T ON P.10

Zen Head Dead

GEORGE OHSAWA 1893-1966

Founder of the macroboitic movement and teacher of the philosophy of the Extreme Orient dies April 24 in Japan. Contrary to all rumors that have been circulating among the macroboitic dabblers and followers, he DID NOT commit hari kari, neither did he die of malnutrition nor did he mysteriously explode.

In the most recent issue of The Macroboitic Review (vol. VI, no. 3), a publication that teaches the Unique Principle, Lima Ohsawa writes of her husband's death. The cause of his death has been diagnosed as arterial thrombosis by four Japanese macroboitic doctors. Mr. Ohsawa was experimenting with Chinese herbs at the time in order to make a Macrobiotic drink that tasted like malt. He was also sleeping only for 2 or 3 hours each night, spending much time writing and editing. Another contributing factor could have been traces of ilavia (blood parasites) which he suffered from ten years ago in Africa.

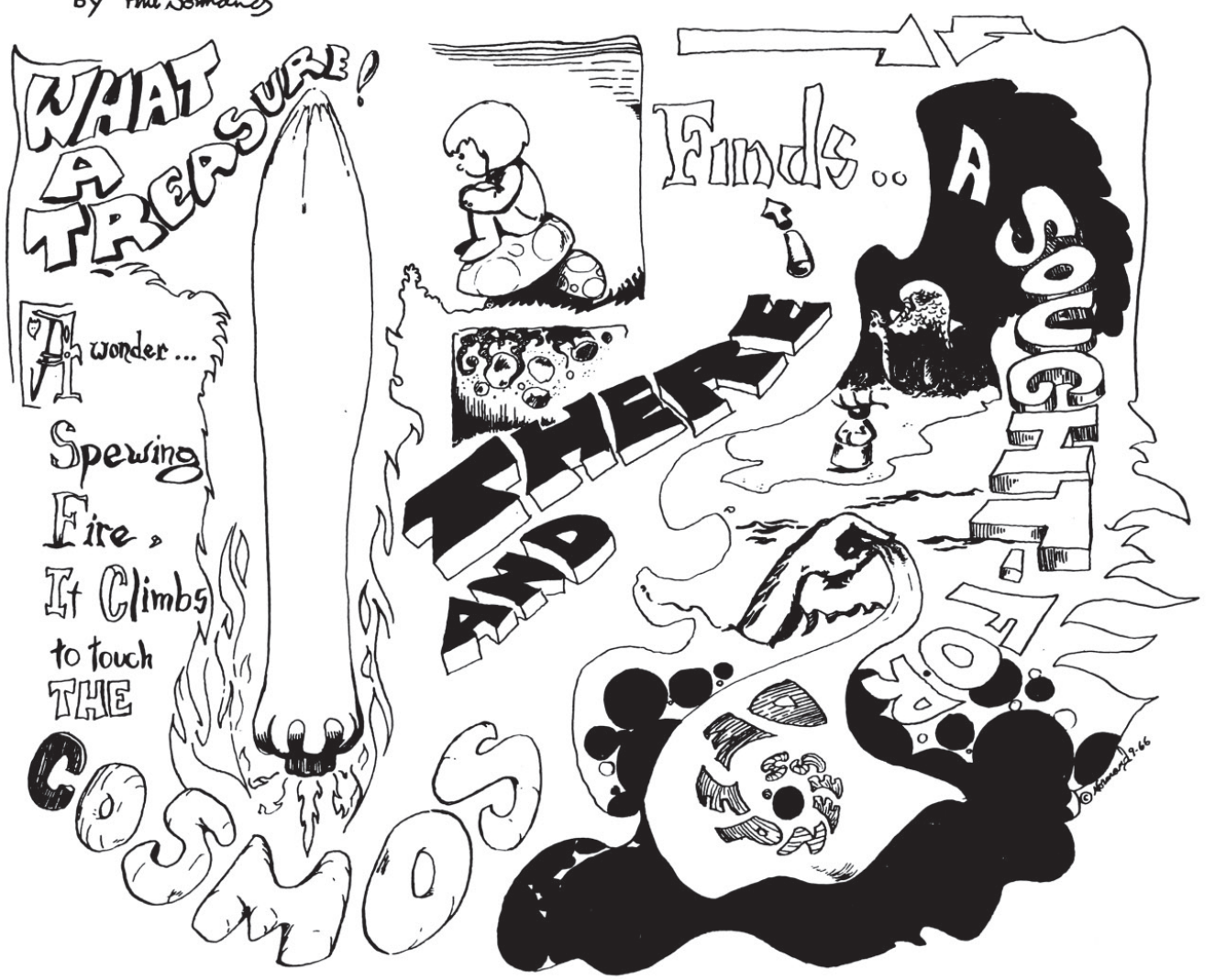
The facts and details of Mr. Ohsawa's death are especially interesting because he spent his entire life experimenting on himself and perfecting his dietary regimens. Mr. Ohsawa had predicted an early death for himself, saying that it was unnatural for a man to write so much (he wrote over 300 books). He was a dedicated man trying to spread the word of simple natural foods. grains as a main staple and telling the people to become their own doctors.

People are finding out. Sunset Health Food Store reports in the last year a fast turnover on the Macrobiotic shelf. Chicosan, the distributor of Macrobiotic foods can hardly keep foods supplied. Mr. Ohsawa's publications, Zen Macrobiotics and The Book of Judgement also are hard to keep stocked. With the passing of George Ohsawa, the movement has lost a fine teacher, but not momentum. As we are tuning in, many people are turning on to health by following the diet. The following statement by Mr. Ohsawa made only a few years ago, is relevant at this time: "Master Ishizuka rescued me from a mortal illness. Consequently, I dedicated my life to saving ten million existences as a testimony of my gratitude: ONE GRAIN, TEN THOUSAND GRAINS. For me, ten thousand or one million makes little difference ... One grain, ten thousand grains is not, in reality, the mere discharge of a debt of gratitude. It is the realization of one's self in happiness, liberty and justice. Only those individuals who follow the Way of One Grain, Ten Thousand Grains can become citizens of the land of infinite liberty, eternal happiness, absolute Justice."

Marsha Thelin

THE COMIC STRIP

by Phil Sorman



GINSBERG

Dear Sir,

I was disturbed to hear that agents of the City of San Francisco interrupted a performance of Michael McClure's play, The Beard, with the whirring of 16mm movie cameras, carried off the actors under arrest while they were still being applauded by the audience, and have been jockying with various charges against them.

I have read the play and seen a rehearsal of it, and many of my friends have over the last year, and all approved the play and thought it inventively constructed, apt in the portrayal of the difficulties of relationship between man and woman in America, dramatically truthful in its portrayal of resolution of these difficulties, poetic in its imagination of the central characters as projections of American archtype persons, and properly bold in dramatic representation of the confrontation of those persons.

Works of art which are by their very nature artistic, and are thought to be artistically intended by competent persons, and works of art which contain social criticism such as this play does, are in this day and age protected by the Constitution of the United States from censorship by eccentric and officious agents of cities and states. This principle has been established famously and any competent police agency and lawyer knows it to be so.

What possible excuse has the City of San Francisco, then, for interrupting the performance of McClure's Beard? What excuse do city officials have for violating a law which is universally publicised?

MAILER

Dear Sir:

The Beard by Michael McClure is, in my opinion, a work of exceptional literary merit--humorous, puzzling, evocative, and mysterious in the way it employs repetition. While much of it is shocking, it is never without art.

Sincerely yours,
Norman Mailer

GINSBERG (con't)

What reason can they offer, except their own ill will and arbitrary busy-bodyness, to attempt to censor another work of art?

My own book, Howl, was seized by the police a decade ago, and the police lost their case at law. The tradition of free expression established by that case in San Francisco has been ratified nationally by decision after decision reaffirming rights of artistic expression.

It is to be hoped that a more mature viewpoint will prevail in the city bureaucracy and that apologies will be given to Mr. McClure and his cast. Nobody wants to waste time in tedious legal argument. But if the city persists in its folly and acts on a personal and immature view of legal tradition, myriads of competent artists and writers will join Mr. McClure in defense of his work. I suggest that your officers save face by acting like literate gentlemen and give Mr. McClure his Beard back.

Your obediant Servant,
Allen Ginsberg

CREELEY

Dear Mr. Ferdon:

I am presently a visitor in San Francisco with my family, and therefore I have had the very useful opportunity to see the production of Michael McClure's "The Beard." I consider it a most outstanding and significant work of art and the most arresting instance of contemporary drama I have yet seen. Therefore I am very distressed to witness the present charge brought against its performance on Aug. 8th. It seems to me a most bitter confusion of values to consider such a play an affront to any conception of public behavior. Far indeed from that, it is a most formal and sensitive revelation of a reality all too few of us have means to declare. To penalize such an act strikes me as patently ridiculous, and I much hope the charges may now be dropped.

To identify myself briefly, I am a poet and novelist, presently a professor at the State University of New York at Buffalo. I have also been a Guggenheim Fellow and the recipient of a Rockefeller Grant in Writing, and I am presently serving as an advisor and nominator for the latter program. In consequence I have a very real concern with the matter in hand, and I hope you will respect what I have tried to make evident here.

Yours sincerely,
Robert Creeley

These letters in support of The Beard were directed to San Francisco District Attorney John Jay Ferndon.

The Beard & its Author

A REVIEW

THE PAPER BEARD

Bay Area audiences recently had an opportunity to journey into regions where only poets, madmen, and the dead dare travel.

Michael McClure's poem/play, The Beard, directed by Marc Estrin, appeared first at the Actor's Workshop's Encore Theater, then at the Fillmore Auditorium, under the auspices of Bill Graham; at the Committee, where they were busted; and finally, on August 20th, at the Berkeley Little Theater (under the "guruship" of Sam Hardin), where several hundred good-natured people waited in line for non-existent tickets to a sold-out performance.

The prelude to the Berkeley performance consisted of a few words by several people of (some) note, who had and/or had not seen the previous performances. They expressed opinions that what would happen was art, and that obscenity was within the individual and/or within society itself. The author then forbade any taping and/or photographing of the performance without his permission, as was his right by copywrite, and since the Berkeley authorities had announced that they would record the play and possibly bust it, they would then be breaking the law.

Next, darkness--then, a light revealing on stage, a table and two hugh chairs seating a dandyish young man (Richard Bright) in one and a Hollywood blonde-woman (Billie Dixon) in the other. I then followed the poet's step toward eternity -- through the vehicle of two dead American folk heroes (Billy the Kid and Jean Harlow).

DALE SMITH PHOTO - DRESS REHERSAL DEC. 1965 ENCORE THEATRE

Review - con't

Each of the actors wore a paper beard which gave an air of unreality to their human presence and a sense that their roles represent symbolic bodies through which the author speaks. It's as if the beards are used to signify mediums (as in the Greek chorus or masked Indian dancers) through which the gods communicate with man. Since this poem/play was entitled "The Beard," one might say that "the medium is (part of) the message."

Meanwhile, back in eternity, dialogue develops between the two -- a hesitant hostile exchange; a feeling out of one another, "each one wanting what the other one's got." The verbal jousting between male and female that takes place everywhere on earth -- so why not in eternity (where everything really is).

Jean Harlow wiggles, taunts, and pouts. Billy says that anything they want to do is o.k. here, "cause there's no one else around" and "we're divine, baby." They play the social exchange and bargaining game, as if their desires are commodities to be bought and sold. The exchange is fierce and fiery: a spoken, visually kinetic poem for two -- rising and falling -- yet steadily building in intensity. Each game wears out, games run out - they grow closer to their naked selves. The mounting eternal/internal pressure of raw needs (loving and being loved) force both, living, warm-fleshed beings out of their shells. Defenses melt, needs draw together, merging into a pulsating force, giving and getting life.

A mechanical click shocked me out of contact with eternity--a cold, mechanical obscenity stabbed me in the ear and transferred me to a low level of animal reality. I turned and saw a clean-cut cop pointing his camera at the stage, trying to catch eternity in the act. Obscenity is in the mind, while on stage the warmth of two people's naked selves melted and fused into the greatest union that we can experience on earth. Man and woman physically united in love.

John Brownson

Michael McClure

Michael McClure is a San Francisco poet; there is a deep relationship, an organic, flowing interaction between city and poet.

America pushes its poets out from the center and attempts to drive them off the edge of the continent. Then, drawn to either San Francisco or New York, they stop and struggle for survival. The intensity of these cities brings poets' dreams out from the depths and hurls them headlong into life.

Here in this narrow oriface of America, McClure stands in the middle of the tide, flowing in and out, influencing and influenced by its' currents. This city's ghosts speak many strange tongues. The spirits of Asia cross the ocean as freely as others, victims of America, walk these streets. It is the poets who hear the cries of ghosts, and crossing mountains and deserts, see the white buffalo dancing round dead medicine fires; only to arrive here and meet dark eyes staring out of yellow faces on Grant Avenue.

The city's hills force those who climb them to open their eyes and look down into the bowels of American prairies: which is the agony of San Francisco's beauty that the poet sees and is forced to act upon.

The words "Tactics for Survival," from another San Francisco poet, reflect McClure's actions in which he is expressing his awareness. In "The Beard" voices are heard struggling for survival - survival which is to love and be loved. In "Poisoned Wheat" he proclaims each man's innocence, so long as that man acts as a living creature, "The point of life is not rest but action. DEATH IS REST."

In this city where he lives and works, his actions say, "I AM NOT GUILTY! I AM A LIVING CREATURE!" He is involved in life, love, and communicating with all other living creatures. He translates visions of the ghosts within us to a surface language that we can see, hear, and if we want to, understand.

Each of us turns upon ourselve when we sense some feeling which we don't understand or accept rising to the surface: oppression starts with the individual. Civil authorities here have sought to suppress a public act of love, McClure's poem/play "The Beard." At the sight of an act of our collective animal innocence, stripped away in this poem/play, they become frightened; they place guilt where understanding should be, and strike at the source of the in-sight. The result is that the author and actors are tied up in a "criminal" waste of energy of the legal hassle.

McClure is a man who has lived on the edge for a long time. Now as this city fills with people forced out and drawn here, the experience of his involvement becomes a part of a communal struggle. There have been many others whose involvement has become part of this city; Ferlinghetti, Ginsberg, Duncan, Snyder and more. Those who, despite their differences, have searched the streets and climbed the hills of their minds, of this city, and have acted to form a real San Francisco beneath the Cow Palace Cable Car facade.

McClure's importance lies not in his past, but in his now. His past works are ghost stories which may merge with ours to enlighten us, but his now is built on the flesh covered ghosts that are ourselves. "We are wrought on a bending shaft of air and light and make an animal around it."

The room full of the ghosts that we build our myths on - Jean Harlow, Billy the Kid - who are they and who are we? Our lives are a Litany of Senses built on myths: Michael McClure lives these myths of love, and what a community needs to survive -- is living love.

John Brownson

Photo by Ernest Lowe

ONE

INTRODUCTION

Search & Seizure is a reality trip produced and directed by Peter Berg, a member of the San Francisco Mime Troupe, and performed by members of the Troupe. It is one of their new series of spontaneous theatre events of social relevance. The form of this one is somewhere between a happening and a documentary, emphasizing, in Berg's words, that "the lines are drawn" in today's struggle for survival.

The plays in this series are short and to the point, not bogged down in theatrics, and very adaptable to our present environment. They need a theatre, but, use instead, the hard urban lines of clubs and halls to provide the necessary backdrop. They aim at knocking the uncommitted off the fence.

Although this play left a definate impression on the audiences, it probably won't be done again by the Mime Troupe except in an expanded and revised form. The reason: they are going on tonew material, new stones to throw at different parts of the fence.

The play should be published, it's short, a twelve page script, calls for a cast of eight and would be a good piece for small groups around the country to perform.

J.A.B.

"Search and Seizure"

SEARCH AND SEIZURE: OURSELVES AS A SOCIAL PROBLEM

"Search and Seizure" is not so much a drama as a test. We originally composed it for the Timothy Leary Benefit at the St. Francis Hotel, but it became clear during rehearsal, and later when it was booked into the Matrix, that we were not making a propaganda play for the psychedelic movement, but rather we were examing our own cohesiveness and strength in relation to an interrogation machine with which any of us might at any time be faced, and which many of us had already experienced.

It was not strictly an anti-police play. It was an investigation into the police machine -- an attempt to discover what it can and cannot do. The heart of the problem is that social institutions exist in relation to individual personality structures. Police force implies police psychology ("criminal motivation"). The basic questions we asked were: What psychologies are bound up with drug use, and to what extent are these a counter-force to police psychology? Given the function of police force as suppression, what are the sources of liberation in drug use?

The main task of interrogation is to elicit information on drug use and narcotics dealing. The secondary task is to book suspects and to establish charges against them; this mean "establishing criminal identity" which brings us to an important point in police logic. The law requires that people who disobey it must pay the penalty. But the police logic goes a step further and "establishes criminal identity" -- that is, the police consider criminality to be an aspect of one's nature, not just of one's behavior. So that Bailey, the 30-year-old beatnik, after having been arrested three times on narcotics charges, is an "established criminal." Which suggests that the function of police investigation lies less in ascertaining whether or not the law has been broken than in examining the private reality of each suspect's life to find out if he is identifiably criminal.

The police exist to defend a society from anything that threatens it. The law exists to establish boundaries of behavior, the observance of which permits public cofunctioning. So the two institutions, though complementary, are different in intent and often opposed. One can use the law against the police, and the police, when they deem it necessary, will short-circuit the law. The case in point is illegal search and seizure and planting drugs on suspects. Police do this to get at a "social evil" - i.e., narcotics. To get at the evil, they break the law themselves. This arises from a mistaken self-identification by the police. It consists in changing a conception of oneself as a person authorized to enforce the law into a conception of oneself as a person who <u>is</u> the law.

"You're talking to the law now --anything you say can be used against you." This self-concept is not totally false, since in most state legislatures the police have highly influential lobbies. They create many laws, which means that the police have a great deal of power and importance as regulators of our lives.

"Search and Seizure" was first presented to an audience of informed drug users. Many had been busted. The point of the play was to introduce a problem which our audiences hadn't considered: Is there any way to remain outside the scope of police definition? Is there any sure way not to play their game?

The first case under interrogation is Miss Alaris, arrested for possession of two kilos of marijuana, evidently belonging to someone else. It is her first arrest, and the police have an opportunity to gain information and perhaps convince her to withdraw from her circle of drug-using friends before she becomes harmful to society--a criminal. They succeed in getting names of drug dealers from her and in helping her disassociate from criminals. She retains positive identification by cooperating with the police.

The second case is Bailey. He is a 30-year-old methedrine user. It's his third arrest, and he has little chance of getting off. He is the victim--a criminal. He is booked, beaten and faces imprisonment.

The third offender is Dr. Holden, an intern at the UC Medical Center. His offense is that he has filled more than his monthly quota of narcotics prescriptions. Technically, he is a dealer in narcotics and, in fact, makes a considerable profit from his narcotics prescriptions. He tries to resist the police game by insisting on seeing his lawyer--but slips when he reveals himself a user. He has, then, not only broken the law, but has also established his own criminal identity.

Each of these suspects has failed to free himself from the police game, whether by abdicating to it, being beaten by it, or playing it and trying to win.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

RUIZ - POLITICA....

Search & Seizure, con't

With the fourth suspect, Robb, we see possibilities of finding a successful response to the threat of the machine. He insists on playing a different game. But he does not win ... "Book him ... possession ... disorderly. Get him out of here."

The police don't win either, though, and this is the major "point" the play makes. They have not succeeded in establishing anything about his identity. Though the law has been broken (Robb was obstructing the movement of buses at the terminal where people were on their way to work), the police can't figure out why. The judicial apparatus will operate smoothly and Robb will be convicted of obstructing traffic and possession of a dangerous drug. But nothing has gone down about criminal identity. There was nothing to procede on. His real motivation (he explains it thoroughly in the play) is "out of sight." Nobody will understand (except the audience?).

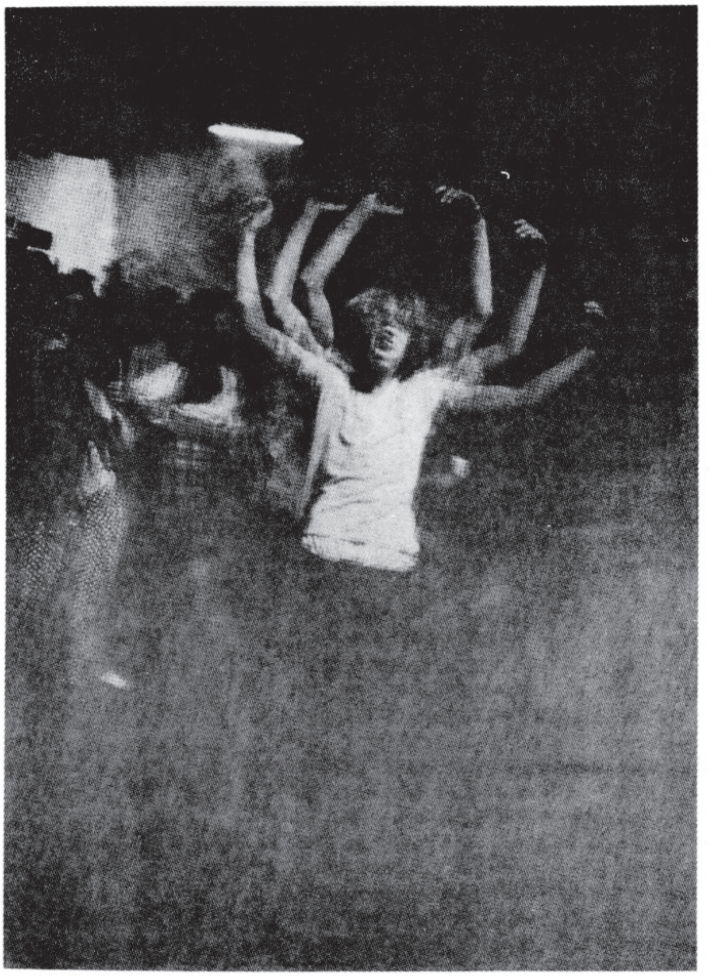
The other important action of Robb's interrogation is the disintegration of the police machine. Nobody can play the police game unless everybody does. The "acid head" (Robb was found with five caps) perceives thousands of alternatives and tries them out. Robb always sticks to the human and communicative. The repetitive machine-questions of the interrogators dissolve into the changing atmosphere. He answers: "How long have you been a cop?" And he steps across the interrogation line to the police side. He is quickly shoved back, but after that point the authority and efficacy of the machine is gone. The point of confrontation has disappeared. All that is left is for the individuals present to muddle through.
"How long have you been addicted to LSD?"
"Whadya get some kinda kick from that stuff?"
"He's out of his mind!"
"Book him ..."

The hope in this is that one can overcome police force by not having a police self. But there's no guarantee. The adventure is the attempt to supplant police psychology with a better psychological response. But the force is there as long as we either rely on it or fear it.

If police power is based on a conception of identity, once that conception doesn't fit our actions, the power will lose it's leverage-it's influence on us. But it's our identity in question, and any solution depends on how much of our personalities we take from the available sources of identifiable types offered us by a police system. We are our own social problem --

Kent Minault*

*Mr. Minault is an actor and member of the S.F. Mime Troupe.



if the people who really are interested in good rock will use the misunderstanding of the "Indo-Rock" article as a basis for the formulation of valid critiques of rock 'n' roll, that article will not have been without purpose.

David Harris

more Mojo to Indo

on their instruments. In short, they put down a good solid rock sound and hit the notes when they sing; they are not "illiterates" musically or in any other sense of the term.

No one has ever called the Grateful Dead or the Great Society jazz groups; as a matter of fact, in an interview in the Mojo Navigator a few weeks ago, Jerry Garcia bluntly states that he doesn't play jazz guitar. Now granted, jazz is played at a generally higher level of technical competence than rock 'n' roll. But since when has that competence been the sole standard of measure for a musical performance? Why not just take rock 'n' roll for what it is rather than confusing it with jazz? When both forms of music are taken for what they are, they can exist side-by-side quite compatibly and everyone can benefit; when a critic starts judging one by the standards of the other he only confuses the issue, and this confusion helps neither the musicians nor the audience for whom the critic believes he's writing.

I feel that for the reasons stated above it is fruitless to try to build a point-by-point rebuttal to the "Indo-Rock" article. So let's leave it at this: I feel that it is unfair to judge a rock group by the standards one would use in judging a jazz group (just as it would be unfair to judge jazz by the standards one applies to rock). I could backbite and feud and explicate for a year and it wouldn't really add anything to anyone's understanding of the music. The understanding is a personal thing, which everyone must find for himself on his own level. I can only feel sorry for the writer of the "Indo-Rock" article who could not widen his vision to include and analyse a new experience without trying to fit it into a preconceived bag.

There is one excellent point which the writer of the article has brought up by example rather than by stated argument and that is that there exists no body of critical writing on the subject of rock 'n' roll. I plan to attempt just such a project in the near future; it is quite likely that you will be seeing the attempt in the pages of the Mojo Navigator. Perhaps

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"LICK MY COCK", SAYS BERKELEY

In a letter to the Berkeley Board of Education, ex-chief of Police Addison Fording shows how to make things obscene, even a misquote. The letter, about Michael McClure's play THE BEARD was publically distributed by the Berkeley Police Dept.

"'Lewd conduct"'...Mr. Fording writes of "'Billy the Kid"',"'stroking his penus"'..."'in the San Francisco Municipal Court"', as the "'obscene"'..."'officers"' in the theatre "'appeared to perform an act of cunnilingus"'.

The "'shit"' that Mr. Farding wrote was appearantly aesthetically pleasing prose to the Post Office Inspectors who didn't censor it. We hope that they will be as tasteful (?) in judgement of prose in the future.

The biggest obscenity is to quote anybody or any work out of context; because without sensative handling - with respect to the origional - the meaning is invariablly distorted.

The play was busted in both San Francisco and Berkeley, and the present court proceedings are as absurd as the self-styled protectors of public morals. The language and actions of police throughout history have been rough enough to make one wonder der who censors their actions.

The crime which the actors are being charged with would, if convicted, make them have to register as sex offenders. Their attorney Marshall Krause of the ACLU will present a brief on their behalf sometime in the first part of october.

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DANCE - CONCERT
Jefferson Airplane, Muddy Waters, Butterfield Blues Band - Winterland, Post & Sutter
DANCE PERFORMANCE
Experimental, intimate, & chamber works - open house
Dancers Workshop Annex
321 Divisadero, 8:30, $2 -1.50
FILM - Straight Ashbury Viewing Society presents "Inaguration of the Pleasure Dome", "Eaux d'Artiface", Jazz Lights", & The Lost Bells of Atlantis" - 8:30
Armenian Hall, 1563 Page
FILM - Cinema Psychedelica/ Berkeley Cinematheque - "Flaming Creatures", Jack Smith Smith; "Goldstein", "Flying Disc Man from Mars", 155 Dwinelle Hall, U.C.
FILM -"Vampyr", Dreyer; "M" Fritz Lang. - S.F.State Ed. 117, 7:00pm

Saturday, Sept. 24th
DANCE-CONCERT
Avalon, same as Fri.
Winterland, same as Fri.
Dancers Workshop, same as Fri.

Sunday, Sept. 25th
MEETING/LECTURE - YSA
"History of Coalition Politics" - Pete Camejo
1733 Waller
DANCE - CONCERT - Fillmore Auditorium, same as Winterland
2:00 pm
CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT
Donald Pippin - Old Spaghetti Factory *:*8:00 8:30
LECTURE - James Meridith
LECTURE - James Meredith
USF Memorial Gym 8:00pm

Saturday, Oct. 1st
DANCE CONCERT
Avalon, Winterland(same as last week)
Sunday, Oct. 2nd
DANCE CONCERT, Fillmore, same as Winterland

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A PROPHESY OF

A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

WHEN IN THE FLOW OF HUMAN EVENTS IT BECOMES NECESSARY FOR THE PEOPLE TO CEASE TO RECOGNIZE THE OBSOLETE SOCIAL PATTERNS WHICH HAVE ISOLATED MAN FROM HIS CONSCIOUSNESS AND TO CREATE WITH THE YOUTHFUL ENERGIES OF THE WORLD REVOLUTIONARY COMMUNITIES OF HARMONIOUS RELATIONS TO WHICH THE TWO BILLION YEAR OLD LIFE PROCESS ENTITLES THEM, A DECENT RESPECT TO THE OPINIONS OF MANKIND SHOULD DECLARE THE CAUSES WHICH IMPELL THEM TO THIS CREATION... WE HOLD THESE EXPERIENCES TO BE SELF EVIDENT, THAT ALL IS EQUAL, THAT THE CREATION ENDOWS US WITH CERTAIN INALIENABLE RIGHTS, THAT AMONG THEM ARE: THE FREEDOM OF BODY, THE PURSUIT OF JOY, AND THE EXPANSION OF CONSCIOUSNESS... AND THAT TO SECURE THESE RIGHTS, WE THE CITIZENS OF THE EARTH DECLARE OUR LOVE AND COMPASSION FOR ALL CONFLICTING HATE CARRYING MEN AND WOMEN OF THE WORLD. WE DECLARE THE INENTITY OF FLESH AND CONSCIOUSNESS. OF
WORLD. WE DECLARE THE IDENTITY OF FLESH AND CONSCIOUSNESS. ALL REASON MUST RESPECT AND PROTECT THIS HOLY IDENTITY.

THE FIRST TRANSLATION OF THIS PROPHESY INTO POLITICAL ACTION WILL TAKE PLACE OCTOBER 6,1966 (666... THE MARK OF THE ASCENSION OF THE BEAST) THE DATE THE CALIFORNIA LAW PROHIBITING THE POSSESSION OF L.S.D. COMES INTO EFFECT. THE DAY OF THE FEAR PRODUCED LEGISLATION AGAINST THE EXPANSION OF CONSCIOUSNESS. AT 2:00P.M. IN THE PANHANDLE AT OAK AND MASONIC WE WILL GATHER AND WALK TO THE PARKDISTRICT STATION TO AFFIRM OUR IDENTITY, COMMUNITY, AND INNOCENCE FROM INFLUENCE OF THE FEAR ADDICTION OF THE GENERAL PUBLIC AS SYMBOLIZED IN THIS LAW. COPIES OF THE PROPHESY OF OUR DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, LIVING MORNING GLORY PLANTS, AND MUSHROOMS WILL BE PRESENTED AT 2:00P.M. TO SAN FRANCISCO MAYOR SHELLY AT THE CITY HALL, CECIL POOLE UNITED STATES ATTORNEY GENERAL FOR NORTHERN CALIFORNIA AT THE FEDERAL BUILDING, AND CAPTAIN KIELY OF THE GOLDEN GATE PARK DISTRICT STATION. SIMILAR DEMONSTRATIONS WILL BE HELD AT THE SAME TIME IN NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES, LONDON, AND AMSTERDAM.

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AND GURUS AND HEROES OF THE UNDERGROUND...
BRING CHILDREN...
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VOL. 1 No. 2

It is nice to live
in a well designed house.

Mexico, Mexico. I was sunning myself on the beach at Vallarta. The paper reported: Riots in SF, and a picture: Cops with guns in hand. Mexico was never like this. Sometimes it's worse. Maybe it;s too late to comment on the riots. Was it even a riot? A lot of people would like it to ge away. Okay, go away. But what does forgetting entail? Who profits by it? Certainly not the good people of Hunter's Point, the Fillmore, the Bayview district, even the maligned Haight-Ashbury. Actually, not even the white community or, if you prefer, the white power structure.

Ah words to evoke memories, to provoke disasters.

What can be done that can be done simply by people? Forget the broad, sweeping political generality. Create:

Laws [ordinances of the heart] that throw housing open to everyone. Realtors denying housing to anyone shall have their licenses revoked. Taken away. Goodby, realtor. Why the poor realtor? Poetry. The realtor is a broker dealing in bulk housing. The agent who most often says: Yes & NO! Terrible NO!

Song: "If you ask him why/ he really doesn't know...

Create:

With color, with paint, new environments. Free paint to all homeowners who can/ or cannot afford it. Bonuses for those who beautify their property.

Utopia! Yes, why not? Subsidies for carpentering, and plumbing. Skilled workers employed to do the work. Jobs, jobs, jobs.

And design:

It is nice to live in a well designed house.

Make all housing livable/ lovable/ conservable. Keep character intact. No more dull/ stupefying abortions. Public housing designed to be lived in (for years).

Quonset hut villages on new sites/ don't move, old man/ wait right there for your new house/ apartment. Conserve communities/ build neighborhoods. With love.

Trees, grass, bushes, flowers. Bring nature to the neighborhoods. Let ingenuity flourish.

Urban conservation can be taught: gardening, carpentering/ joy.

CONT. p. 4

LeTTeRS

Dear Oracle:

I'll be in New York October 6th and so can't join the Oracular Demonstration. But the word *Demon*-stration should be defined for purposes of the parade as the freeing of Good Demons and the exorcizing of Evil Demons, especially in the racial scene.

It looks like the Mayor realizes that the only answer to Black Power is not White Power at the end of a gun. The Mayor didn't do so badly the first day after the riots at Hunter's Point, considering the general spiritual bankruptcy of the Establishment, an Establishment which isn't all White either. (A longshoreman the other day told me that 60% of the men on his job loading ships for Vietnam are Negro.) But if the Mayor had gone on TV and declared that he was withdrawing *every* armed policeman and National Guardsman from the Hunter's Point area and was instead inviting *every* minister of *every* church in the city to come and walk the streets there and talk with everyone in sight, things might be different today. However, we are as far from such soul-action as we are from the Ascension of Buddha on the White House lawn seeded with sweet grass.

Yours for the unrestricted future Expansion of Consciousness. Let there be light: Through the looking-glass with Alice!

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

"THERE AIN'T NO COPE IN COPENHAGEN NO MORE!"

Psychedelic friends:

Past age thirty and somewhat "straight" by your criteria, I'm not the best judge of the scene here in Copenhagen. But please permit me a few observations.

Amsterdam, London, San Francisco--not Copenhagen--are where the action is. At the Flok Music Club of Denmark one still hears the songs the S.F. Folk Music Club abandoned in the early fifties. "Bohemian" restaurants serve some good food at relatively--by present inflationary standards--low prices, but they are about as avant garde as the Buena Vista. Without a necktie and "decent" dress one finds mere token acceptance.

But like everywhere else beards, mostly goatees, abound--almost invariably trimmed to the chin... No new poster art (I could hardly give away my S.F. pop art samples). No coffee houses. One good modern jazz club (Montmartre) and plenty of mediocre Dixieland bands.

Yes, there are very young "hippy" types, but lacking the wildest H-A flair (really beatniks circa 1958) to be seen mainly along the Stroget (strolling street) watching, sometimes ridiculing the fast-paced crowds going by. If they have any commitment to anything, except perhaps each other, it isn't apparent to me. Ironically, the bushiest-haired young men I've seen were working on a new warship in the Elsinore shipyards!

I've even seen a (well-trimmed) bearded soldier. Which leads me to the cautious speculation that Denmark is simply too tolerant and liveral to foster much rebellion (yet). For example, the drinking age is eighteen and never enforced. Anyone is free to imbibe any hour of the day or night. Beer is simply too readily available, like sex (though my inquiry didn't proceed into the last-mentioned category)... You might even find the fuzz here quite decent (by U.S. standards). Always unarmed, not even toting billy clubs, they appear to observe strict decorum--and I've seen them in action a few times.

Then too there are no large minorities, who, because of race, ethnic back ground, age, class, etc., lack the basic amenities. It's true that the welfare state is not without invisible men (cf. Ralph Ellison), but its invisible ones at least possess physical dignity. Some here are very rich but none are very poor. After a fortnight I encountered my first panhandler--and he was better dressed than I. (Anthropologists take note that the old coffee routine is another universal phenomenon). Womb to the tomb security is the slogan. As a young artist who studied in the Communist countries remarked, "In the East people are, figuratively, sometimes literally imprisoned; in the West they are encased in fat."

When I lived in Scandinavia over ten years ago, Copenhagen, with all its charms and diversions, was called "the Paris of the North." But in spite of the very real charms and diversions of Paris, Parisians are not the most affable people on earth, and most Copenhageners have come to emulate them in this respect. Everywhere amid the growing affluence the mercenary mercantile spirit prevails. And the accompanying smugness, snobbery, cultural stagnation, spiritual paralysis, and just plain dull dreariness.

If I have poanted too drab a portrait so be it. Just one man't impressions--though shared by several of the more sensitive Danes I met who feel that the true spirit of Denmark is either waning or dead. There is much to be said for the crystal palace--as long as it refains plenty of space underground.

Your hopelessly romantic reporter,
Dave Rothkop

P.S. from Malmo, Sweden: I asked a young "beatnik" in a cafeteria jammed with high schoolers what young people thought about the national teachers' strike against shortened vacations. "They don't speak about it," he said, amid the spirited backgroung din. Then I inquired if there were any objections to senior students serving as interim teachers (I was tempted to say "finks" but that would be too subjective--and beyond the range of his American slang). "No. And they're also taking television lessons," he replied. Finally I asked him what he thought about things. "Swedish teachers are very well paid." (But then maybe he thought I was a C I Agent.)

LETTER TO THE EDITOR:

Psyche is the Greek work for soul. This is no general term. Anyone who is hip to classical language can tell you that the old Greeks had a term for everything. The English language is hardly that precise. We have to try to say what we mean with terms which have more than one meaning depending on the way they're used or the tone of voice or who's talking.

There's actually no word in normal English usage which means exactly the same thing as psyche. The term 'soul' might make it if enough of us knew what the soul is. It's not the ability to appreciate blues and ribs. It's the part of mortal man which is not contained by time, space or so-called conscious awareness. It's the last body to be discarded at the periodic change we call death. By some it's called the higher self or higher consciousness or Christ-consciousness.

Since most of us today are no longer hip to the original meaning of the term 'psyche', public or common use of this term and all terms coming from this term, is a sort of naive error. A few such terms now being misapplied are: psychology, psychiatry, psychosomatic, psychotic, psychedelic, etc.

The true psychedelic experience is the establishment of the link of awareness between lower consciousness and the higher consciousness. This link is the mind (not to be confused with the brain).

As far as mortal man is concerned, there are four states or planes or levels of consciousness which are:

higher consciousness	↑ UP
lower consciousness	
brain consciousness	
sensual consciousness	↓ DOWN

These planes or states or consciousness correspond to the four bodies of mortal man which are:

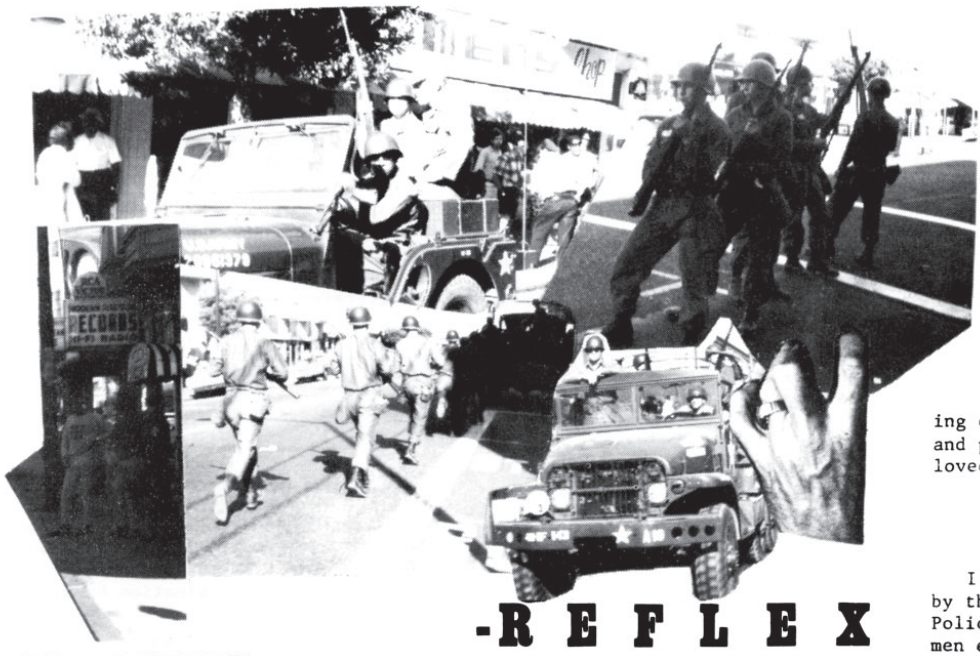
Spiritual	↑ REFINED
Intuitional	
Mental	
Physical	↓ DENSE

(the physical is often called the tangible or chemical body)

A link or bridge or host is necessary for the raising of the focus of consciousness from any plane to the next higher plan. The link must be something of the highest of the lower of whatever two planes we're talking about. For example: To make the link necessary to raise the focus from brain consciousness to lower consciousness one needs something which is the highest or most refined that the mental body can define or be aware of.

Also it is not possible to rise even a bit higher by any bridge than the next plane above where we start. Obviously nothing which the physical or chemical body can digest or be aware of can raise the consciousness above the mental plane even though the link be established through the farthest out, most refined chemical now known or yet unknown. The true psychedelic experience is not available thru the use of any so-called "drug" or anything else physical.

CONT. p. 11



FLEX, re-FLEX -REFLEX

The ACTION

About 5 in the afternoon a slowly cruising squad car did an angry u-turn &, with 5 gunbarrels poked out its windows, stopped it's swerve abruptly in front of a young long haired, bearded man with yellow boots & a blonde, long haired girl. "Get off this street, boy --NOW," "git," another voice from within, and a mumbled--"damn niggers," for the boy was brown skinned and he & his fair maid were on Haight & Ashbury on this sunny afternoon--a street filled with laughing people except when truckloads of bayonet wielding troops & beef & bullet stuffed police cars stalked the street.

Actually the people were not afraid of black teenagers--our neighbors--but raw power seeking opposition to crush, --King John[sons'] deputies...

About 7:30, the "merry men" (about 30 in strength), wielding picket signs: --Cops go home, support love, & no more curfew--walked up & down Haight street. The fear & tension subsided, people looked & laughed--others joined in, and the normal night time Haight Street sounds were heard again.

By 8:00 p.m. the crowd had swelled to about 200 children, hippies & just bystanders. At 8:05 a fire engine w/ siren blasting roared up Haight street. When it got to Cole the crowd stopped & turned to look. What they saw was a wall of club wielding blue uniforms followed by olive drab riflemen with poised bayonets coming down Haight St. The surprised people were herded down the street, some into waiting paddy wagons & city buses. The cops weren't brutal but they were frighteningly cold

I walked toward them & thru them--was almost busted--but my guardian angel (temporarily acquired) looked straight enough to get us through. Looking back we could see the roadblock they'd set up at Masonic and herded people toward a nice efficient trap.

Then as an empty bus came past the police loudspeaker system began to work --it was all over. In trying to call for information on those busted the only answer was--"no information" & "get off the phone." So ended the "great" Haight-Ashbury Police action.

SIXTH OF OCTOBER, 1966, Lunatic Protest Demonstration: a celebration to demonstrate opposition to legislative repression of chemical mysticism. The Panhandle packed with Beautiful People ecstatically costumed and handing out flowers to friends and FBI agents. Dancing on the greensward to the Grateful Dead's electronic music. What sort of world is this? Whose world is this?

Gaggle of real estate dealers on their way back from a convention at Masonic Hall (where Ronald Reagan assured them that their real estate was really real) crossing the Panhandle, come upon this fantastic congregation. And in broad daylight, too! Groups of men in suits stand staring; simply transfixed, simply amazed. Flutes and finger cymbals, tinkle and toot, and all that long hair, short skirts, and laughter. You don't see a circus like this every day.

Ken Kesey's fabled bus is there; splashed yellow, green, blue, brown, and purple. Colors of the raggle-taggle gay gang inside it, on top of it, all around it. Six hundred to a thousand young souls (an educated guess) dancing with brave banners waving over their looney heads. Posters and placards in evidence. The one I loved best said:

THE TRUELY INSANE
ARE HELPLESS!

I stood under that sign surrounded by the sanest people in San Francisco. Policemen and newsmen and real estate men excepted. Those poor righteous citizens were absolutely helpless on the periphery of the crowd of beards and beads and Crazy Jane hats bobbing madly in the afternoon sunshine.

The FBI agent held his flowers behind his back, and a handful of real estate men standing near him all stared at their shoes when a slim girl approached them with a juicy slice of watermelon. They were terrified that she intended to offer them a bite. "Don't be afraid," she said sweetly.

Young Beautifuls, young beggars and mummers, dancers and singers, laughing boys and girls--soon to be outlawed--that afternoon lay down their gentle message, loud and clear. LOVE.

For a few hours on October Sixth, they had their world their way.

Schneck

FLUTES, BELLS, FLOWERS, JOY

Nobody knew before the actual event what would happen, or if anyone else would be there.

Judith Wehlau--Haight-Ashbury Settlement House founder, full-time hospital clerk & painter:

CONT. p. 10

ALF ALF ALF HAP PEN ING

"Turn on
Tune in
Drop Out" from a
folk saying

Thousands of Great Society Drop Outs dropped into that thin belt of paisley green brown called Panhandle and tuned in on each other this past Saturday and Sunday for an Artists Liberation Front sponsored series of happening.

Rock, Jug, Jazz, bands turned on everyone but the blind, crippled, aged, or straight rigid, to dance. Kids, some of whom were grandmothers, danced colors over paper and bodies and faces until the speeds boosted most of the brush. Side walks became canvas for color chalk artists and for a moment it was Fat City.

There was something psychedelic about it all. A Hell's Angel on harmonica accompanying poet Michael McClure singing a Blake poem, long haired and robed yin and yang mixing in large hoops and swirls and arcs of graceful flowing from shade to sun. Round people, tall people, tan, black, white, grey people holding hands in circles of moving smiles.

Other realities tried to break through. The policeman ticketing 'illegally' parked cars, the tow truck towing, the Ken 'Keyseyless' Kesey bus, the lost and crying children, and the hard black lines on three sides of the green that the Artists Liberation Front couldn't paint over. There were enough straight people to remind you that there are people who drive those black lines to work every morning and night Monday thru Friday and probably think 'Liberation' is something that was settled with the 'Bill of Rights.'

The ALF will sponsor another opportunity for the people to be happy at Hunter's Point this coming weekend, donations of labor and joy, even money, would be appreciated.

Don Hutton

Flute Bell Flower Joy

"I weighed carefully whether or not I would go. There might be misunderstandings, the parents of the children we teach at the Settlement House, etc. My conclusion was that I object to the State interfering with man's private chemistry, and search for God and that I would be a sham if I didn't go there to declare myself, to stand up for my beliefs. I knew I had to do it even if it meant standing alone or with six scraggly friends.

"The 'Race Riots" plus experiences close friends have had with the police made me want to take a stand. What's happening now leads to concentration camps. The police state must be limited. You cannot legislate out of fear. Human dignity is being encroached upon from all sides. I, We, want to live in a loving world and we are surrounded by a frightened, hateful bureaucracy.

"I feel it was positive action on a joyful note. That's important--not to frighten the rest of the populace. We don't mean to take over. What we hope for is the survival of human individuality.

"We want to live in virtue.

"We want to rid ourselves of the sins of our fathers.

"We want to rid ourselves of the sins of waste of our country.

"We love this place, our country. We want America to be as great as it's supposed to be, as great as it can be.

"They will try to run the Flowers and the Artists out. I don't want to have to leave this country.

"We know you can't have all Flutes and Bells--I'll go work my job, do my laundry...let us take the responsibility for our own lives.

"It's very important that it wasn't a hate parade. One of the speakers said, "You cannot legislate against flowers, against joy...

"It was one of the most exciting days of my life. It really uplifted me to see all the love."

Judith Wehlau

it is nice....

CONT. FROM p. 1

Song: "What to do with my time/ I just don't know...

Education itself should be self liberating, an appreciation of the world. A man taught to evaluate things for himself, rather than having to depend on someone else (i.e./ a leader), is a far different creature.

But, but, but... This may mean the end of political structure as we know it. Who cares! Outmoded political mechanisms are a deterrent to human development.

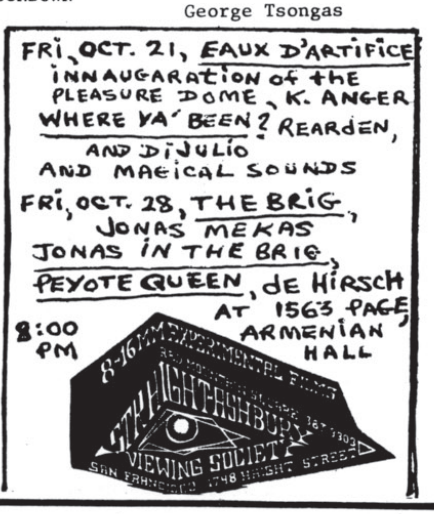
Eliminate hate by loving your self. It's the only one you have. The Negro, the Mexican, the Oriental, the Indian, the Jew, the Minority, the Hobgoblin, the American is no more a problem than oneself. End discrimination by approving of your self. Direct yourself. Make your community livable. Smile. Sing. Hold your neighbor's hand:
White, black, yellow, red, polka dot. Look in the mirror. The Bridge is no alternative. It may be easier to love your neighbor than yourself. Hold hands. Rejoice in your neighbor's excellence. That's enough. The roads all look different, but the goal is the same. Hold hands!

from this humble beginning)

THE GREEN LEAF IS THE ONLY SURE GUIDE TO EXCELLENCE

BRING BACK THE BIRDS-BUILD A PARK AT SUNDOWN

George Tsongas



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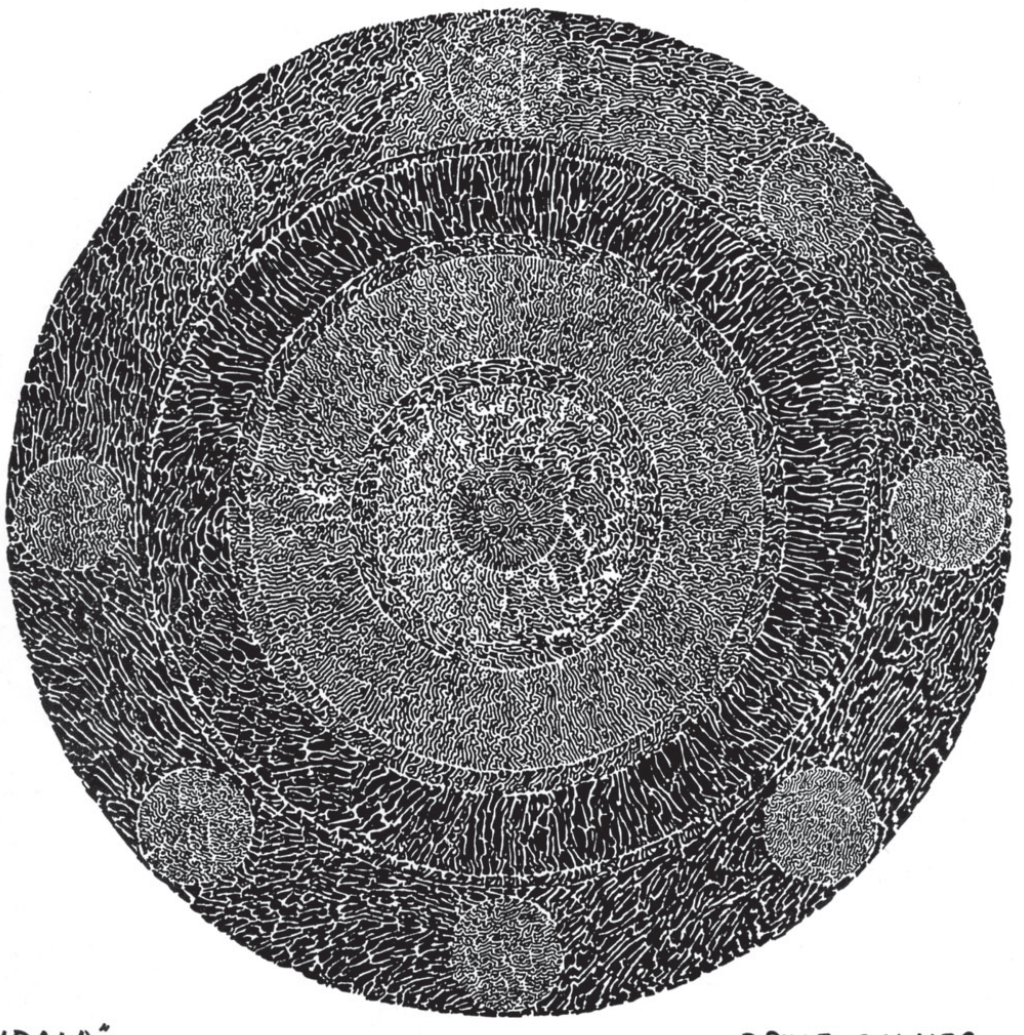
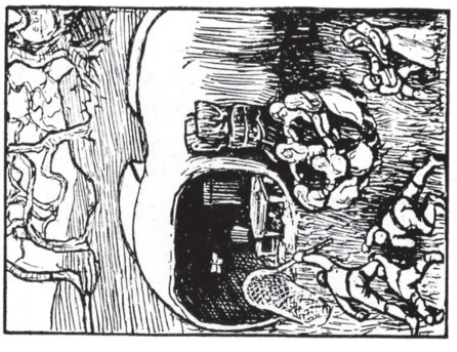


"MANDALA"

BRUCE CONNER

The King in his Counting-house. Find the Queen, the Maid, and the Blackbird.

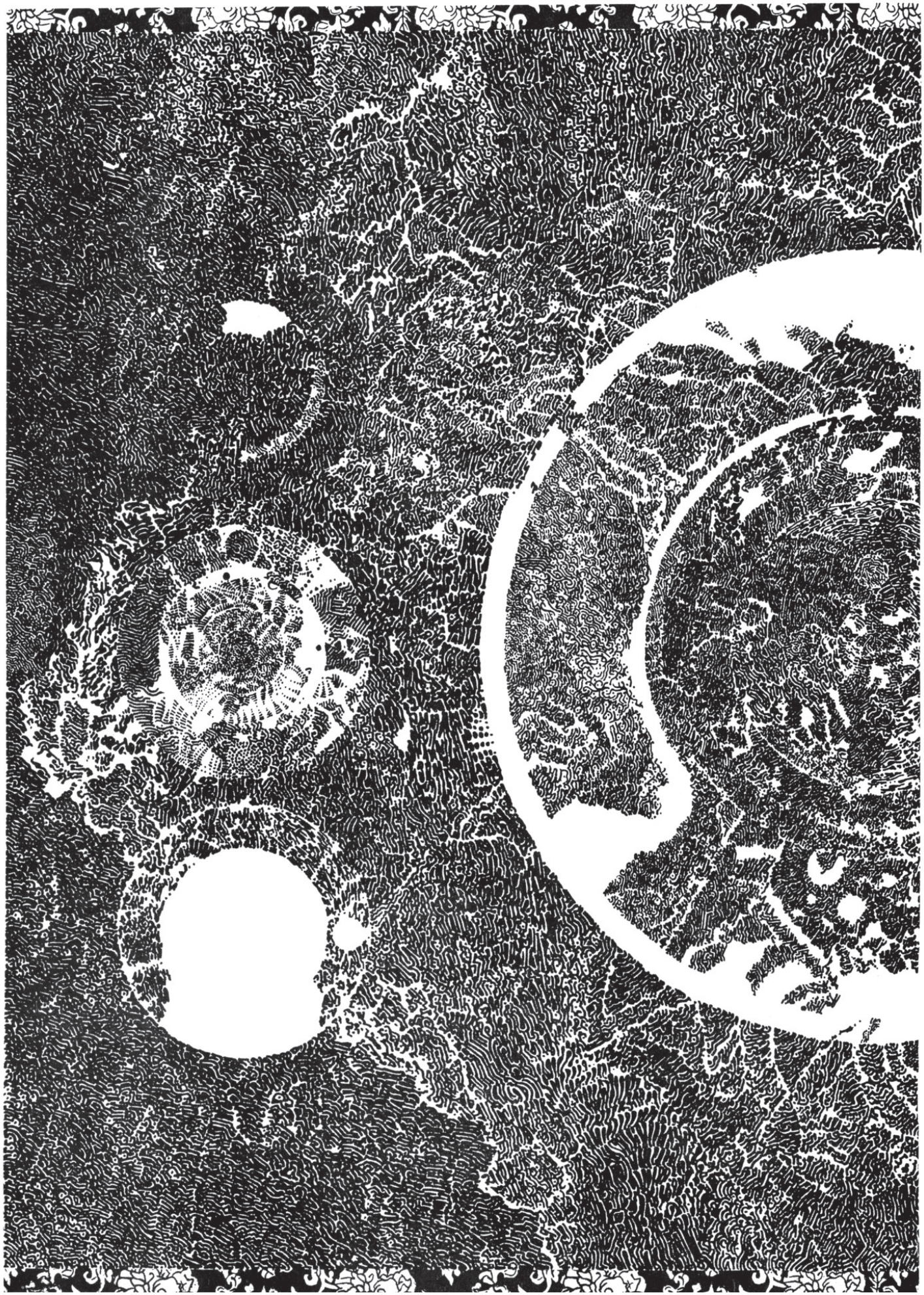
The Lion and the Unicorn. Find the Unicorn.

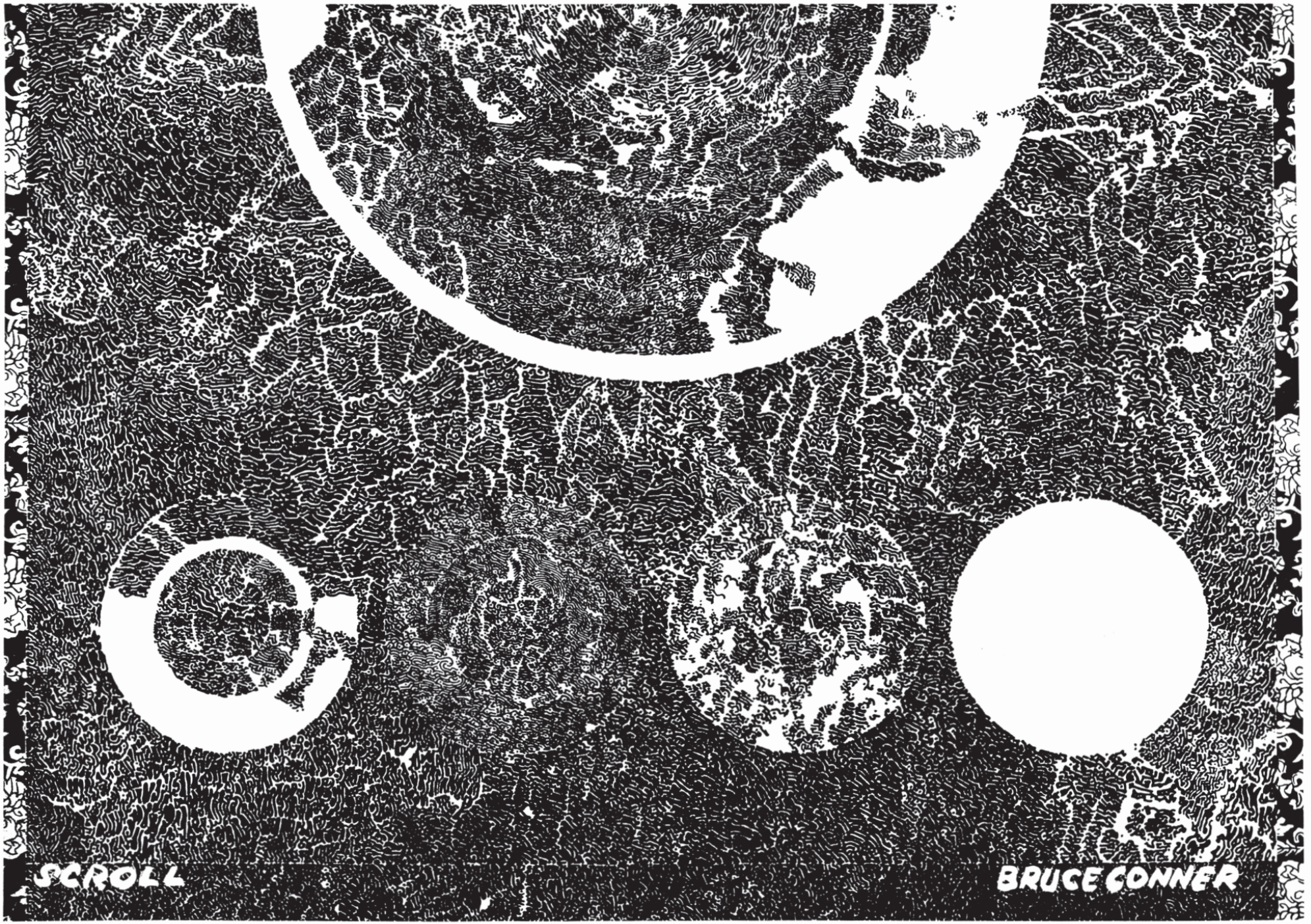


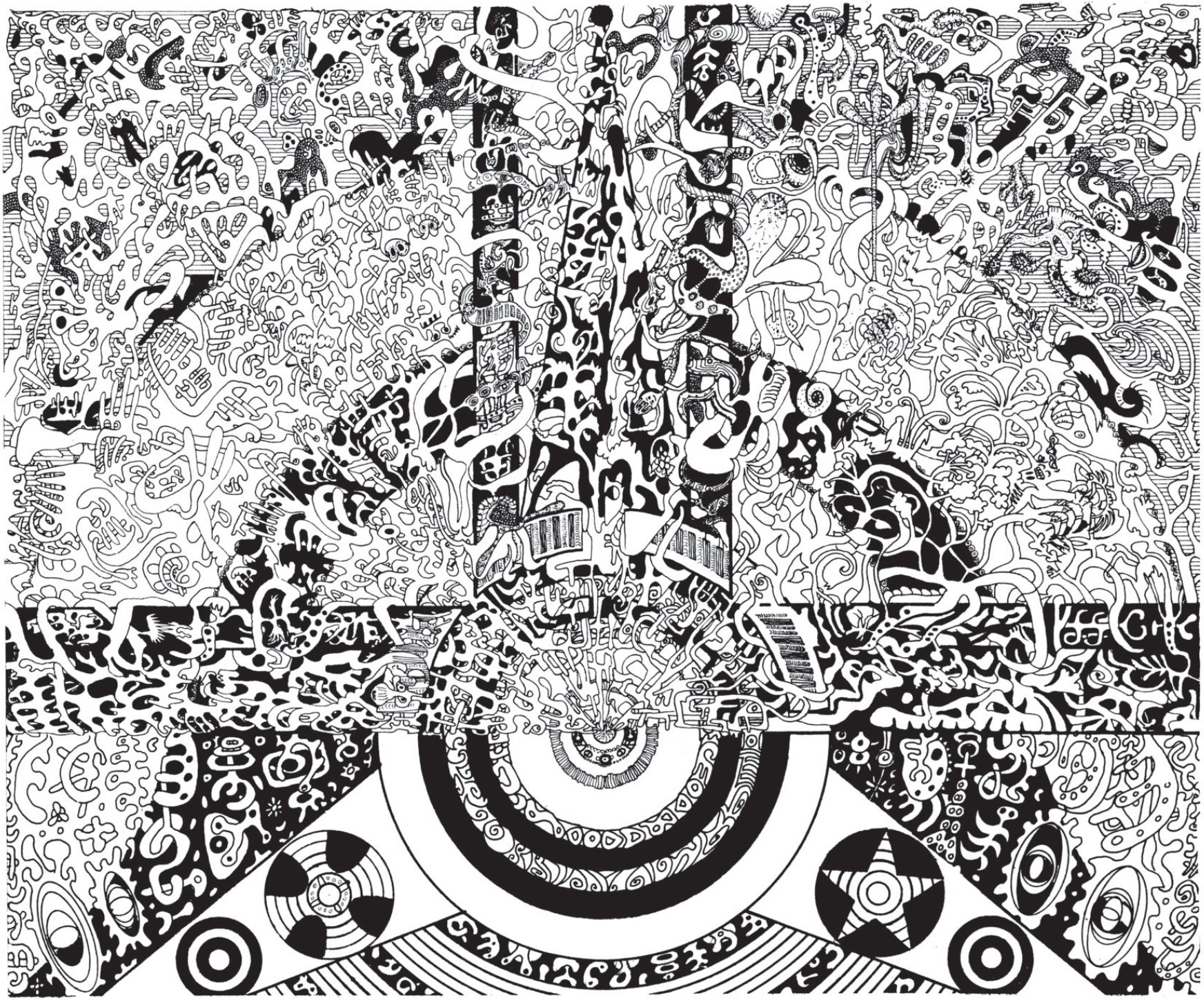
Find the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe.

CHILDRENS CORNER

LOOK FOR THE ANSWERS IN THE NEXT ISSUE




SCROLL
BRUCE CONNER



STAR PROCESS

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THE VOICE OF THE KEEPER

The Farm

The Farm is in Golden Gate Park.
In the large playground.
Right across from the merry-go-round.
Which goes round and round.

The Farm is a part of the San Francisco
Zoological Gardens.
A sort of branch office.
It has barnyard animals.
Like chickens, ducks, goats and sheep.
Someone has to take care of these barn-
yard beasts.
Each day a Keeper at the Zoo is desig-
nated to go to The Farm.
For most Keepers, duty at The Farm is
like being exiled to Siberia.
It's a come-down from working with
lions and tigers, elephants, goril-
las and orangutangs.

I was recently sent into exile at The
Farm.
But it was nice.
It was nice.
I had suddenly fulfilled a childhood
fantasy.
I was Old McDonald.
With a here-a-chick, there-a- chick,
everywhere-a-chick-chick and every-
thing.
The whole scene.
All the children envied me.
Lots of children.

It was nice.
There were mothers
Lots of young, pretty mothers.
All over.
All day.
And some nice old men and ladies.
Who knew each individual chicken and
rabbit by name.
And lots of Haight-Ashbury people.
In ecstatic dress and mood.
Who would notice that The Keeper of
The Farm had a beard today.
And they would smile and nod and some-
times stop to talk about Farm Life.
And I would smile and nod and talk back.
While caring for my chicks and ducks
and goats and sheep.
And all day, the merry-go-round.
Going round and round.

It was nice.
At the end of the day, I put them all
to bed.
All the barnyard beasts.
I didn't look forward to going back to
the real Zoo.
I would never ever get to be a snow
leopard, anyway.
But I was Old McDonald for a day.
And I might be again.
Before I'm ever a snow leopard.

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THE D I G G E R S.

POSTSCRIPT: AFTER THE RIOT

The day after The Riot, the playground
was deserted.
The beasts of The Farm lay huddled in
patches of shade.
It was hot.
The young mothers and the children
stayed home.
The merry-go-round didn't go round.
I sat in The Farm and listened to the
radio's riot reports.
And rock music.
Something Old McDonald never did.
Up above the playground, Kezar Stadium
loomed over the empty swings and
slides, the silently panting goats
and sheep and bunnies.
Over 1,000 National Guardsmen were in
Kezar Stadium.
Standing by.
With joyful anxiety.
I was getting tired of being Old
McDonald.
And The Farm.
And Kezar up above.
Everything was so goddam still.
Not even a cackle or a fart from the
Farm beasts.
Goddam Kezar was up above.
Causing this goddam sick silence.
Only the sound of the radio on the air.
Carrying all over the hushed playground.
And up to Kezar.
Governor Brown was saying he's "getting
sick and tired of all this lawless-
ness."
A rooster tried crowing.
He didn't make it.
Then The Beatles sang "It's a Hard
Day's Night."
The disc jockeys were playing it a lot.
For the troops up in Kezar, maybe.
Full of joyful anxiety.

I left the Farm at 5.
The Farm beasts were all dead.
Or dying.
Ripped and clawed to bits.
A snow leopard got them.

Alex Weiss

Someday all of us will realize that guns endanger the police more than help them.

We are not responsible for our reader's habits.

The information contained herein is either true or false.

If you are involved in, or see,
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FREE FOOD: AT OAK-ASHBURY PANHANDLE. 4p.m. EVERYDAY. BRING A BOWL AND SPOON. IT'S FREE BECAUSE IT'S YOURS. THE D I G G E R S.

B___B___B___

San Francisco - entertainment usa! Big rocksound breakthru/ topless dancefrolic waitresses/ much too much for the MIDWEST & elsewhere

Lights - big blues&greens & lots of red & colorful people moving here makin' good sounds- doin' good things- from Folkrock to SanFranciscoSound/ the answer to The DetroitSound American Jazzform ButterfieldBluesBand at Winterland & Fillmore unfroze the bonds of whiteblues to jazz to 3rd Stream. The best of WhiteSoul wedded to the ElectronicAge & producing the fullestsound to hit Westerncivilization since Beetoven/ roll over the chemicalsoul sound is here.

BBB's arrangement/ Cannonball's "Worksong" experience wrapped into one mike bloomfield & torn out thru an electricstringged woman with THE Rrhythmsection & rest of group carressing & pulled into existance & exploded in the openeared minds of this lightagegeneration.

The enrapturement of dark mystical blackstreets teeming with physical life moving to a chemical/ technological trip. With two souls & two millionairs still a two much two much.

MOE BOOKS FOR HAIGHT-ASBURY

A. ALL BEARDS ARE DIRTY.
B. ALL DIRTY PEOPLE ARE BAD.
C. LITTLE OLD LADIES NOSES, ALWAYS TELL RIGHT FROM WRONG AND ALWAYS POINT TO HEAVEN.
D. BOOK READERS ARE UNDESIRABLES.
E. BOOK DEALERS HAVEN'T THE CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT UNDER THE 1ST AMENDMENT TO DISSEMINATE LITERATURE.

• • •

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THE SAN FRANCISCO ORACLE

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Love to all our contributors.

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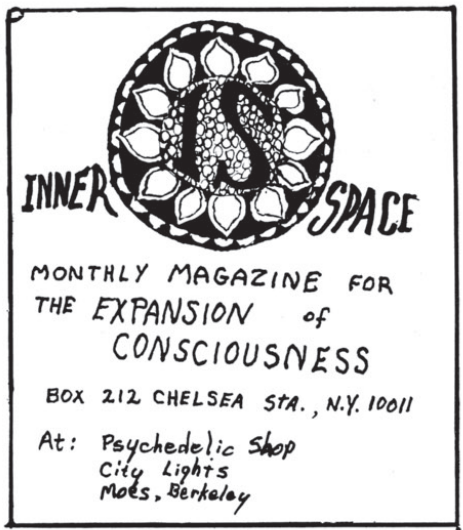
As we can see, a spiritual awareness is attainable not be expanding the consciousness but only by raising it. As we can also see, this cannot be done through a chemical. Some chemicals are impressive because most of us have not risen even to the top of our mental plane before, much less experienced unity of consciousness with others there. Moreover most of us don't know about the higher planes of consciousness. We may have heard the terms but we're by no means hip to what they truly mean. When we find our conscious awareness (for example) suddenly, beautifully, violently soar from our physical body to high up in the seldom or never before experienced upper mental body (the highest we can go from a chemical) we say "Wow! This is the top!" Sure, but the roof of the house is not the sky.

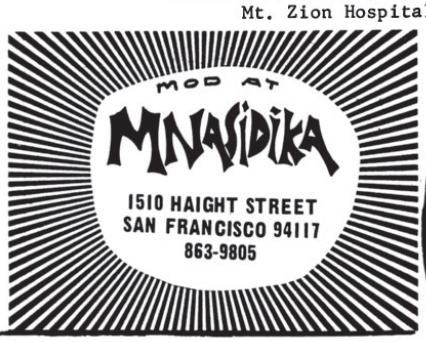
We were all created equal but due to the process of evolution we are not born equal. Now and then, (rarely), we may encounter someone who has evolved much further than we. So much further that his focus of consciousness is in the mental body to begin with. He starts out where we end up when we've gone as far as we can go on something which our physical body can digest or be aware of. If he were to use a chemical link he would either remain "straight", expand, or come down. His consciousness would not rise. Also, of course, if one's level of consciousness is lower than the level on which a certain physical or chemical begins, he would not even get off the ground. He might be greatly disturbed by the turbulance above but he could not rise with it. It's easy for us to confuse these people, one with the other.

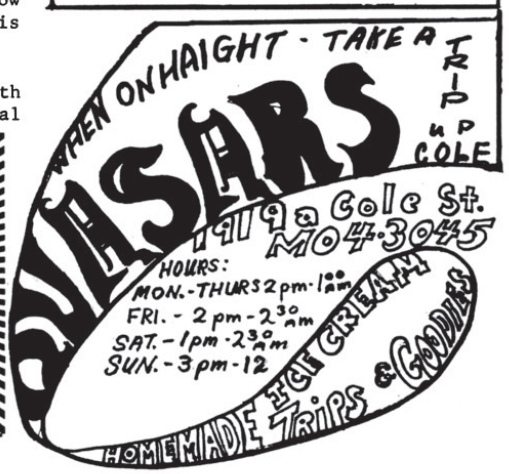
Those even fewer whose consciousness has evolved up into the intuitive body, we at our highest can barely comprehend. They who are of the spiritual consciousness are, to one rising by use of a chemical, literally out of sight.

If you are truly of the new race and not just attracted by the glamour of the "scene", you will, sooner or later arrive at a point when you can no longer refine and raise your consciousness thru use of anything involving activity of your physical body. A point when your consciousness may expand thru chemicals but it can no longer rise. You can express thru your physical vehicle but you no longer "live" in it. Of course what you do about it is your own decision. Just make sure you know which end's up and remember that up is farther than out.

Ambrose J. Hollingworth
Mt. Zion Hospital







SMITH BROTHERS, basement - attic cleaning - hauling, reasonable rates-681-1160

The information contained herein is either true or false.

Back to Food *

One of the things that's happening is happening between people and the food they're eating.

What's happened to food was described by a medical doctor speaking at a conference I attended last year with these words: "Eighty per cent of the food in today's supermarkets is unfit for human consumption."

What's happened to people as a result of eating inferior food is that Americans have been starving while they've been getting fat. As the title of a recent book said it, "overfed but undernourished."

So we admit that possibly our food is not quite what nature intended, that this might possibly be connected to the way we feel (or don't feel) and we decide to make some changes. Something happens. That's been described to me with as many different phrases as there are people: "I haven't had a cold in a year," "now there's something left at 5 o'clock," "for the first time I began to like my body," "I came alive," "I may be psyching myself, but I think there's something to this stuff." Well, brother, the man who said you're only what you eat was overstating the case, but I guarantee you we're not psyching ourselves.

What we're doing when we make these changes is introducting the possibility of making discoveries about ourselves. The greater the vitality coursing thru our system, the more we can feel of ourselves. The greater our self-knowledge, the greater our knowledge of others.

We discover that the food processed for the masses by contemporary commercial methods is unsuited to people. Or maybe we just discover that the machine runs better on a better grade of gas.

The things that take us on these nutritional trips are: organically grown foods, natural and unrefined foods, foods new to us (perhaps yogurt or sunflower seeds), food supplements like wheat germ or brewers yeast, raw food diets, vegetarianism, vitamin and mineral pills derived from food sources rather than test tubes. Or, going deeper, the dietary philosophy of Zen Macrobiotics. But whatever the vehicle for the trip and whatever the nature of the discovery, it's real, it's happening --now--to more and more people.

In the future this column will talk about many of the above, also about many things not mentioned--Actually, about anything related to health. I'd like as many suggestions from readers as possible and would like to include many of your letters.

Also, if you know a good name for this space, please don't be bashful. I've been thinking about it for weeks but haven't been able to think of one I could live with thus far.

* Contributed by:
A S.F. Health Food Store Opr.

AS OSCAR WILDE FOUND ALFRED, AS GERTRUDE STEIN FOUND ALICE, I TOO WISH TO FIND YOU.....626-5732

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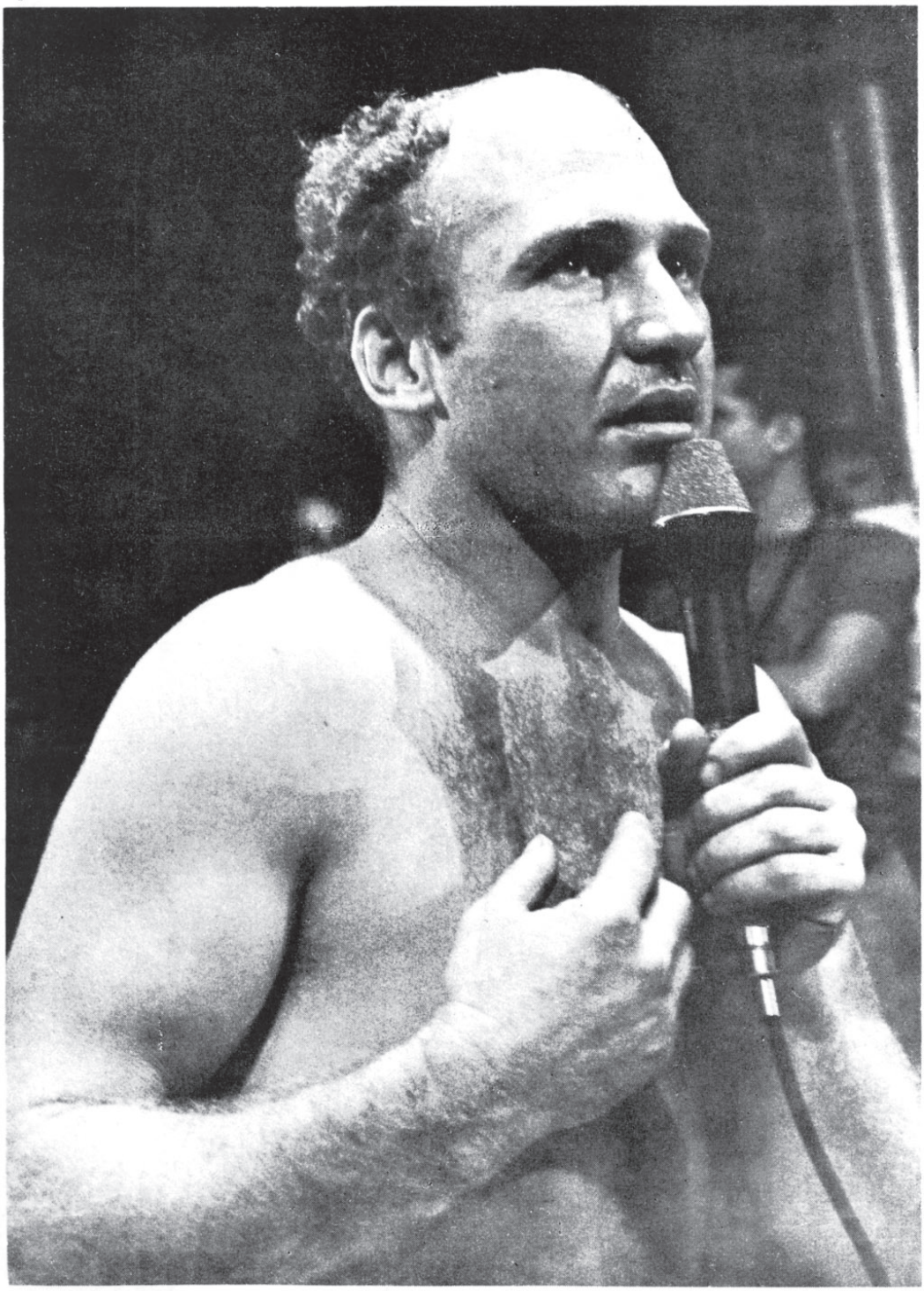
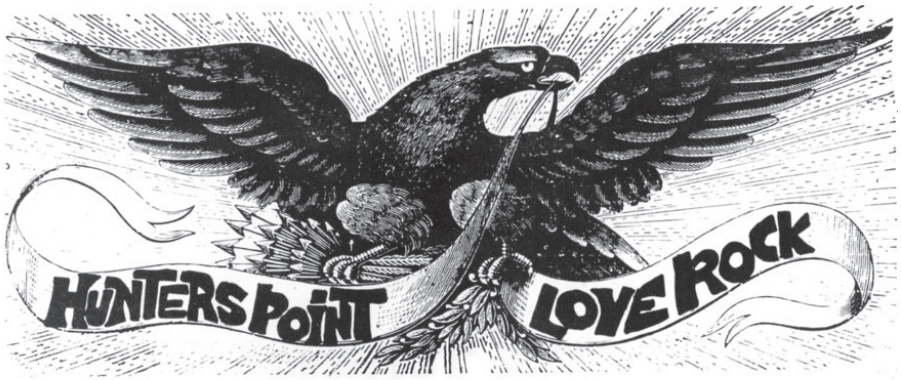
VIVID VIEWS OF THE ACTUAL SCENE

復 24. FU-RETURN{THE TURNING POINT}



ABOVE BELOW　K'UN CHÊN　THE RECEPTIVE, EARTH THE AROUSING, THUNDER



"WHITE ENTERTAINMENT FOR WHITES--BLACK ENTERTAINMENT FOR BLACKS!" This appeared to be the philosophy of the recent ALF Hunters Point Art Fair of October 22 and 23. The fairs were a success in mixed neighborhoods, especially the Golden Gate Panhandle. They were a dismal flop in Hunters Point.

Literally a hundred thousand dollars worth of entertainment had performed on the grass in the Panhandle the week before. But, on the following Saturday afternoon my company (The S. F. Playwrights' Workshop Co.) arrived over two hours late and were met with passive desolation at the Hunters Point Fair.

A group of jazz musicians from the Haight Levels were playing without the benefit of sound equipment at the edge of the stage to several dozen black kids of the area and a couple of white girls. Gary Goodrow was looking frustrated and muttering, "Where the hell is everybody?" Jon Hendricks and his sidemen were also standing around wondering. Beryl Feinglass, of ALF, upon seeing me and my group, was more concerned if we'd do a "good" play--"cause it's outside a church"--than if we went on on time, or if the stage was set up or if any of the other performers and people necessary to a fair had arrived.

After assuring Mrs. Feinglass that our play was "good" and had even been given in church, I walked up to the single store on "The Hill" and bought a beer. I remembered the afternoons I took that same short walk at lunchtime when I worked at the Hunters Point Youth Opportunities Office as something called a statistical research assistant. On the weekends my former wife, Patricia, and I used to spend time on "The Hill" with a friend of ours, Kay Williams, in her apartment overlooking the curch parking lot--now a pseudo fairground. It was quite a contrast.

Walking back, I thought of one of the stories that Patricia and I had written for "The Bayview Voice," a mimeo newssheet we edited with Harold Brooks, which issued for a brief time from the Bayview Community Center where I had tutored. We had written that "The Hill" and the church and grounds would be changed one day, and that housing for $15,000 a year families would go up. We asked where would the black people go then? Soon afterwards we were told the paper was being discontinued for lack of "co-operation."

Back at the bandstand I saw an old friend from Venice, Berkeley and Portrero Hill--Martin P. Abramson, a poet. I found that Marty had volunteered to read his poetry at the fair but had been denied. In fact, all whites had been denied participation. Only black and mixed groups had been invited. I asked Beryl Feinglass why the entertainment had been "segregated," and if ALF meant "White" Artists Liberation Front and did they mean to perform in black communities. She was a little up tight but not as much as I was when I asked if I could join the ALF and be "the spade director of spade entertainment for spades." Gary Goodrow came over and we began passing bitter jokes back and forth. "We should run all the whites out of the Haight-Ashbury and make it black" Gary said. "Sure Gary, only blacks and guilty white girls with money will be allowed," I replied. The jokes stopped.

I asked Jon Hendricks if he ordinarily appeared on a "segregated" basis. He assured me that he had whites in his group. I asked what black groups and artists had been notified. Conyus Calhoun, a black poet and musician, told me he hadn't been allowed to read in the panhandle, where he lives, but that it was okay in Hunters Point. I asked what was going to be done about the black kids hanging around waiting for something

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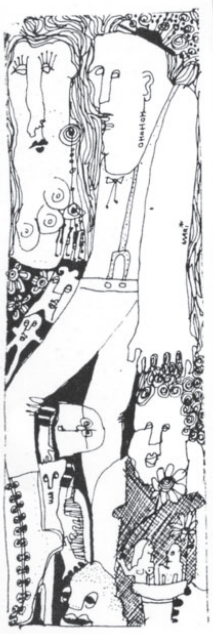

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KEN KESEY & THE GREAT PUMPKIN

The eve of all saints day--tributes & processions to all dead spirits--airs of mysteries we no longer understand--the meaning of the transition between life & death--that is the mystery of halloween. The same mystery we confront in our acid trip--how do we die to the mind that belongs to our visible bodies into the life that we share with the undying reoccuring universal god.

Ken Kesey returns from Mexico as if from the dead--full of defiance and a message which he can't speak to those who must hear it--thousands of us--because cops are hunting for him everywhere--a huge halloween party is planned--a graduation ceremony on the night when dead souls are supposed to be free--"Acid is a door"--"we must graduate from acid"--and then he is caught and jailed and released and the Federal prosecutor drops the charges against him though he faces two other convictions.

The rumours start flying--we have yet to discover a true faith in response to the great mysteries--so we live at edge of doubt--is Kesey copping out? Is he going to put acid in everything consummable? Does he want to create a big freak out, a big bummer? Does he want to make a bundle of bread and ship the pranksters, himself and his bus to Europe or pay off the cops or beat the rap? Do his lawyers want to create a political manque and run him for governor? Will Reagan win if Kesey holds his graduation?

Rumours like spirits loose from the grave flying everywhere--haunting all minds--Pressure is exerted to stop Kesey--Bill Graham had backed Kesey to secure the use of Winterland. But he was hounded by the spirits of disbelief--from Kesey's former close friends, from hundreds of panicking people, from Ralph Gleason, from many acid users & hippies. So he had to withdraw his support and the graduation was cancelled at Winterland but there would be a small, private party at the Calliope warehouse.

The Calliope warehouse long narrow dingy stuffy in the lower mission-the bowery of San Francisco--pawn shops bars cheap hotels and warehouses--soon to be torn down for an urban renewal project--the temporary home of wandering wounded dead and painted faces--princesses and frog princes, robin hood, capes and madrases, saran wrap plastic woman--Kesey in a silver cape, bare chested with a red white & blue band from shoulder across his body to waist--the all American super hero--about 200 people under an orange & white striped parachute and light projectors & spotlights & cameramen everywhere.

I had come with doubt and confusion flying through the sky of my mind and a cap of acid in my pocket. There was a relaxed feeling in the crowd though I was a little spooked about the garage. Am I amongst friends or spirits--it was a mysterious night. I decided that we were friendly spirits and that earth could be both heaven & hell--and swallowed my cap.

The music was played by the Anonymous Artists of America--a group of six musicians young spirited dressed in colorful sparkling clothes each had only been playing their instruments for four months of incessant practise and harmonious work. Dancing waiting watching hip voyeurism, curiosity, expectation of the unknown.

Finally Kesey came to the center under the parachute and a spotlight was fixed upon him; he tried to move people from the center but newsmen & cameramen wouldn't move so Kesey just skipped whatever he had in mind for a graduation ceremony and started talking while Neal Cassady stood upstage and added his conversation to Kesey's. Kesey spoke calmly and subtly about his experiences with drugs. He said LSD was innocense--a garden of eden--but it was only a door that you go through enter a room stay a while and leave through the same door--at this point some cops came into the garage to have a look. Kesey commented that they are always

appearing also, a repeating pattern; everyone laughed; tension eased and the cops left. kesey began speaking about the west coast and how a cosmic intensity has been gathering here, that the beat in the music was changing from life-death, life-death to death-life, death-life but at the same time there was a contracting movement a tensing, a political and cosmic and personal movement to the right, a right wing contraction. He felt it was an important moment that we had to get our heads together to find out more about what's happening, to experience something new. Let's move it around he said let's dance on it and the music began and there was a new loving relaxed feeling in the air-- people embraced, exchanged gifts and a fantastic human energy had been generated. Once more Kesey & Cassady came out and we all sat on the floor and waited and meditated and chanted.

Sitting on the floor waiting stoned with energy waves emanating from everywhere--suddenly my mind skipped from reality to hallucination--what are we waiting for, asking for? Is it an idea? a revelation? are we waiting for love, feeling? What can we breakthrough into? Is Kesey putting me on? What am I doing here? (Doubt rumour black spirits entered my imagination) Hallucinations replaced reality-- the idea we waited for became physical but couldn't be touched or passed on. Are Kesey & Cassady producing some weird physical illusion or is it my mind? Mass demonaic hallucinations overcame my clear view--I had to get out of that garage. Was it a garage or a circus or hell? Everyone seemed to manifest the appearance of the tortured & the damned? I tried to leave by the 6th street door but hell's angels were there and the fear of them drove me back into the garage; I had fallen into a time warp repeating itself over and over again. I couldn't get out of the garage or the fixed images of distrust in my mind. Finally I remembered a chant I had read in the East Village Other "Hare Kushna, Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare Hare Rama Hare RamaRama Rama Hare Hare..."And I chanted and as I chanted I became Krishna--Christ--and I popped out of the time warp of my mind, the hallucinatory hell I had created--into universal mind, out of Allen Cohen confused faithless doubtful victim or victimizer from wandering homeless spirit into a new incarnation and I was transported out of the garage chanting in a new incarnation a man of faith and I walked home to the Haight-Ashbury about 3 or 4 miles in the early morning hours dressed in red chinese pajama top with a gold dragon embossed on it past incredible visions of human suffering in the lower Mission with people smiling and shouting "hello Jesus," police cars slowing down to observe me chanting smiling walking and then passing on When I came home I again entered Allen Cohen's Karma and suffered again the fantasies of doubt and guilt. Finally I awoke again into my life.

We have touched and experienced mysteries that have lain dormant to Western man for centuries by our use of LSD. We are exploring the meaning of life & death reality & illusion heaven & hell. Yet when we come down we are victims of the same human desires fears disbeliefs doubts (How many of us believe in God in immortality in devils spirits in love or total faith?) Not to speak of the acts & facts these negations bring to reality: cops and robbers jails jails armies wars good & evil slaughters riots race hatreds--the whole cacophony that is the total illusion.

The Kesey fear that exploded in San Francisco was an act of self-doubt. How can we get out of the revolving door of fear, lovelessness doubt and desire that creates the total illusion which now seems to be moving toward greater human prejudice ignorance repression and war --to the right as Kesey has been saying. We are confronted with the necessity of infusing our inner and outer lives withlove & faith or else wander like halloween spirits in a purgatory of suffering. If the political and psychological constrictions increase we will experience a cyclic return to the catacombs pursued and persecuted by the brutal and decadent romanization of America. If secret rituals in hidden catacombs are in our future while America brings itself and half the world to ruin, then we must build the new civilization in the caves of our individual beings and in silent pastoral & urban communities of feeling and soda and spiritual exploration. LSDhas reintroduced the full human potentiality into our conscious awareness but LSD has now been absorbed into the cops and robbers duality within the total illusion. Ken Kesey and Timothy Leary are now at the forefront in combatting the effects of the martyr game of persecution and imprisonment. Within the political framework we still have the opportunity to make the use of LSD & marijuana legal as religious sacraments and/or find other means to get high and stay high in order to continue to create a new epoch of love, wisdom and human trust out front. But above all we cannot add more fear and doub5 and confusion to each other's Karmic burden within the total game-world-illusion.

A BRIEF INTERVIEW WITH KEN KESEY

Gary Goldhill

Kesey's analysis of motives of the various people who were responsible for blocking his plans to hold his Acid Graduation at the Winterland were expressed in two words, "Ego fear."

When I asked him what his plans for the future were, he told me that after the Graduation Party, he had thrown the I Ching, which had given him hexagram No. 24--The Turning Point. "The time of darkness is past. The winter solstice brings the victory of light. There is movement, but it is not brought about by force. For this reason the transformation of the old becomes easy. Societies of people sharing the same views are formed. But since these groups come together in full public knowledge and are in harmony with the time, all selfish separatist tendencies are excluded and no mistake is made. Movement is just at its beginning; therefore it must be strengthened by rest, so that it will not be dissipated by being used prematurely."

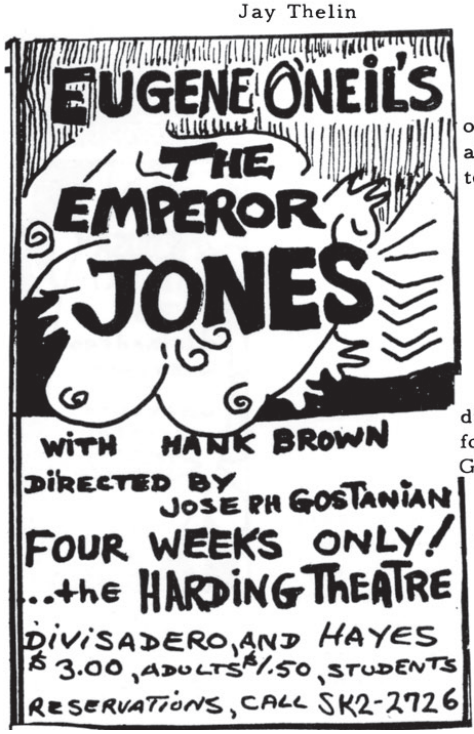
The above quote is a selection from commentaries of the hexagram Fu. Kesey no longer believes that anything of importance can be said by mere words --but he did tell me that he believes that we are headed for a very good year; and that his immediate plans are to find a farm-house where he and his group can rest and develop the gestalt consciousness that seems to be at least one of their goals. And as you see, that is the trip the "I Ching" laid on him.

Thursday, Oct. 27--Gary Snyder, at U. C., prefaced his poetry reading by stating that the kind of community we have all been dreaming and thinking about for the last ten years was/is on the verge of being and, "this is no time for caution."

Saturday, Oct. 31--Ken Kesey denied permission to use Winterland; went ahead with the planned Acid Graduation, and while it was a bummer for many, the following became clear to me:

Gary Snyder is right. Suspicion, fear and distrust, the three factors which bombed Kesey out of Winterland and produced CAUTIOUS behavior is supposedly hip people, have no place in the psychedelic movement. Remember, it is suspicion, fear and distrust which motivates the "leaders," "educators" and "establishment" of this community and country. The only way to overcome suspicion, fear and distrust is to live psychedelically, here and now.

Jay Thelin



In my mind the Trips Festival was the first public event to celebrate a head culture. It was a beautiful celebration, one which instilled in me anticipation of a glorious mass psychedelic experience. I loved Kesey for having the conviction and vision to put LSD in the Kool-Aid.

So when the rumors began about the Halloween graduation at Winterland my heart warmed at the prospects. Then the thing folded. My first response was to accuse those within the scene of fear, distrust, and lack of vision. But as I talked to more people it became clear that distrust was on both sides. Kesey had been out of touch and some of his actions were presumptive.

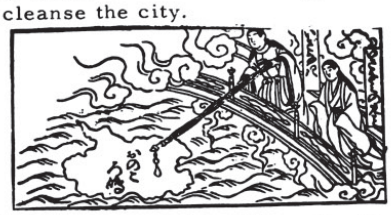
One mistake was to believe the daily newspapers; we should stop reading them. The second problem was in the confusion about what Kesey had in mind about "graduation," clarified for me by attending the party at Sixth Street.

Simple fear of the unknown is not only ridiculous--it's dangerous.

I wasn't, and am not, afraid of what Ken Kesey could do. I simply don't think he has anything to say to the masses, at present, that would be worth the risk of losing a scene of which I'm privileged to be a part.

Let's ask ourselves, who would have benefitted from the Winterland venture? If it created a bad scene, the Real Scene, meaning the freedom of individuality that exists more in San Francisco than anywhere else in the States, might have ended. The fuzz would certainly have used it as a lever to cut the long hair and at best, what could have been sanctioned by allowing Ken Kesey to perform at Winterland? And at worst, what could have been left?

Had his production caused any sort of disturbance, "downtown" most probably would have seized that opportunity to cleanse the city.



Had he succeeded in "liberating" his disciples, we may have been responsible for creating a demagogue--Elmer Gantry in white leotards.

I signed the contract. I wanted to stand by my word. Had I been afraid of blowing my scene, I wouldn't have signed in the first place.

Finally early Sunday morning too many negative feelings from within our San Francisco hip scene forced me to make the decision to cancel.

Bill Graham

As I now understand Kesey, he envisions the imminent collapse of right wing, establishment tolerance. He has visions of a brutal and violent tyranny and carried out against the revolution that is happening in this country, particularly here in the Bay Area. His response to that vision is that we of the revolution must graduate from "tripping" to believing. We must believe we are holy. We cannot simply "see" the harmony of the universe; we must believe it. Only by believing in our psychedelic experiences will we be able to survive the coming genocide of an insane United States of America.

Ron Thelin

Interview with Chet Helms

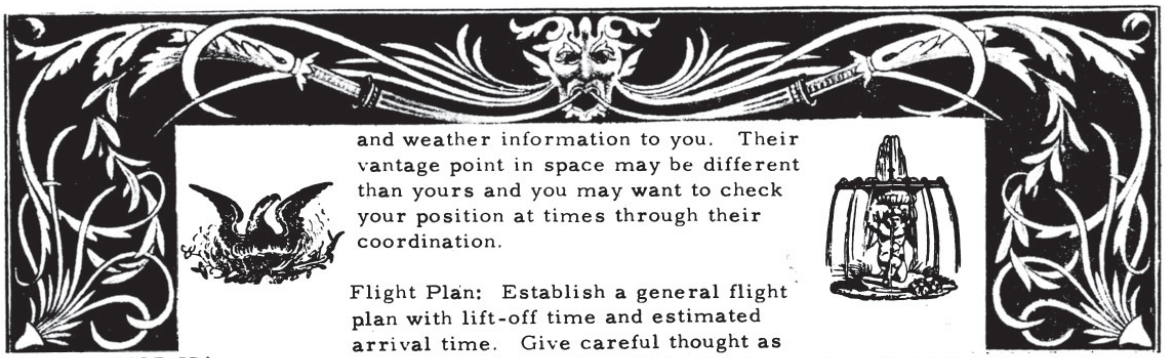
ORACLE: "Kesey said that the heads have got fat. What do you think is happening to the acid scene?"

Chet: "Kesey forgets about all the imprinting that a person takes into his acid trip. There's a lot of talk about ego-loss--that's only half the story. There is a follow-up ego re-building which makes use of experiences prior to the trip. You know, acid can be used for evil ends. It just makes you more adept at doing what you want to."

ORACLE: "Why didn't the Winterland party come off?"

Chet: "Kesey did some presumptive things and manipulated a lot of people, like forcing McKendric to move out of California Hall. Kesey's mentality was military. He thinks in terms of power differentials. You see he was playing the desert fox. Lure the enemy into your own battleground by doing a turn face claiming you came back to stop kids from taking acid and then when you have thousands of these strait people together turn them on to acid. Kesey was playing the tactual deceit and facade game. Kesey's mistake is he got caught."

cont. on page 11



CHECKLIST FOR ISA
(Inner Space Astronauts)

Fuel Supply: Get your fuel from a fellow ISA if possible. Unknown fuel may alter your flight. It is helpful to know the octane rating if possible. Keep any extra fuel away from extreme heat, light and moisture. Locate it in an unobtrusive place. Don't carry it with you as it may cause burns. Your fuel will not work well if you are taking vitamin supplements with niacin in them on flight day.

Ground Crew: Have an experienced ground crew standing by. They may either be present or easily contacted. The ground crew, one or more persons ought to have soloed a number of times themselves and have acted as a successful ground crew before. Be sure that you can and will trust your ground crew. They will relay valuable flight and weather information to you. Their vantage point in space may be different than yours and you may want to check your position at times through their coordination.

Flight Plan: Establish a general flight plan with lift-off time and estimated arrival time. Give careful thought as to flight location. Your flight plan is a crucial factor in a successful orbit. Pick a flight location which is uncluttered and not subject to meteor showers or unexpected cosmic storms. Your flight plan may or may not include other astronauts. If it does, be sure that you know each other well enough beforehand so as not to get on each others nerves during the flight. The time of your flight will vary lasting from a billion or more light years of inner space to 10 or 12 hours of external time.

Weather: Do not plan to lift off during storms, overcast skies, or cloudy weather. Clear calm weather is the best.

Provisions: Some very simple provisions are helpful, such as fruit, water wine cheese. If possible, provisions such as good music, and art are good traveling companions for the flight.

comes necessary as a last resort to bail out, try a fuel-suppressive such as Niacinamide (Nicotinamide), between O. 5 and 2 grams. A drugstore has it in open stock. This will shift your zone but not the journey. Don;t be worried about the unusually large dose. Up to 3 grams have been used daily in clinical experiments to suppress hangovers. Straight niacin works better but has unpleasant side effects.

Landing: Landing is as important as taking off. Choose the landing site carefully. If possible, it should be a quiet, peaceful place away from a lot of distractions. In landing, consult your ground crew, relating to them anything about the journey you might think important. Your ground crew can be very important at this point.

Future Installment: Checklist for ISA Ground Crews.

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Launching Pad: Carefully check out your launching pad before lift-off. It is best to clean it off as much as possible. Sometimes, if you don't, some of the garga
of the garbage will cling to your ship, causing it to veer off course and you may end up in regions you would like to stay out of.

Pirates: Stay out of zones inhabited with inner space pirates who try to blast you out of orbit with arguments, threats, jokes and general paranoid producing maneuvers. These inner space pirates often disguise themselves as enforcers of a self-appointed intergalaxy political machine. If they are encountered, it is possible to have them believe that you are on their side.

Emergencies: Inner space has not been fully explored and there might arise emergencies which, because of the unfamiliarity of the zone, may be frightening. Keep in mind that you will always land. These frightening zones may be new to you, but men have traveled through them for en have traveled through them for centuries and have come out for the better on the other side. If a zone is frightening, or more than your ship can handle, move to another location, eat some of your provisions, change the music, or notify your ground crew of the place you find yourself in. If it be-

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NOTES FROM THE SAN ANDREAS FAULT

SHOCKWAVE: The tree worship that Robert Graves, and other less capable and less eccentric mythographers, observe as the real mystery underlying all ancient myth becomes graspable and exciting here. The Oak-King's golden castration by the Druids.

In the clearings one is awed by a single redwood as the Periclean Greeks must have been dumbed confronted by the colossal representation of their healing&bellicose guardian, Pallas Athena, standing in the frontal, sun-caught cella of the Parthenon; forty foot of gold and ivory above the chant of the inconsequential devotee. The great statue smashing the senses. Transposed to and from Phidias at work in growing wood, clothed in rutted bark gouged in long canals like aqueducts from Olympus. These clearings consecrated by the living gods of wood and leaf, perhaps worshipped in this very tree; brought up out of the earth, the basic gods erected at the head of the hall...

Earthquake: a shaking or trembling of the earth produced by subterranean volcanic forces.

Having traveled some, hop-scotching the U. S. and Mexico, before and after a seven year apprenticeship to the Sophistry of New York City and the nihilism of ambition, I have 'Gone Out, as it were, to the varying war and peace of my cortex and frontal lobes.

Gone Out to the great green forests of Hinckley Basin in the Santa Crus Mountains almost directly atop the San Andreas Fault, the earthquake rift zone that dominates the Pacific Coast. Demeter's side of the Now-atomic razor's edge.

Redwoods support the sky hundreds of feet above our cabin. Across the road pines tiered like pagodas chime in a clearing padded with wild strawberrys and forget-me-nots. The clear fragrance of peppermint lies green in the air, deifying the circle.

One expects to see Hansel and Gretel come tripping down the path at any moment, LittleRedRidinghooded by a psychedelic Smokey the Bear. But instead my woman moves toward me through the tall trees with a flop-brimmed hat and a turtle neck sweater: Bonnie Parker of the redwood circuit.

There is room and love-laughter here.

Love to all our contributors.

And in all this one comes to recognize our present separation from these basic elements and forces that deal in man's ill-fittedness as he feels and manifests it in history's recurrent dream of hysteria and riot. Having chosen such an undignified and perversely artificial existence he no longer realizes or comprehends the part of nature he is, what part is his, and what his function is or was meant to

be. And by so doing has distorted this function and become unfamiliar with his bowels, so to speak. Uncontent, with a starving appetite for happiness; joy all forgotten; deciduous, not dead but barren.

A great part of this unfamiliarity is with the architecture of it all that seems composed solely and completely of straight lines, compounding the perfect circle. A natural geometry in which one can recognize (and comprehend) the components and correspondences, the common code that visits and dwells in all matter.

Instead, the choice has been huge geometric improbabilities for our cities, grosser than poorly planned parks. Even the museums, which should indeed embody the best of what they house, display secular hectics; and so we have the Womb-Gothic of the Guggenheim and the Neo-Plantation architecture of the Museum of Modern Art whose walls are so hung and clustered with various paintings that they compete with nickleodeon posters and circus billboards. Inseparable as to units, to cells, to the chemical flow itself.

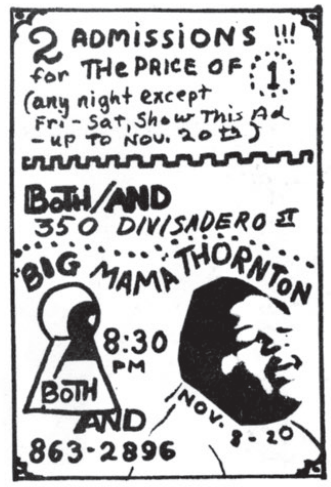
It seems that today the work being done on the best architecture is one of demolition... Senor Gaudi broken beneath the crush of progress; dismissed as the White Witch of the Cave, as remote as the Resurrection and the Mystery... replaced by odalistic commodes, edifices resembling tall dressers, with their drawers filled with the same socks and tattered undergarments, with plastic-begonia balconies as pull-handles: dealer's choice and yet it still comes up the same, equal to themselves but to nothing else; out of touch with the xylum and floam of it all.

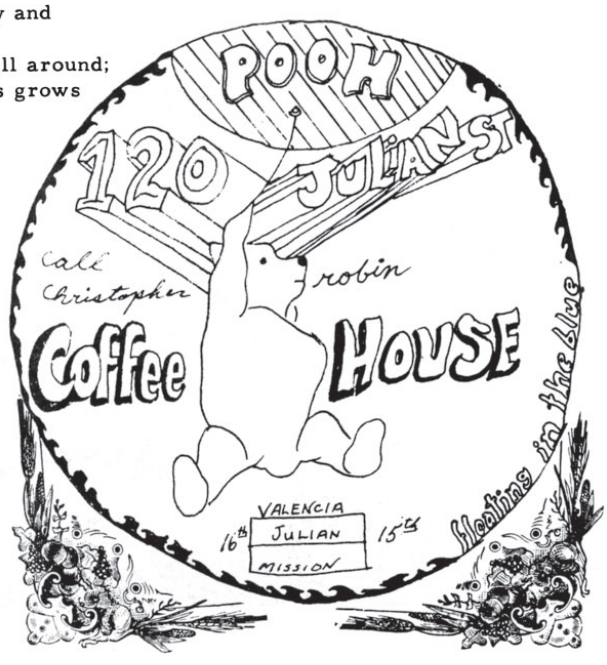
And I, out of it, out of that precious milieu that gave spleen to these comments; like a reformed drunk; full-glorious in the midst of gravity and flight.

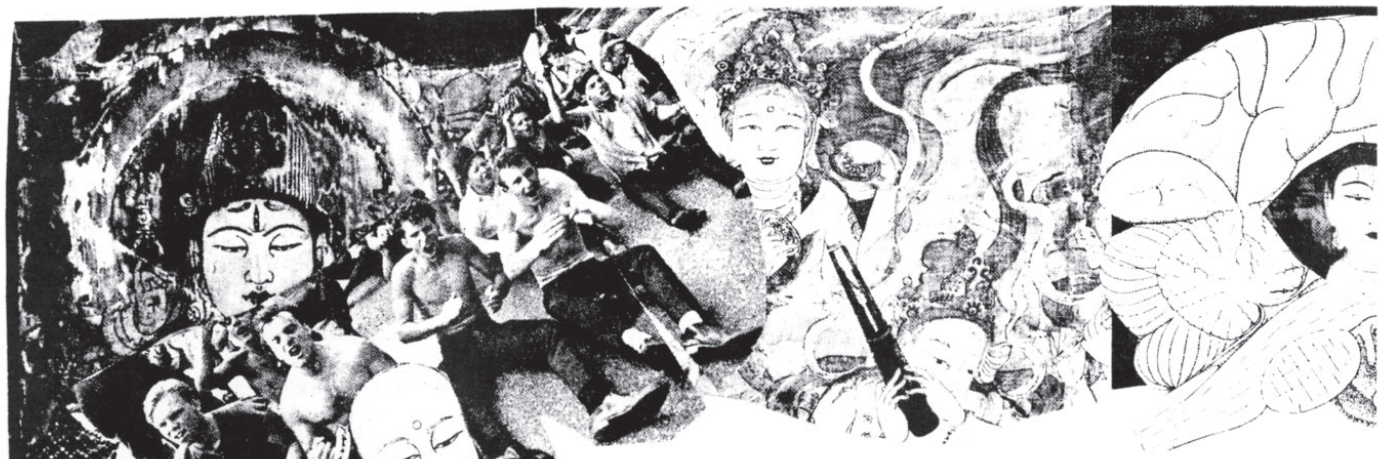
And the green grass grows all around; all around; and the green grass grows all around.

ZENEFIT

A dance benefit will be held at the Avalon Ballroom, on Sutter St. near Van Ness, Sunday, Nov. 13. Dance starts at 8 PM. The Grateful Dead, Big Brother and the Holding Co., and The Quicksilver Messenger Service will play. The money is being raised to secure land for the Zen Center's mountain monastery to be built in Tasahara. Donations can also be sent to: Zen Center, 1881 Bush St., San Francisco.







BUDDHISM & THE COMING REVOLUTION

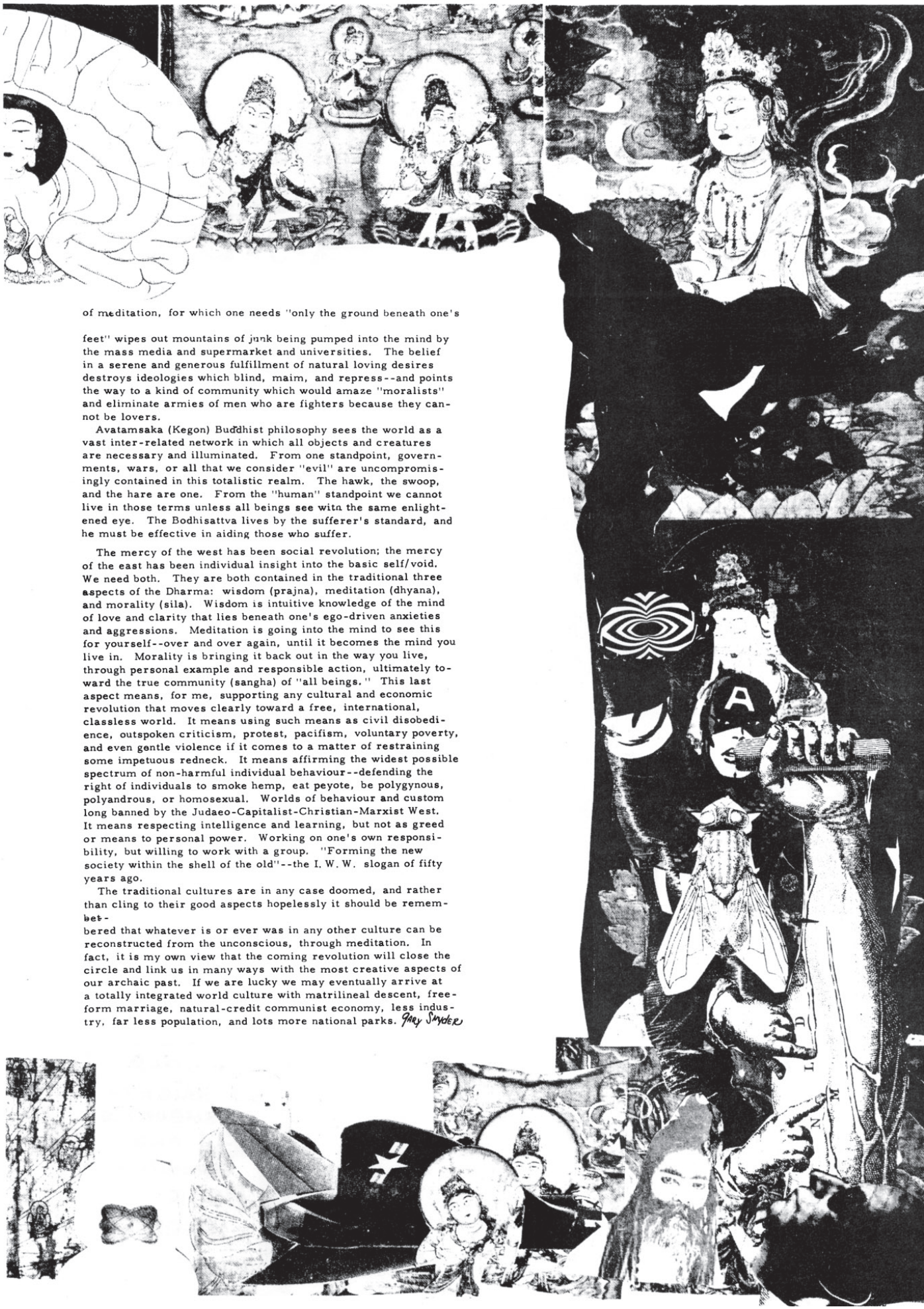
Buddhism holds that the universe and all creatures in it are intrinsically in a state of complete wisdom, love, and compassion; acting in natural response and mutual interdependence. The personal realization of this from-the-beginning state cannot be had for and by one-"self"-because it is not fully realized unless one has given the self up, and away.

In the Buddhist view, what obstructs the effortless manifestation of this state is ignorance, which projects into fear and needless craving. Historically, Buddhist philosophers have failed to analyze out the degree to which ignorance and suffering are caused or encouraged by social factors, considering fear-and-desire to be given facts of the human condition. Consequently the major concern of Buddhist philosophy is epistemology and "psychology" with no attention paid to historical or sociological problems. Although Mahayana Buddhism has a grand vision of universal salvation, the actual achievement of Buddhism has been the development of practical systems of meditation toward the end of liberating a few dedicated individuals from psychological hangups and cultural conditionings. Institutional Buddhism has been conspicuously ready to accept or ignore the inequalities and tyrannies of whatever political system it found itself under. This can be death to Buddhism, because it is death to any meaningful function of compassion. Wisdom without compassion feels no pain.

No one today can afford to be innocent, or indulge himself in ignorance of the nature of contemporary governments, politics, and social orders. The national polities of the modern world maintain their existence by deliberately fostered craving and fear: monstrous protection rackets. The "free world" has become economically dependent on a fantastic system of stimulation of greed which cannot be fulfilled, sexual desire which cannot be satiated, and hatred which has no outlet except against oneself, the persons one is supposed to love, or the revolutionary aspirations of pitiful, poverty-stricken marginal societies like Cuba or Viet Nam. The conditions of the cold war have turned all modern societies--Communist included--into vicious distorters of man's true potential. They create populations of "preta"--hungry ghosts, with giant appetites and throats no bigger than needles. The soil, the forests, and all animal life are being consumed by these cancerous collectivities; the air and water of the planet is being fouled by them.

There is nothing in human nature or the requirements of human social organization which intrinsically requires that a culture be contradictory, repressive, and productive of violent and frustrated personalities. Recent findings in anthropology and psychology make this more and more evident. One can prove it for himself by taking a good look at his own nature through meditation. Once a person has this much faith and insight, he must be led to a deep concern with the need for radical social change through a variety of hopefully non-violent means.

The joyous and voluntary poverty of Buddhism becomes a positive force. The traditional harmlessness and refusal to take life in any form has nation-shaking implications. The practice



of meditation, for which one needs "only the ground beneath one's feet" wipes out mountains of junk being pumped into the mind by the mass media and supermarket and universities. The belief in a serene and generous fulfillment of natural loving desires destroys ideologies which blind, maim, and repress--and points the way to a kind of community which would amaze "moralists" and eliminate armies of men who are fighters because they cannot be lovers.

Avatamsaka (Kegon) Buddhist philosophy sees the world as a vast inter-related network in which all objects and creatures are necessary and illuminated. From one standpoint, governments, wars, or all that we consider "evil" are uncompromisingly contained in this totalistic realm. The hawk, the swoop, and the hare are one. From the "human" standpoint we cannot live in those terms unless all beings see with the same enlightened eye. The Bodhisattva lives by the sufferer's standard, and he must be effective in aiding those who suffer.

The mercy of the west has been social revolution; the mercy of the east has been individual insight into the basic self/void. We need both. They are both contained in the traditional three aspects of the Dharma: wisdom (prajna), meditation (dhyana), and morality (sila). Wisdom is intuitive knowledge of the mind of love and clarity that lies beneath one's ego-driven anxieties and aggressions. Meditation is going into the mind to see this for yourself--over and over again, until it becomes the mind you live in. Morality is bringing it back out in the way you live, through personal example and responsible action, ultimately toward the true community (sangha) of "all beings." This last aspect means, for me, supporting any cultural and economic revolution that moves clearly toward a free, international, classless world. It means using such means as civil disobedience, outspoken criticism, protest, pacifism, voluntary poverty, and even gentle violence if it comes to a matter of restraining some impetuous redneck. It means affirming the widest possible spectrum of non-harmful individual behaviour--defending the right of individuals to smoke hemp, eat peyote, be polygynous, polyandrous, or homosexual. Worlds of behaviour and custom long banned by the Judaeo-Capitalist-Christian-Marxist West. It means respecting intelligence and learning, but not as greed or means to personal power. Working on one's own responsibility, but willing to work with a group. "Forming the new society within the shell of the old"--the I. W. W. slogan of fifty years ago.

The traditional cultures are in any case doomed, and rather than cling to their good aspects hopelessly it should be remembered that whatever is or ever was in any other culture can be reconstructed from the unconscious, through meditation. In fact, it is my own view that the coming revolution will close the circle and link us in many ways with the most creative aspects of our archaic past. If we are lucky we may eventually arrive at a totally integrated world culture with matrilineal descent, free-form marriage, natural-credit communist economy, less industry, far less population, and lots more national parks. *Gary Snyder*

YOGI AND THE COMMISSAR

On Friday morning the 29th of September 1966 I stepped back into the world of houses, clear dawn sky, clouds and thought forms. At four o'clock the wind blows through the shadows around corners mingling with the lites of Haight Street. This morning three officers of the San Francisco California police force turned left of Haight and trapped me in their curfew snare. Searching my body with strange hands that visited my most secret genitals exploring and exploding me with an uncontrollable fanaticism. They were searching for those pills, however none were there on this morning of fierce winds. The officers pushed me roughly into the rear of the car. The third officer seated next to me, he was already in the car began carrying on about how much he hated me. The other two officers, one driving the other searching that world for other beings drove quite directly to the precinct station. The left rear door oped rather automatically and the movie began. The two doors were wide open and I stepped into the midst of a fantastic affair of jailers in the Golden Gate Park District Station. The officers seated me on an ancient wooden bench of hard wooden slats brightly painted dark brown surrounded by bulletin boards.

The linoleum floor was highly polished, as was the booking window and the elite officers who seemed rigorously trained and at attention with highly polished brass and guns with lead bullets and brass cartridges strode the lengths of eternity with me. They were balanced, poised in super-triumph austere in their *battle* dress and spewing hate rejections words of "fuck you, you cocksucker, we hate your hair, your clothes, your eyes, your mouth." "Here!" They yelled, calling me across the maroon floor toward where they were standing. I had the yellow paper from the Diggers and the other hand-out sheet telling of police brutality. These papers were grabbed and I then was forced into a circle of despair. Why were they hurting my clear thought processes with their elemental tragedy of swear words.

When they closed the circle the largest officer threw with all his might two closed clench fist blows to the right side of my head. Spirals burst I was pained to everything, why were they hitting me? He then wrenched my head back trying to pull out my yellow hair. Then they pushed my head through the booking window and slammed a rabbit punch to break the vertabrates in my neck. My yoga discipline worked automatically the muscles went lax but then tensed hard at the hurting blows, repelling damage to my lower cranium vertabrate area. Then my prayerbeads were taken from my coat pockets along with a small roach. My mind was roaring with uncontrolled sympathy for their misdirection, their ridicule was all that their minds were.

It was fuzzy with hate and wrath, their faces were covered with blue purple hats, their ignorance was black in shame, for I understood, then that education had failed a discipline worthless, a false mirage, a mirror hidden from them in reality. False uniforms of dark pressed purple blue. Where were their minds? One man aimed at my genitals I turned and caught the blow on my right buttock near the coxis. My right shoulder hurt terribly. I was confronted, where to next. I was again confronted with a certain joy in this too-near world of body turned masochist, turned sensual, turned to love of self to quickly cure the inner mind tragedy. It said--escape leave me remember as a football player how the body accepted the crushing contact. Leave me mind. I'm fragile strong and resiliant only fire will destroy me leave by the hair.

The spirit leaf flew from the tree and I became an animal raw creature from the mountains, the forest. Their hidden eyes were red blood their hate flowed forth, creeping gestapo hate, and I returned with white thunder surrounding me. The back door to the right opened, he was sitting there waiting, waiting, smoking white cigarettes, a plain brown solid oak desk. He was sitting in a swivel chair gently rocking. Hurt inside I was pushed inside the room where he rabbit punched me in the back of the neck straight from where, I searched in the mirror of my inner movie of t. v. movies for that dream of thuggery. Since when do they have the right to destroy doves? Silence, my screams burst through their long collonade of wars of wars of bloody dreams so material and hurt filled. I pardoned them in their berserk pleasure of brutality, I cried for a reprieve from their storm and then they all started floating with me, we were/I was no more, I left as the brain burst forth with Winston, trees, sounds of motorcycles, the real bombers, and pure blue acid tests. Oh where. And then into the underground fear of iron bars. There were other people there--wax people holy forms neither here nor there. There is no more a mummy in a glass case.

Allan W. Williams

CONT. FROM p. 5

dear ken kesey; (from the yoga aphorisms of patanjali) there are five kinds of thought waves, some painful, others not painful. a wave which seems "painful" at first may actually belong to the category of those which are "not painful," provided that it impels the mind toward greater freedom and knowledge. for example, a lustful thought-wave is "painful," because lust, even when pleasantly satisfied, causes addiction, jealousy and bondage to the thing desired. a wave of pity, on the other hand, would be described as "not painful," because pity is an unselfish emotion which loosens the bonds of our own egotism. we may suffer deeply when we see others suffering, but our pity will teach us understanding and, hence, freedom. first, we have to overcome the "painful" thought-waves by raising waves which are "not painful." after the "painful" thought-waves have been completelystilled, we proceed to the second stage of discipline; the stilling of the "not painful" waves which we have deliberately created. love roger

They almost did it. Maybe if they had got Winterland - had had the psychic energy of a great crowd to draw on - had been at their emotional and spiritual peak. . .

As it was, they must have started from below optimum level. Even so, the vibration-level reached fantastic intensity several times. Highest was when Kesey and the Pranksters sat together touching hands - Kesey asked for his children to be brought into the circle - there was silence - except for the crying (a strange, archetypal

crying) of one of the kids, and the crackle of mind-power.

They almost did it. And what "it" is, no one will know until "it" is actually done. But, as one of the Pranksters said afterwards, it could be that the sky will open and. . . Or something.

Gary Goldhill

Even Charity Has Its Limits
TEAMSTERS SC

Even Charity Has Its Limits
TEAMSTERS CUT FE
TEAMSTERS CUT FREE FOOD

The AFL-CIO Teamster Union issued a warning to the Ukranian Bakery advising them not to donate their day-old bread to the Digger Free Food gathering. The Union specified certain church-run organizations that may benefit from the generosity of the bakery but qualified the amount of bread that may be given to the needy. The Teamsters assured the proprietors that if they persisted in helping the Diggers, their shop would be picketed by Union drivers.

When asked what they intended to do about the blockade that has been thrown up by the teamsters

up by the teamsters the Diggers replied: "We'll give them a healthy respect for eternity. . ."

豫

The Judgement

Enthusiasm. It furthers one to install helpers. And to set armies marching.

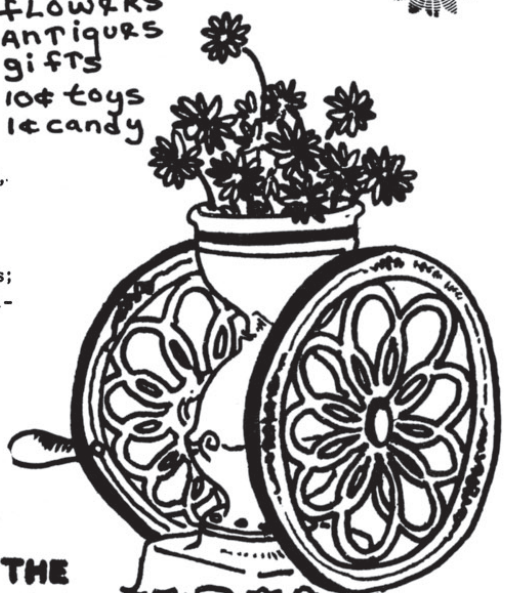
The Image. Thunder comes resounding out of the earth.

The Image

The image of Enthusiasm.
Thus the ancient Kings made music
In order to honor merit,
And offered it with splendor
To the Supreme Deity,
Inviting their ancestors to
be present.

Drugs?
Well, why me?
Yes, of course.
Well, all right, I'll talk all night.
No more than I know, if it differs from everyone else, and it will, mind you, it will.
Yes, I know something about drugs, the lessons of experience, in the sense that experience, much of it, is a sort of victimization. I don't say I have been victimized by drugs; no more than I would try to say sensibly that drugs have been victimized by me.
What???
Very well, let it go.
What I meant to -- to aver: that if one needed evidence of the debility caused by bad habits, vice, if you will, he would be insensible to the widespread degeneracy of a good number of his friends. The best of them because most of them. It is not simple that X smokes to an extent discernably destructive of his health: it is that he smokes knowing it is the most obvious cause of his poor health; and even in rectitude of thought his thinking is wrong; and not only for him: it must even be wrong for all. What cause makes him smoke knowing it will damage body and mind? Is it spiritual or mental? His very symptoms sicken us.
Is X us?
Think of us and our culture, the cult of the motor, a speed mania that leads progressively to a point where you find yourself shouting at some proprietor: "I know they're germs, dammit, but even they know that speed kills."
When he agrees with you: does he know he's takling to the best friend some of these germs have? He may not care. But I know it, you know it, we know it. So --.
Well, if they know it, we know it because even if one doesn't care, it isn't like not knowing it, and so everyone knows it.
What???
Knows that the action of -- well, the germ provides the only discernible cause of the sickness all along a line of cause and its effect.
That's speed. Now if speed is a sickness, perforce, one sees sickness, the sickness of this analogy, to be itself a symptom.
-----because cigarette smoking and speed, commonly thought to be causes are more truly symptoms terminating with cancer and death caused by an indeterminate disease. For the cause is the need and needs are satisfied.
In an apt vernacular, they are "fixed." This explains the ready reference to speed addicts as germs: they are the discernible cause and the center of a disease and demonstrate its symptoms.

POSTRRS
BUTTONS
FLOWRRS
ANTIQURS
GIFTS
10¢ toys
1¢ candy



THE
GENERAL STORE
1424 GRANT AVENUE
NORTH BEACH

We are talking about drugs.
Drugs used by the drug user. The experience is called addiction to or habitual use of them. The drugs that, as they are used, diminish physical and mental effectiveness, a process, irrefutable, I believe, which, oddly enough, conduces to a spiritual "high." I use the word because it is a good word where I use it, if of the vernacular. A not more proper word but a word more properly used here might be awakening.
I know. But some, perhaps more highly placed than I, have used the words "to see God." And I have heard whispered "to be God."
This may not be relevant: could anyone imagine a christian kit, complete with railroad ties, rusty spikes, a posthole digger, sponge, vinegar, thorns, and a spear.
I mean jokingly.
Well then, in the broadest sense of the word.
In a certain group. Your own certainly.
Well not the wildest of advertising executives would ever promise you that you could for, say, $4.95 be------.
Well, it's an analogy.
A joke is an analogy.
Yes, more to the point, a joke is a joke. O. K.
50,000 people a year are immolated on the American highway and without the possibility of question the statistically proven cause is speed. Has anyone called sixty miles an hour a disease? seventy five? one hundred? A hundred and twenty-five is no better than the most. Even the fastest is at best a record of some kind. Along comes this germ, used to be a fellow germ, but anyway he still makes the most speed. He's so quick he doesn't need to eat, has forgotten food, and gets indigestion in a donut shop, looks as if his body found the secret of living on stagnant blood, which is the illusion one gets. Actually, he has found the secret of making less do much more very fast and with little help, a few cubic centimeters of water and a little scouring powder: and of course the disease. And he sees God if he's lucky. At least he is fast enough to glimpse divinity if divinity can be caught or something one can see. I know a lot of guys do a lot of speed: maybe they can, well, yes, maybe they can, take his place. I once thought something like that.
I wonder if by heavy smoker I do not mean the psychedelic smoker who generally gives up smoking tobacco altogether or never was so unhip.
No, I'm talking about the guy each of whom in his millions none of us have ever heard called germ; which is remarkable because he often sounds like a whole place full of germs, although, likely enough, he is there all alone in the smoke and sputum, tar, insidious invisible nicotine no one can see, smell, or taste, and everyone can come to need so badly they buy cancerous little monkeys that ride in stomach and lungs (not unlike the wise old junkies, peddlers of dreams, with their shoulder saddled). Cancerous things so overeager as to often enough reach right up out of the smoking bellows of the lungs and bellow, "Buy em by the carton, folks," to castrate sentiment and dead tunes with a pair of

cont. page 15

261 Columbus Ave.
CITY LIGHTS
LOVES YOU

HUNTERS POINT LOVE ROCK

cont. from page 2

to happen. And why weren't black poets invited? I started grabbing people, mostly black people, that I knew, and telling them what I felt had happened.

Some of us began speculating that black artists are the best judges of what and how art is to be presented in the black community. A few of our company's actors found a white actress to play a part in one of the plays. When she realized she was to be a scapegoat she reneged.

The Agit-Prop Theater arrived with their own sound equipment and began performing. A couple of our actors, who were old "Hill" residents, attempted to give an improvisational performance of a short play of mine--"A Minor Scene"--on a couple of the Agit-Prop actresses, without telling them what was going down. All hell nearly broke loose.

Thanks to Gary Goodrow, and some cool heads in the Youth For Service monitors, everything cooled off. I soon had to leave in order to appear as panelist at "The Black Writer's Conference" held in the Fillmore at Jimbo's. The topic was "The Black Writer and the Black Community."

Sunday, Jimmy Carrett, Chuck Sizemore of the Black Students' Union of San Francisco State College, Duncan Barber, Jr., Hillery L. Groadous of Black Arts West and I went out to the fair. It was much the same as the day before except that there were more kids, but they were busy promoting a dog fight. An on the spot jug band was

COLUMBUS AND THE MOON'S ECLIPSE

The concensus was that it was GREAT. We asked if they would have liked to have seen more. Yes, they replied, but anything they got up on "The Hill" was fine, and better than the usual.

My friends left and I stayed around looking at the crowd and the view as evening came on. Same Ridge, an old friend, came over and shook hands and talked for a while. I sat next to the bandstand and watched Jack, the drummer of Earl Evans' 3 World 3 (the jazz group which scores my shows), keep time on a brass pipe with a key for a drunk doing a funky duckdance for the kids--which they loved.

Someone began breaking down the bandstand as the musicians played and the drunks and kids cavorted and the dogs snapped half-heartedly at each other in front of the church. Gary Goodrow told the merrymakers that it was all over until another time. playing and a bit later some young black girls danced to playing and a bit later some young black girls danced to soul music. It was a good crowd. We asked the "Hill" residents how they felt about the "fair."

Art Sheridan tapped me on the back and offered me a ride into town. I got into Art's car and someone, who said he was from the S. F. ORACLE, stopped Art and asked his impression of the fair. "It's not at all like the other ALF fairs and I want to find out why," the reporter said. Art said he had just arrived and was leaving, no comment.

On our way down the "Hill" someone said that they were investing in a restaurant in North Beach. I asked what would be served. "Soul food, Ed, what else?" was the answer. "Soul food."

Ed Bullins

NO,
it wasn't the blood,
it wasn't the sweat,
it wasn't the hunger,
or the filth,
nor the cussing,
or fighting

it was the nothing
the absolute nothing,
that left us,
with no souls,
no minds,
left us with
nothing

thinking about the time,
after the battle,
when we sat around,

and still better,
to want to live
but then. . .
then the nothing returned.
and he,
was just a "kid,"
with a "stupid box.
of candy"
from some remote
forgotten land
and we were,
all men,
no tears

"we'd fought,
suffered
survived
that proves it"
we shouted at ourselves
but our hollow sound.

the tent talking
about how close.
to death,
we had been,
that day
how afraid we'd been.
and how happy
we were then
but we couldn't cry
till this seventeen year old
pfc
opened a box of candy,
from home
that's when our thoughts
turned.
and we knew,
it was good,
to be alive,
and better yet
to cry

never rose above
a gentle whisper
the nothing
put down
our sound, also. . .
that was the nite.
i couldn't sleep

that was the nite
i couldn't cry

that was the nite
i was no man

that was the nite,
i found out,
i was nothing

moe armstrong

FIRE MUSIC
a column by John Sinclair

Just today in the mail comes the record I've been told about but had never even seen--the second edition of ASCENSION, the great human sound recorded a year ago by the John Coltrane Orchestra, taking in the musics of John Coltrane, Pharaoh Sanders, Archie Shepp, John Tchicai, Marion Brown, Freddie Hubbard, Dewey Johnson, & the pulse unit of McCoy Tyner, Jimmy Garrison, Art Davis, & Elvin Ray Jones. I know you've all got the first (regular) edition, so I don't have to talk about that here, but this new pressing is something you've gotta hear. The only way you can tell the difference in the two is by listening to them--there're no outer markings on either the jacket, the liner notes, or the record label itself, tho there is a scratched marking on the shellac between the label and the grooves that says "AS-95-A Edition II," which is what you can look for when you go to the store. But when you hear it, even from the very beginning, you'll know it's different. I can't figure out why Impulse hasn't marked it clearer--they're missing out on a lot of sales this way, as all us Coltrane freaks, & ASCENSION freaks, would fast snap it up if we were to see it in the store with EDITION II marked on the cover.

I first heard about the second take fro Marion Brown, and I've been looking for the record ever since. As it turned out, tho, I had to write to Bob Thiele to get a copy. The solo order is different too--Coltrane, Dewey Johnson, Pharaoh (!!!), Freddie Hubbard (who enters with one of the most beautiful trumpet statements I've heard), then John Tchicai (not up to the first take at all), Archie Shepp (BURNING!), & Marion last, as he puts it "Archie warmed the thing up for me this take--I didn't have to follow Tchicai & generate all the heat myself." Which is evident. Marion takes off like Jackie McLean & shoots out into his own orbit ver quickly, out & out, straight to where YOU are. Then the life pulse unit has its individual say, first McCoy, then the two bassists, Art Davis bowing to Jimmy's pizzicato accompaniment, then Jimmy picking up his own bow, hitting the strings with the back of the bow, putting it down, plucking, Elvin bringing in the ensemble, screaming & hollering & at last groaning to a close, the climb over for the day lay back light up another joint & nod off, drifting on out...

Another MAJOR event: The release last week of the first US record by Cecil Taylor in five years--UNIT STRUCTURES, on Blue Note, with his 7-piece monster band: Eddie Gales, trumpet; Jimmy Lyons & Ken McIntyre, reeds; Alan Silva & Henry Grimes, basses; & Andrew Cyrille, drums. Cecil Taylor, piano, bells, compositions, & LEADERSHIP. Hear this record if you've got to snatch it out of somebody's hands. & not only is Cecil Taylor THE pianist & compose of this or any other time, he's also one the most beautiful poets of the day, a fact which is just now getting known. He wrote his own liner notes for this record from which I'll just give you the title & the first couple lines, & make you go to the store to see the rest. And while you're reading them there, make sure you have your man behind the counter slip the side on the box for you, so you can hear it:

SOUND STRUCTURE OF SUB-CULTURE BECOMING MAJOR BREATH/NAKED FIRE GESTURE

THE first level or statement of how large it ought or ought not to be. From Anacrusis to Plain patterns and possibility coverage, mountain sides to dry rock beds, a fountain spread before prairie, form is possibility; content, quality and change growth in addition to direction found....

YEAH Cecil. and you should hear the MUSIC!!! Last paragraph: "Where are you Bud? ... Lightning... now a lone rain falling thru doors empty of room--Jazz Naked Fire Gesture, Dancing protoplasm Absorbs." Okay, now you pay the man for the record, that's it, & take it home where you can LISTEN to it in your own mind, where you can go on and climb right on in the record & take part in it like that. It's all yours, my friends.

A lot of ESP-DISKs were finally released last month, & you should have all of them: MORE GUISEPEE LOGAN, MILFORD GRAVES PERCUSSION ENSEMBLE (& if you can, read Milford's interview in Downbeat of a couple weeks ago--"Milford Graves Speaks Words"--yes he does. Quote: "I feel that the person involved with making time a conception was wrong, considering the obstruction this person created. His mind would stop expanding. It would reach a limitation. It's actually like cheating people. Time was always there, and the time I see is not the same as what man says time is." Etcetera.) NEW YORK EYE & EAR CONTROL (soundtrack music, with Albert Ayler, Don Cherry, John Tchicai, Roswell Rudd, Gary Peacock, Sunny Murray), SPIRITS REJOICE! (another huge record by the Albert-Don Ayler love company). CLOSER (Paul Bley's trio) MARION BROWN QUARTET (the drone of the universe), FRANK WRIGHT TRIO (another monster tenor player, from Cleveland, Albert's home town), THE BURTON GREENE QUARTET (with Marion Brown &, oh "Taking it Out of the Ground," the first hearing of FRANK SMITH), PATTY WATERS SINGS (and if you haven't heard this one yet, you'd better get it NOW!!), and the HENRY GRIMES TRIO, featuring clarinetist PERRY ROBINSON. Also another pressing of THE HELIOCENTRIC WORLDS of SUNRA is out, with African chants superimposed on the Solar Arkestra's music as a mad rhythm mind-blower. Don't listen to this when you're stoned unless you haven't got anything to do for a long time. SUNRA is the voice of the future, which is RIGHT NOW. Dig it.

Open Letter To The Haight Street Merchants Association

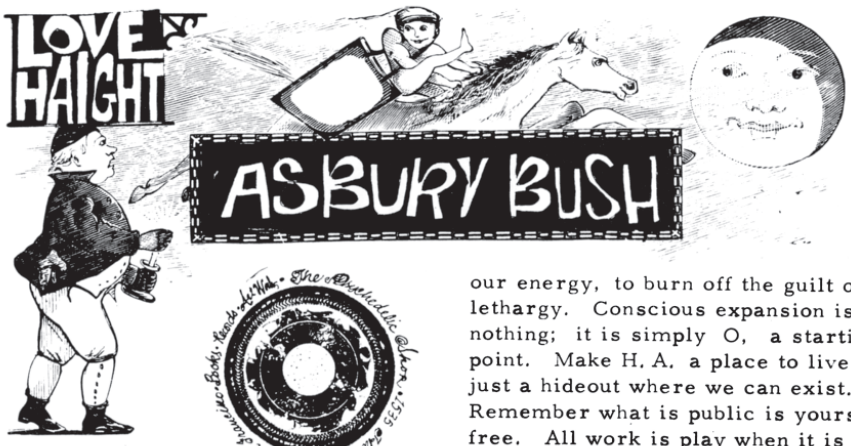
Ladies and Gentlemen,

You have chosen to deny us membership in your association. That is certainly your right and privilege. Therefore, we are taking this opportunity to inform you of our response. First, why?

What was the motive for rejection? Are you afraid of us? Why do you suppose we applied for membership? Do you think we need to be in the merchants association? No, we do not. We applied for one reason; so that by coming together we might all better inform ourselves of the Haight-Ashbury community problems. You have chosen to cut off that channel of communication. Very well. Now what? Is there any justification for our believing that you are seriously interested in working out the community problems to everyone's satisfaction?

If you think that by ignoring a problem it will go away, you are going to be shocked by the vastness of this "problem" a year from now. There is a fundamental and profound change occuring in American society. Much of the focus of that change will be in the Bay Area. You have a choice: you may fight that change and end your days bitter and hateful of your own youth: or, you may trust the youth of today and be influential in the quality of the change. As you must surely know, there is nothing to fear but fear itself. Whatever you chose may you feel good inside and at peace with yourself.

Sincerely,
Ron and Jay Thelin
The Psychedelic Shop



Dear Editor,

What's the point boys? Are you going to continue to publish an old cunt rag of misinformation, outdated "news," fey psychedelic bullshit art and pre-masticated verbal masturbation about what we already know, or are you going to rip away the fabric of our fears, get your hands dirty and start correlating the significance of seemingly random events into direction. Start prophesying rather than yelling--prophecy. The handwriting may be on the wall but since we haven't the time to shit in every john I want you, "bullshitter supreme" to clarify what the hell's going on. It's bigger than any of the events you cover and it doesn't have to be lost in cloud wrapped - dream visions of the evolution of the world - the way things should be. Nothing will happen unless someone makes it happen. You can help to clear the muddy waters to remake distinctions so we are not all lost in the vagueness of passive "love". Let us know what the high incidence of police arrests for non-existant charges means. Explain exorbitent rents in H-A. Draw parallels between the hippies and others who receive similar treatment from the establishment. Give us some ideas about channels through which to direct our energy, to burn off the guilt of our lethargy. Conscious expansion is nothing; it is simply O, a starting point. Make H. A. a place to live, not just a hideout where we can exist. Remember what is public is yours, it's free. All work is play when it is done with your brothers--Find your brothers.

a digger

CONT. FROM p. 12

claws clamping to the innocent choking heart or hurry the process up the throat to throttle. Foiled, certainly, by the surgeons' knives, cutting, cut ting, leaving only the bare essentials some plastic, and some theory.

Hoarsened his voice by half.

No man, he was polular song and dance man. Still making it on TeeVee.

Different sponsor.

But the disease, the disease. Germ or no, he the singer, is his own man.

Yes he is it and it's centered in him.

The satisfied need to smoke and speed.

Why the fix is in for the results mentioned.

Yes, to die, soon or sooner.

Previous to our present mania for speed, men were warriors and women and children and other warriors were atrocities instead of pedestrians.

The war and speed fixation, immolation, a discernible mania for speed.

From here to there.

Nowhere?

The germ?

Except for some interesting side effects.

The germ sees God?

Some germs are God!

But the disease.

Yes, a preference for death or a divine characteristic of humanity.

Yes, Harry.

Yes, Harry; was that all Harry?

They had to bring him down.

Harry Monroe

IF YOU HAVE THE MONEY, WE HAVE THE GUTS

BUSINESS ADS

PEG and AWL LEATHERSHOP, 1606 Haight, Custom Leathercraft, San Francisco

SMITH BROTHERS, basement - attic cleaning - hauling, reasonable rates - 681-1160

Suzie Creme cheese what is a hurache? 1541 Haight, 861-1234

Steinbeck, Baldwin, and Watts are waiting at Annex 13, 856 Cole, San Francisco

the reHEARsal, theatre happenings, Intersection, Wednesdays 8 PM, 150 Ellis

The MUSTARD SEED every Saturday noon to 1:00, KFAX radio. Watch for a tree.

FREE 2 for 1 admission COUPON for Both/And Mama Thorton concert; see this newspaper

12 string wants to join established group; have own amp, etc., will play rhythm, some lead, John Demorest, 589-7167 after 6 PM.

VANGUARD gay dances 7:30 AM Fridays, 330 Ellis, where boys meet boys and love is something else.

DONATIONS of non-perishable foods and clothing accepted for Haight Street Youth, at 1418 Haight, ask for Diane or Peter, 626-5768.

THE LADDER A unique monthly magazine for, about, and by the Lesbian--for a sample copy send 50¢--Daughters of Bilitis Inc., 3470 Mission St., San Francisco, California

Alleviate each other's loneliness; man seeks same, 626-5732.

Anyone interested in working with Tenderloin youth call 661-7946 or leave word at 126 Belvedere Street.

PERSONALS

Mechanic needed to rewire electrical system for Digger's FREE FOOD '56 Ford Station Wagon Volunteers come to Oracle Office or see the Diggers directly.

If you are involved in, or see POLICE BRUTALITY OR HARASSMENT call CITIZEN'S ALERT - 776-9669 - for 24 hour assistance.

Technicians, no experience necessary; white actors needed for O'Neil's The Emperor Jones. Call TAMARA, 861-8188.

Children's Repertory theatre group forming; interested adults call Cliff, MO4-3045.

Very Good, experienced, attractive organist/vocalist needed for established rock group with jobs, recording contract, Don - 431-4962.

Lead guitar wants group, 661-0388 ask for Warren.

S. F. STATE COLLEGE KEY

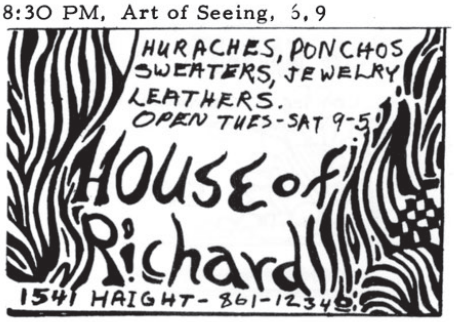
G. L. = Gallery Lounge
Ed = Education Bldg.
C. H. = Concert Hall
M. A. = Main Auditorium
All Numbers = T. V. Chanels
USF = Univ. of San Francisco

Tues., Nov. 8

3:45, 7:30 PM, Encore Film, "Breathless", Ed 117
4:00 PM, Election Cheesecake, 7, 11, 13
7:30 PM, Scientology, 1717 Waller
8:00 PM, Lec. Dale Rogers "Renoir & the Men Around Him", Phelan Hall, USF
9:00 PM, Free Election Party, 330 Ellis
9:05 PM, Brains Interchanged, 2
10:00 PM, God Dies, 5, 9

Wed., Nov. 9

9:00 AM, Men Entangled in Phone Cords, 5, 8, 10, 12
1:00 PM, Poetry, A. R. Ammons, G. L.
3:30 PM Free Film, Ed. 117
7:30 - 9.00 PM, Lecture, Zen Center, 1881 Bush
8:30 PM, Art of Seeing, 5, 9



Thurs., Nov. 10

NOON - Chinese Painting Techniques G. L.
7:00 PM - 75¢ meal at Panhandle Coffehouse, Oak. St.
8:00 PM - Committee to discuss bad hip community relations, St. Agnes Church
8:30 PM - Creative Person, 5, 9
9:00 PM, 11:00 PM - Folk Sing, I and Thou, Haight St.
9:00 PM - Presentation of New Musicians, Donations, Pooh Coffehouse 120 Julian

Fri., Nov. 11

1:40 AM - Curse of the Undead, 10
5:30 PM - Meditation, Yoga Center, 419 Sutter
9:00 PM - Lyndon's Baines, Pitschell Players, Pooh Coffehouse, 120 Julian, $1.00.
9:30 PM - Ustinov's "Barefoot in Athens, 3, 4
10:15 PM - Harpsichord, 9

Sat., Nov. 12

10:00 AM - 4:00 PM - Rock Poster Exhibit, Art Institute, 800 Chestnut Street
9:00 PM - Hell's Angel's Dance, 739 Page, Sokol Hall. $1.00
9:00 PM - Lyndon's Baines, SEE: Nov. 11
NOON - Mustard Seed, Psychedelic radio show, KFAX - AM
2:00, 8:30 PM - "Other Suns, Other Worlds", Morrison Planeterium, 50¢
8:30 PM - Trolius & Cressida, M. A.

Sun. Nov. 13

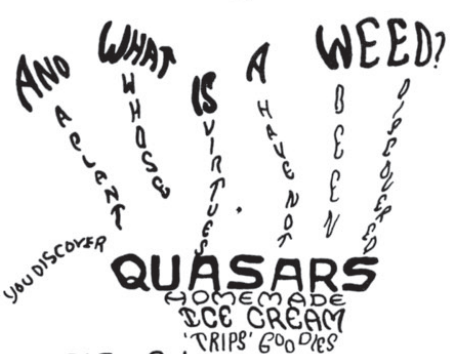
8:10 AM, Meditation & Lecture, Zen Center, 1881 Bush
4:00 PM - Lecture, "Sir Thomas More," Prof. Schoeck, U. Toronto, Phelan Hall, USF
8:00 PM - Bergman film "A Lesson of Love," and "The Squeeze," a short on pop explosion, 25¢, Phelan Hall USF
8:10 PM - Hoot, I and Thou, Haight St., Donations
8:30 PM - Giorgio, films of Oct. 6 Love Feast and ALF free pagaents 150 Ellis, Donation $1.00

Mon, Nov. 14

NOON - Poetry - Eugene Grundt, G. L.

Tues, Nov. 15

1:00 PM - Poetry - Noboyuki Yuasa, G. L.
3:45 PM, 7:30 PM - film "A Woman is a Woman," Ed. 117
7:30 PM - Scientology, 1717 Waller



Wed., Nov. 16

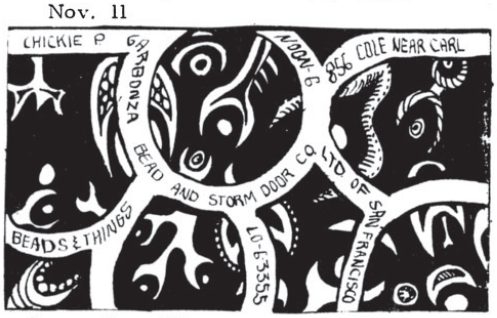
10:00 AM - 4:00 PM - Rock Poster Exhibit, Art Institute, 800 Chestnut
3:30 PM - film "King's Rox", Ed. 117
7:30 - 9:00 PM - Lecture, Zen Center, 1881 Bush

Thurs., Nov. 17

12:30 PM - films & slides of Mart Tobey, G. L.
8:30 PM - Poetry night, I and Thou Haight St.

Fri., Nov. 18

9:00 AM - Peace Festival of Arts & Crafts, 55 Colton St., 626-6083
8:30 PM - Opera Workshop, C. H.
9:00 PM - Lyndon's Baines, SEE: Nov. 11



Sun., Nov. 20

8:00 - 10:00 AM - Meditation and Lecture, Zen Center, 1881 Bush
10:00 AM - 4:00 PM - Rock Poster Exhibit, Art Institute, 800 Chestnut.
3:00 PM - The Droic Quartet, M. A.

Mon., Nov. 21

NOON - Poetry, Edwin Nierenberg, G. L.

Parent Participation Preschools
(Co-operative Nursery Schools)

VISITATION VALLEY, 50 Raymond Ave. 584-5757

LAUREL HILL, 401 Euclid Avenue, 751-8784

PLAYMATES, 35th Avenue and Taraval, 681-2025

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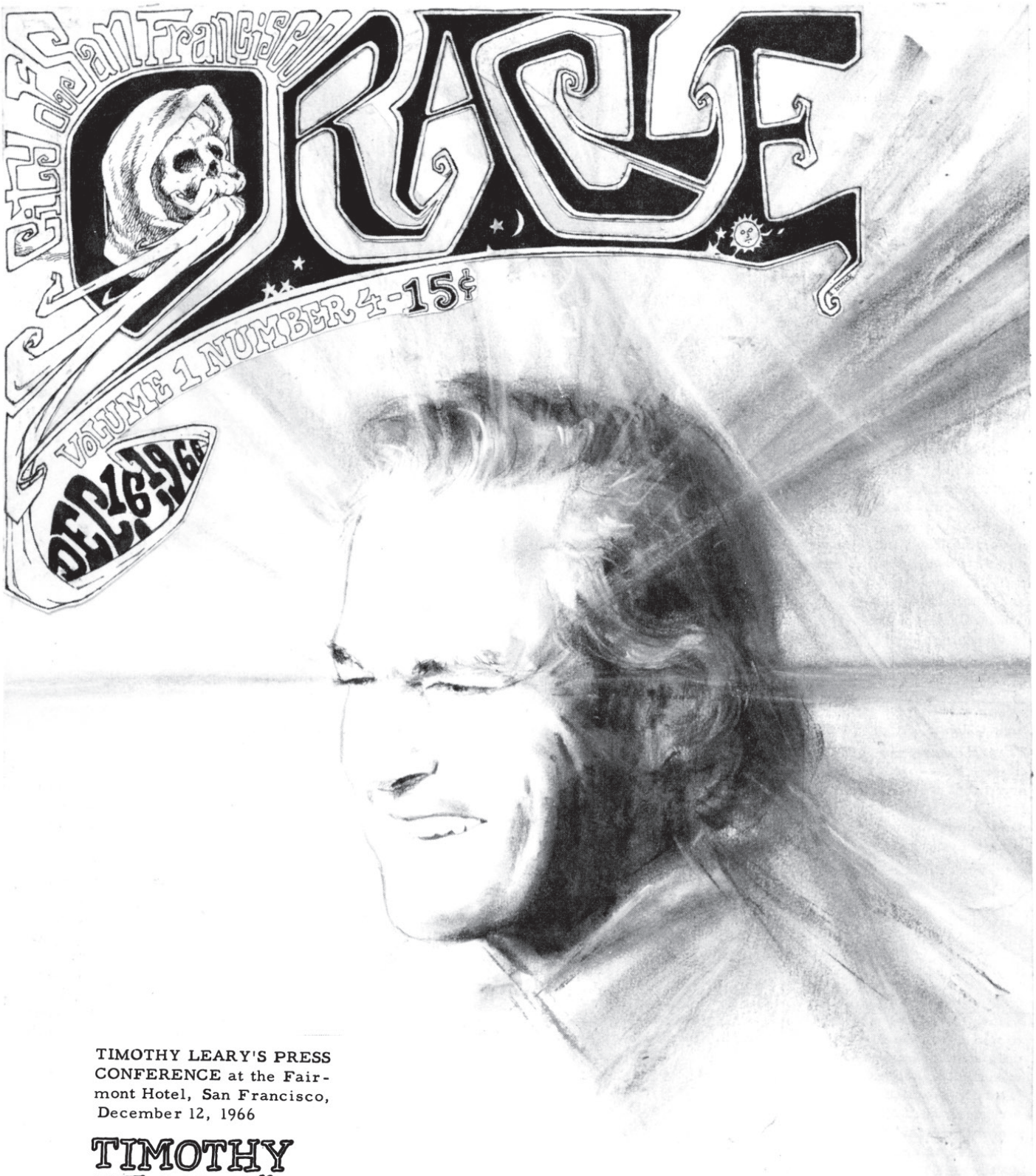

TIMOTHY LEARY'S PRESS CONFERENCE at the Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco, December 12, 1966

TIMOTHY LEARY,"

I'm in San Francisco today for several reasons. First of all, I've spent most of my life in the Bay Area, and in that context I'm coming home. Secondly, I'm here on a religious reconnaissance I'm interested in finding out what's happening in San Francisco in regard to the psychedelic religious movement.

I'm here to help prepare for the formal opening of our psychedelic religious celebration, the 27th & 28th, in Berkeley and San Francisco.

I'm also here to explain something about our new religion. There's been much misunderstanding; there always is misunderstanding when a new social form evolves.

Three months ago in New York City we announced the beginning of a new religion called the League for Spiritual Discovery. The aims and goals of our religion are completely orthodox, which are to find God and the Divinity within , and to express this discovery in overt acts of glorification and harmony.

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LEARY PRESS CONFERENCE
cont. from cover

The one thing that is controversial about our new religion is the sacraments which we use. The keys to inner discovery for us are the psychedelic drugs: marijuana, LSD, peyote, to name the most common.

The use of chemicals to find God may seem surprising to Americans, but actually throughout human history religious teachers and those devoted to the spiritual life have used chemical methods for turning on, for finding meaning within.

We are not coming to San Francisco to seek converts. Ours is not a mail order mass religion. Again, being very orthodox, we realize that the religious group never numbers more than people who know each other and who worship together and who live together.

In our religion the temple is the human body, the shrine is in the home, and the congregation is a small group of family members and friends.

Therefore, no one in San Francisco can join our religion. Now this doesn't mean that we're an elite group. We urge our fellow Americans to consider forming their own religion.

Now, for those who wish to use psychedelic chemicals as sacraments, this means that you have to be fairly serious about what you're doing. You have to commit yourselves on paper. You have to care enough to go through these formalities, to please the law of Caeser. We ask nothing of ourselves in relationship with Caeser that doesn't make psychedelic sense.

Our attorneys in the state of New York are filing suit in the Supreme Court of New York, in which we're asking for a court order allowing the priests, in our religion who we call 'guides', to import and distribute psychedelic chemicals: marijuana, peyote and LSD only to co-religionists, that is only to initiated League members and only in League shrines.

Now, what's involved to form a religion is to get a small group of friends or relatives together. Now in the state of New York the magic number is seven, six people plus a lawyer. I don't know what your law is in California. A small group of people who worship and share the same spiritual goals get together and put down on paper what you're seeking and how you intend to seek it, what sort of worship services you want to have, you raise about a hundred dollars, you find a lawyer and he'll incorporate you.

We are not advocating the mass legalization of psychedelic drugs. That would get us involved in the game of power politics. We are recommending and demonstrating an absolutely certain method whereby people who care enough about the sacramental use of psychedelic drugs can legalize their spiritual practice.

I understand that there are some representatives from university and college papers present, is that true?...

I'd like to address some comments to those of you who represent university and college papers.

The three groups who back any new religion that works are always the same; it's the young, it's the creative artists, and the alienated minority groups. In the United States today the three groups who have made psychedelic drugs like marijuana and LSD part of their lives of course come from these three groups; the young the artists, the poets, writers, architects, theater people, an occasional reporter, and of course it's well known that our native minority group , the American Indian uses peyote, the Negros and Puerto Ricans use marijuana to a much higher degree than the alcohol-drinking white middle-class community.

Now I have a message for college papers and college students. Why don't you help your professors and your fellow students face social reality. Psychedelic drugs are being used in larger and larger numbers. It's impossible to stop or even to check this use of psychedelic drugs. To attempt to stem this tide is a discouraging proposition. About six months ago I announced a moratorium on the use of psychedelic drugs and a moratorium on repressive legislation. Nobody listened to my appeals for moderation. I think that the social reality is that more and more young people are going to continue to use these drugs, and the way to handle this is not to imprison them, but for the universities to run courses on the visionary experience, on the mystical experience, on the methods of using these microscopes of consciousness. If the universities bypass or avoid

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ENLIGHTENMENT POEM

BY LENORE KANDEL

we have all been brothers, hermaphroditic as oysters
bestowing our pearls carelessly

no one yet had invented ownership
nor guilt nor time

we watched the seasons pass, we were as crystalline as snow
and melted gently into newer forms
as stars spun round our heads

we had not learned betrayal

our selves were pearls
irritants transmuted into luster
and offered carelessly

our pearls became more precious and our sexes static
mutability grew a shell, we devised different languages
new words for new concepts, we invented alarm clocks
fences loyalty

still ... even now ... making a feint at communion
infinite perceptions
I remember
we have all been brothers
and offer carelessly

photo by Gene Anthony

WITH LOVE

by Lenore Kandel

The Love Book is precisely and exactly what the title implies -- a book dealing with certain of the manifestations of love. Not "making love" as a euphemism for sexual intercourse, but making love, i.e. the transference of ecstatic energy from one body to another. The invocation, recognition, and acceptance of the divinity in man through the medium of physical love.

You are beautiful. We are all beautiful. You are divine. We are all divine. If in the secret corners of your mind you find yourself ugly and dirty and unworthy of love it will be impossible for you to give or receive love.

If you find your body and particularly your genitals ugly and shameful you will be unable to use them lovingly. You can begin by accepting and loving yourself as a manifestation of the divine and then extending this outward. Not only through physical love but as a generative and pervasive force directed toward all sentient beings with the hope of a total consciousness and awareness for us all.

Any form of censorship, whether mental, moral, emotional, or physical, whether from the inside out or from the outside in, is a barrier against self-awareness.

There is only one direction to go in, and it is reached by opening the eyes into absolute clarity and then placing one foot in front of the other. With love.....

KANDEL AND McCLURE: ORACLES OF LOVE

by Lee Meyerzove

One week after Ronald Reagan was elected Governor of the state of California and the CLEAN smut-smiting initiative went down to defeat, the San Francisco Police Department decided to enforce the Reagan-morality of his "Creative Society" by assaulting the Psychedelic Shop in the Haight-Ashbury District for selling Lenore Kandel's "The Love Book"

This was but an aftermath of the pre-election censorship of poet Michael McClure's one act play, "The Beard." Both "The Beard" and Kandel's book deal with the same subject, sex-- the seeking and receiving of it. McClure's play is a search towards the receiving, the full knowing of the experience of love, both the coming towards it and the participation of it.

McClure's play dealt with the subject by allowing two great American folk-heroes to meet in eternity ("where no one is watching"). The two are Billy the Kid and Jean Harlow, and they argue until they break each other down to finally begin to receive each other sexually.

The police, unwilling to understand the deep spiritual and human qualities of the play, arrested Billie Dixon

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6 Professors in search of the OBSCENE

On November 23, 1966, at the Poetry Center, S.F. State College, an ad hoc committee of 6 English professors who are also accomplished poets – James Schevill, Patrick Gleason, Jack Gilbert, Leonard Wolf, Mark Linenthal, Maurice Bassant – read excerpts of Michael McClure's The Beard and the full text of Lenore Kandel's Love Book, Both works have been seized by the S.F. Police Dept. – preventing distribution and performance of the works in what seemed to be a wave of homebred puritanical neo-fascism. Though the professors had planned to be arrested at the reading by the S.F. Police Dept., there didn't seem to be any police interest in extending the controversy to the S. F. College campus. An enthusiastic audience of poets, artists, writers, students, about 300 strong, from inside and outside of the academic circle attended the reading, which turned out to be a fiery dialogue on obscenity and politics. Although it wasn't a bust, it was probably the most exciting happening since Socrates' perambulations around the Athenian marketplace. The poems were read passionately, lovingly, warmly by the professors and each professor made statements about obscenity and the current political situation in S.F., California, and the U.S. The following are excerpts from a tape recorded at the reading:

JACK GILBERT: I want to say before I read that I do not share the opinions of the papers about the quality of the poems. I do think it's a bad poem. I think it's better than most of the poems, as a matter of fact, that we teach at this university like Longfellow. or Emerson, or the Man With The Hoe, or most of Ben Johnson.... This to me is closer to what poetry is at its essence than nice little things that we read in the classroom.

JAMES SCHEVILL: ...I'm participating in this program not as an act of defiance, I don't believe that poetry is defiance. I think that both of these works that we're discussing and reading...are poetry as celebration. As a poet, I believe in celebration, a way of investigating the tragedy and the comedy of life, a way of praising life. Theodore Reik, the great psychologist has said, "from the earliest days America stood for freedom of thought and expression. We speak of America as the home of the brave. This includes that courage of the mind that seeks truth and strives for enlightenment, regardless of consequences." I will read you a few words that Karl Shapiro says about his poem The Dirty Word: he writes, "the dirty word is a kind of sacred mystery. That's what my poem is saying. It should not be used except with respect and intelligent ear." This is the way these two poets are using it, I feel. "It should not be let out of the cage as unfortunately it has been. It should not be domesticated. Nowadays the poor dirty word is dying of popcorn."

MARK LINENTHAL: I would like to voice an objection, a strong objection, both to the obscenity law and the present application of the law. ...my general objection is that the present law guarantees free speech only to serious artists. If I happen to want to see a stag film, which is entirely what the courts would call "without redeeming social importance", although how something which is sexually exciting can be without social importance surprises me. If I want to see such a film I think I should be allowed to see it. The present law will not allow me to do that. My more specific objections to the law is that it requires of police officers, district attorneys, and judges, a literary expertese, which they are not likely to have, either through their natural talents or training. ...Now as to my objections to the present application of the law. That the Love Book was regarded by the two arresting officers as, and I'm quoting from the Chronicle, as "hard core pornography." The fact that the poem was so regarded seems to me simply to underline the objection that I've just outlined. The book, it seems to me, you've just heard it, is hardly pornographic... Let me say a word about pornography. Let me hopefully distinguish between the pornographic and the obscene. It's (the law) a very badly conceived and badly written and badly applied law, the law deliberately, it seems to me, confuses the pornographic and the obscene. Pornographic comes from the two Greek words, porne and graphia. It means the writing and the drawing of whores; it means sexual advertisement; it means the effort to excite sexually. You can see classical examples of pornography in what used to be the red light district of Pompeii, in which there are pictures of prostitutes in the positions in which they specialized. This is pornography. In general, I think I am in favor of pornography because it seems to me a good thing for society to maintain a fairly high level of sexual excitability. Obscenity, it seems to me, to involve much larger concerns than merely pornographic ones....we may disagree from person to person about what in specific cases is obscene. But I think, if we thought about it, we could arrive at a kind of agreement about the nature of obscenity. I suspect that when we find something obscene we are objecting to the dismissal of a distinction upon which we feel that the meanings of our lives depend. In any case, it seems to me, Miss Kandel's poem, is hardley pornographic. It is the celebration of the transcendent possibilites of sexual union. If we consider for a moment the Anglo-Saxon four-letter words, which presumably the arresting officers found objectionable, let us consider those words for a moment. It seems to me the poet had a choice. The poet could either have used those words, or she could have used a heavily Latinized vocabulary, a scientific vocabulary, a vocabulary which would have been more euphemistic. In so doing, she would have violated the essential intention of the poem. It seems to me the poem is an effort at redemption.

MAURICE BASSAN: The attempt to suppress ideas in books and literature has a long and dishonorable history. The first book burning was probably that of the blasphemous book of Protagoras in the 5th Century B.C. in Athens. A period which also saw the forbidding of libelous material. After the year 800 A.D., especially after the Bull of Pope Martin V, the Church began in earnest its suppression of heretical writings. We know something of the power and effects of the Index Librorum Prohibitorium, the index of forbidden books. Other grounds has been added in more recent times; voluptuous materials, anti-nationalistic materials. This is part of our common law. It was in 1643 that John Milton protested against the new Liscensing Act. In 1684, something interesting happened then, Judge Ohare, an English magistrate, and before him the case of an bookseller, the psychedelic bookseller, I suppose of his time, who was presenting material that was inimical to the Crown of James II. The writer of the pamphlet was never found, but the bookseller was sentenced and was promptly drawn and quartered and his head was stuck on London Bridge. There is the Obscene Publications Act of 1857 and I could go on, and I think we all know the names of books which in the last 100 or so years have been treated in this sort of way. A few examples, Shelly's Queen Mab, indited as a vicious atheistic and blasphemous work, Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass, Madame Bovary by Flaubert, Pierre by Melville, Huck Finn, Sister Carrie, almost all the novels of D.H. Lawrence, especially Lady Chatterley, The Rainbow, and Women In Love, also Ulysses, and many of the novels by Henry Miller, as well as Jurden, and Howl, the list is endless. We're gathered today as in a way the most recent kink in the struggle which will not end today or ever. Men will always fear, they will always be afraid and it seems to me that they must be taught not to fear. Let me conclude with perhaps a relevant paragraph from D.H. Lawrence:

Accept the Sexual physical being of yourself and of every other creature, don't be afraid of it. Don't be afraid of the physical function. Don't be afraid of the so-called obscene word. There is nothing wrong with the word. It is your fear which makes them bad. Your needless fear. It is your fear which cuts you off physically even from your nearest and dearest, and when men and women are physically cut off they become dangerous, bullying, cruel, Conquer the fear of sex and restore the natural flow. Restore even the so-called obscene words, which are part of the natural flow. If you don't put back a bit of old warmth into life, there is savage disaster ahead."

PATRICK GLEESON: It occurs to me that this all happens because the police don't know where poetry comes from; they don't know what it's for. And in a moment of exhilarating insanity I was thinking that I ought to talk about where poetry comes from and what it's for....And so I began reading Blake cause I'm teaching Blake or he's teaching me. "He who desires but acts not breeds pestilence." I think that the violence that surrounds the police and their association with sexual supression in this country is not accidental, and I wonder if this poem isn't really written for them, as much as for anyone. "Prisons are built in stones of law and brothels with bricks of religion."...How are we going to get it across to the police that the horror they see is their horror – not ours. "The lust of the goat is the bounty of God and the nakedness of women is the work of God." They don't know this, and it seems that really while at this point there's going to be what in effect is a fight with the police again, that that's not the solution to the problem and that somehow the people in this country need to know something which they can use when they're selecting the police so that the police will be people who believe that the nakedness of woman is the work of God. I'm always pretty disturbed when I see the response of the police to anything that has to do with civil rights and young girls! There's a kind of connection. Young girls are interested in civil rights and the police have a kind of prurient interest in young girls. So maybe it's not accidental that Lenore Kandel's book is the one that's seized. Well, something has to be done for the police. We are all saved here; but the country isn't saved... This is aimless in a way. I don't know where we begin. I'm stumped. I don't think that the problem is solved when we win another court case. It seems to me impossible to believe for a moment that Lenore Kandel's book would be judged as pornography. It's about the sexual act. It's all about the sexual act – are they saying that sex is obscene? We're obscene. We come from an obscenity and we go back into it. It's absurd. So it's going to be vindicated but still there's the problem of the function of the police and the attitude of the people toward the police and the criteria they have when they select the police. The last thing that I've got particularly in mind which is the real argument to give persons who find obscenity in books and it's also Blake's. And he says that "A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees."

JACK GILBERT: I don't have a statement because I'm sure all you people agree with what's being said, so it's silly for me to convince you. And I'm sure that everybody up here and everybody in the audience wants to hear what you have to say. I do disagree with Mark Linenthal; this book makes me want to make love. And I think that's fine. I don't see why that's a question for the law. I'm also not concerned with the difference between obscenity and pornography, except as a matter of taste. I think both are fine. I think they both should excite, and I think in the East and in a lot of history they have done so, and I think that's fine. What I wish we could do, if it's possible in the format, is to get a word from some of the people, if this will work out, who are here, like the author, Lenore Kandel, the publisher of he book, Jeff Berner, some people like Lawrence Ferlinghetti who have been through all this with Howl, etc, Kenneth Anger, the filmmaker, and Robert Duncan. I'd much rather hear that.

LEONARD WOLF: I'm going to begin by being angry. I joined this group and I helped to organize this group because it's necessary for a group of academics to say something. This program has a format in which the colleae

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Photo by Hap Stewart

Notes of a Dirty Bookseller

it's my day in court. How shall I plead: defiantly "INNOCENT"; humbly "Innocent your honor"; with firmness "I am Innocent." Or is this the court in which I should ask for redemption: "I'm guilty, Lord, release me from vanity, from lust, from jealousy, from all my sins, forgive me!"

I am standing at the podium in Municipal Court, lawyers at each arm. There is an incredible conversation going on between the lawyers and judge while I wonder if I should manifest a noble appearance, or just a distant amused innocence. I'm wearing a grey suit jacket, gold cord pants, sandals, colored beads and a white shirt; my hair is tied tight in a pony tail.

The man said, "line 22 On the docket the People versus Allen Cohen." The nightmare began in the ordinary course of an ordinary day, "You are under arrest." Then six brutes rifled through the store cracking the crystal of my mind. "Look at this, Charley, 'He tickled her tit with the tip of his feathery cock'. Take it, Joe." They put their noses under the counters behind mirrors sniffing everywhere. "Aha, look at these pictures, Sarge." They smile, growl and put it all in a pile.

When the arresting officer put me in a cell, I told him that when this was over I would go back to the mountains to live. He said, "You spent some time in Santa Cruz; that's where Ron Boise was, wasn't it." I looked him in his all-seeing eye, without surprise. Why shouldn't he know where I've been at all times. The eye that sees all must be

guilty. "You killed Ron Boise," I said. "He wasn't murdered," he answered as he locked the cell door. "You killed Ron Boise." I repeated. He disappeared.

The judge and the lawyers bargaining discussing duckin and jabbing. Am I Job of heroic innocence? Orpheus of unbridled desire harried by blue-coated furies? Poe of misfortune and dark passions? Moses demanding freedom for my people? All of these and more and less.

The judges are afraid to hear the case to "carry the brunt," "to be a censor." The halls of justice and the jails are filled with the real active revolutionary left: the young bearded, long-haired dope offenders of the holy left; the Black people of the guerilla left; pimps whores homosexuals of the erotic left. No substantial offenses against them; seized illegally by the enraged police arm of the up tight morally constricted, guilt ridden oligarchy immersed in the blood and cash booty of expansionist racial wars against unmechanized races of vision simplicity and untapped natural resources; our nations hypnotized love lust perverted to fear, hatred and genocide (conducting Indian wars with helicopters instead of cavalry as one officer in Vietnam cently expressed it) and suppression and beating and jailing of their own children who they see turning away from the empty erections of their robot future.

Court calendars crowded; the jails overflowing with poor bailless revolutionary youth. Hysteria anguish and fear in the courts of law. Justice a euphemism for fear and oppression. "Yes, yes we appreciate the fullness of your calendars but we want to file these papers, these motions." "I appreciate your paper work and industry and the time you've spent on drawing up these motions but our calendars

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METHEDRINE USE AND ABUSE IN SAN FRANCISCO

by
Joel Fort, M. D.
Director, Center for Special Problems, San Francisco Department of Public Health, and Lecturer, Department of Sociology, University of California, Davis

Methamphetamine hydrochloride, known colloquially as methedrine or crystal, and going under such trade names as Desoxyn, is of the same chemical family as Benzedrine (amphetamine sulfate), and Dexedrine (dextroamphetamine sulfate).

These drugs, known medically as sympathomimetic amines or stimulants, are used in the treatment of obesity (to reduce appetite), narcolepsy, fatigue and depression (improvement of mood). The group of stimulants also includes caffeine found in coffee, tea and Coca Cola, and ranges up to cocaine.

To understand or to control the non-medical or illicit uses of methedrine and the other amphetamines one must also look at the broader context of mind-altering drug use and the society in which this occurs.

The drugs and substances thus involved would include alcohol, nicotine, sedatives such as barbiturates, tranquilizers, marijuana, narcotics such as heroin or codeine-type cough syrups, LSD or peyote, and glue or gasoline.

There are many similarities as well as some differences in the reasons why these drugs are sought by users; in their abuse potential; and in the social and legal policies concerning their use or abuse.

The usual medical dosage of methedrine is 2.5 to 5 milligrams one to three times a day by mouth, usually for only very limited periods of time. Use by injection, as is frequently seen with illicit use, produces a faster and more intense response and may lead more quickly to psychological dependence (habituation) and tolerance (taking more and more of the drug to produce the same effect).

The amphetamines, including methedrine, have a relatively high potential for producing psychological dependence and a high overall potential for abuse. This is so despite the fact that physical dependence (addiction) such as can occur with narcotic or alcohol abuse doesn't occur with the amphetamines.

However, in addition to the problems of tolerance and habituation, with regular excessive use of methedrine (or the other amphetamines) the individual usually becomes restless and irritable, sleeps poorly, eats an insufficient diet and loses weight, and develops a toxic psychosis characterized by paranoid delusions of persecution.

The user or abuser of drugs should be worked with and helped through public health and social approaches. Fortunately we have had in San Francisco for the past year a program designed to deal with drug abuse as well as other major social and health problems.

This program, The Center for Special Problems, is located at 2107 Van Ness Avenue and has branches at the County Hospital and jails. The abuser of methedrine or the other drugs mentioned above should feel free to call the Center at KL 8-4801 for further information, or to come in between 8 a.m. and 5 p.m.

If the person is having an acute toxic reaction or needs hospitalization he should go to the Center's Alcohol and Drug Abuse Branch at San Francisco General Hospital during the day or to Mission Emergency Hospital at night. The Center stresses a public health approach, provides a wide variety of treatment services, and naturally maintains full confidentiality.

The best and most comprehensive definition of drug abuse is: (excessive) use of a drug to the point that it is harmful to the individual's social or vocational adjustment, or their health. Philosophically one should also consider whether the amount of time, energy or money being devoted to drug use could not be spent in more creative and meaningful (drug-free) ways such as social reform.

Although one pattern of methedrine abuse involves illicit production and traffic and a delinquent subculture, if we can judge from the annual production figures of pharmaceutical companies and the large numbers of prescriptions for amphetamines being written by doctors, a larger problem probably exists with the middle and upper class abuser who obtains the drug from physicians.

Since possession of the amphetamines except by prescription is illegal in California (the Federal Drug Abuse Law wisely and humanely excludes a possession for one's own use from criminal penalties), any illicit user risks (for a first conviction) a fine of up to $1000 and/or up to one year in jail. For a second possession offense or a first offense of furnishing the drug to a minor or selling it, to anyone the penalty is one to five years in prison or up to one year in jail. Driving while under the influence of these drugs is also prohibited by the law. Arrest or conviction for such an offense will certainly cause serious interference with the individual's social adjustment in addition to the possible health implications discussed above.

Finally, the effect sought or anticipated by the user of methedrine or other drugs requires re-examination since it may be illusory. What we loosely call the drug effect

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Yoga and the Psychedelic Mind

by Bob Simmons

HE WHO UNDERSTANDS THE TRANSFORMATIONS OF NATURE LIVES IN THE MIRACULOUS - I CHING

Consciousness as described by current psychology is composed of three levels of awareness. Normal ego consciousness as experienced in everyday social functioning, unconsciousness or pre-consciousness, the container of drives, wishes, dreams, and super-consciousness, which encompasses peak experiences, revelation, God-head, etc. Yet this description doesn't satisfy anyone who has taken acid, or tripped out on deep meditation. It doesn't respond to anyone who has peered into the intercelestial macrocosm or looked deeply into the world of micro-photography, of plants, leaf patterns, mushrooms, cells and snow crystals. It cannot qualitatively describe, express or map out in any way the evolutionary phantasmagoria I experience while tripping. I define "trip" here as divine sexual union, religious ecstasy, peak experiences in painting, filmmaking, swimming, fasts, conscious expanding drugs, prayers and/or any technique which takes you into uncharted realms of consciousness. Yoga and Hindu mythology on the other hand does. They provide a framework, a topographical sketch of the labyrinths of consciousness, and have been doing so for the past three thousand years.

I had my first hallucinogenic trip at Wally Ford's pad-palace in the heart of Medina in Tangier in 1963. It was Ma'jun backed by a lot of hash, a two day fast, and three weeks in the desert. It was pure. I was squat up against the wall in a 8 x 8 square room, everyone was smoking, Wally was playing his flute in time to the raga on the tape recorder, the walls expanded and contracted, the people around me began to transform into swans, monstrous birds, reptiles and fish, and the pictures of my mind started flickering on the wall in uncontrolled projections. I was frightened, elated, ecstatic, desperate. I realized that I knew nothing. I also felt a tremendous breakthrough, as if I were standing on the edge of a new continent, or peering for the first time into the vast reaches of some infinite and unknown being.

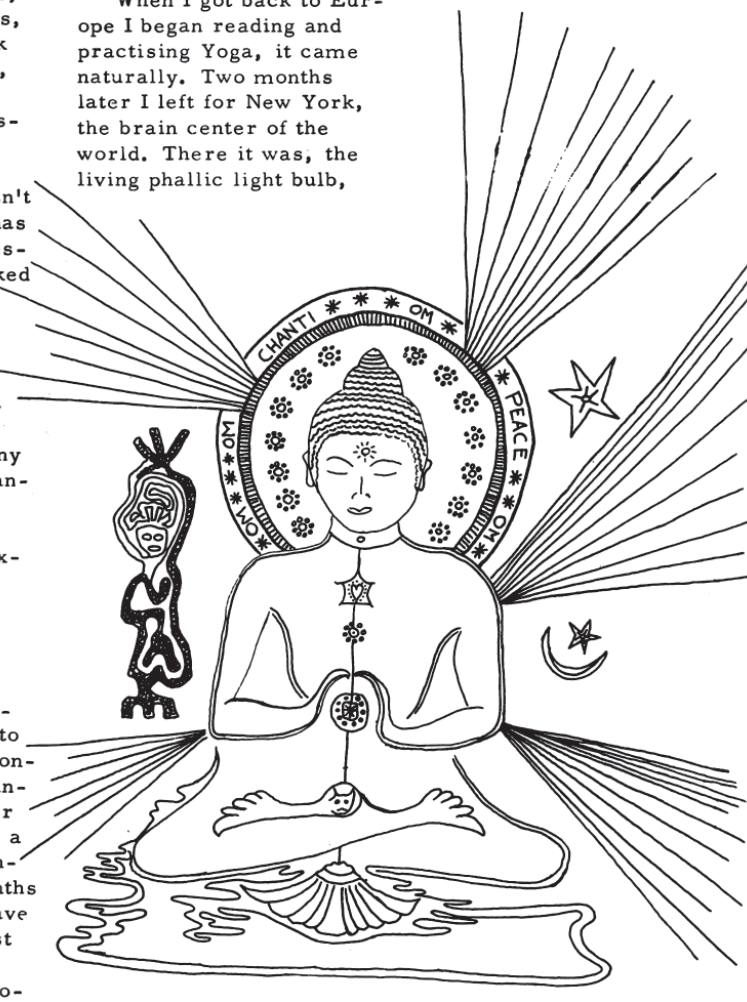
When I got back to Europe I began reading and practising Yoga, it came naturally. Two months later I left for New York, the brain center of the world. There it was, the living phallic light bulb, NYC, pulsating away as frantically as when I had left it four years ago. A huge alien network, telegraphing dollar signs throughout the world, and, as always, people trapped in subways, people turning into billboards, mannequins dressed as people, cars jammed in the crack of walls, but something new was happening, a new spirit arising out of the dust.

Ashrams were springing up out of nowhere, macrobiotic camps, communities, Bob Dylan's voice, and Millbrook, magnified in the black forest of my dreams. Everyone a Guru, everyone a doctor. I began discovering through meditation how to center while traveling, how to anchor while my mind transversed and floated through the hemispheres, the heavens and the hells of this universe; how to hold on by letting go. It was a beginning. After months of Hatha and Raja yoga practice I was able to experience not only the reaches, depth and power of my own BEING, but to tune into all the subtle astral planes of thought waves that had ever been projected within this universe and thereby have access to infinite knowledge, joy, beauty, horror and bliss. By psychological standards this is megalomania, polymorphous perversion or schizophrenia.

To Yoga psychology it is quite simply a part of the process, in which extrasensory perception, astral projections, and clairvoyance are unfolding psychic experiences leading towards consciousness, unique powers not to get hung up on, or use for selfish ends.

Or, see the universe as infinite waves of sound vibrations, some subtle, others more dense. The most subtle being the potential (PARA), that which exists prior to manifestation, Then the mental sound waves (PASYANTI), thought waves and visionary vibrations. Finally the subtle sounds, wave lengths, radio, music growing more and more dense, becoming compacted quanta of energy and manifesting as solidified matter, material. We are both, the most subtle transmitter and receiver in a gross carrying case, not different or indifferent from the rest of the universe, tuned in to the extent that we are connected, openly receiving and energetically transmitting.

Yoga is based on the Hindu idea of the perfect state of being, living in accord with the infinite wisdom of the universe. This wisdom is inherent in every molecule, rock, tree, leaf, flower, insect, animal and person. Your inalienable right is the right to the realization of this God-given nature. The word for "God" in Sanscrit is "SatChitAnanda," or Being-Knowledge and Bliss. I think that is beautiful, that name for God. It describes God in terms that really turn me on. Then the triad that presides over this universe which is constantly involuting and evoluting towards this God-consciousness is Brahman (the Creator), Vishnu (the Preserver), and Shiva (the Destroyer), and the way to this knowledge which is yours, which is already



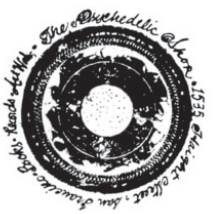
cont. on page 8

YOGA & PSYCHEDELIC MIND

cont. from page 7

there, is through the elimination of fear, or Maya (Illusion) which keeps you from it. But Maya is tough, and hangs on. This is Bardo breaking:

Time out. I turn on Sixth and Thirty-sixth: Spade corners back to back. Black night watched by the rook. Transistor static ballooning my brain, televising nothing. Oh young woman stuck between trucks I love you very much. How much? Very, very much. I can smell your touch. You can smell mine? How much? Very, very much. I'm turned on. Your red-headed breasts stir my heart. What isn't consciousness? Is communication so lost, caged on the imprint of Karmaic past. Here on the loin street a pole is punched into the queen of groins. I cannot say I love you. You cannot accept it and so we pass, we pass we pass. I'm for a bowl of meditation. That's where the real pain begins, these are only looks. Comin', Pandora baby, open your golden box. Floor tempest. A sanitorium with no keys, no doors, walls or locks. Liberal meditation come crown my thoughts. O.K. Who are you? Rashomon swirling on the sheets of torture beach. O.K., begin. The trilogy of life faces the sea of death. Battallions begin their march down the brain stem. Spears of red sashes are helmetted in Tibetian black. They bend the Kundalini sacrum. Demons, demons, a million of them. I start to sing. "My mother is God, my father is God, my brothers my sister all areGod. God to the right, God to the left, God overhead and ahhhh!.. you bastard! The battle begins. A black archer stretches my flesh and snaps the lining of my stomach. I fire back but can't touch him. Six thousand streets pour with phlegm, each helmet holds a face, is this masochism? Where else can I go, can you go? I rip off my shirt and start to sweat. All those karmas. Battling eunochs cut off their legs and roll up their pants impaling catastrophes. No love. No love. Not anywhere. Three kabuki non-actors assume a karate stance grimace and prepare their fingers for the attack. Slot machines and bubble gum. I cannot do the concentration camps in this incarnation. They're a session in themselves, besides I did them. Aieeeeee... you bastard. I'll never look away again. He plunges his fingers into my liver, grins and splatters his face with blood. I start to chant "Om ne mashevaya" but I can't find a battling mantra. Find one quick, hold on artu, Aeiiiiiiiieeee ..ieee.e.e. what? Truth. What is that? Cosmic operas you haven't even sung. He is looking at you. He is rolling up his sleeve.. He is hideous-formed and fast. He is hissing at you. Watch the ant army, phalanxed thoughts and his circling steps, My incisors are bleeding to death. Go mad is better thought. Go mad cop out on consciousness. There no proof it even exists ...Aeeeeiiiii..iii. He leaps on my lungs. No faith. I appear in flash photos and grin. Detestable ego, sly actor. I don't even want to redeem this self. The third one leaps onto my head throwing out all the books I had read. You'renot an enemy, friend. Then he dumps everything I've ever written, every



word I know down my throat. Vegetable soup. The army cheers as its being fed. They pierce the pages with their spears and start their victory dance. V for Victory. Randolf Scott is being beaten to death by King of the Mohawks. Forty-second street is beaten to death by naked girls. Girls, girly shows, I hate this. I'm copping out of this come down culture. Its back to Greece baby, I hear you call. I want to die there on the bed of your womb. Sea ash, sea ash and Aaaiieeeeeeeee... a black archers stretchers my flesh, opens my wounds.

Acid is an expanding catalyst, a searchlight, a bathysphere. It's a long walk down Sixth Avenue from Central Park. The infinity tunnel has a small shining opening at one end, and the closer you get the larger and more brilliant the light becomes. It is light that dispels darkness.

Isn't this what we experience when we group together, form circular mandalas and chant: Light? Or in the Shakti state, isn't the perfect orgasm total being, total knowledge and total bliss? Just go to the dc Young and dig bronze Yab-Yums. The potential of all men is within every man, you are Krishna, she is Radha, both are encompassed in LOVE and LIGHT.

Yoga is circular, spiral; Western psychology is linear or perpendicular. In Yoga there are seven planes of consciousness which correspond to the seven Chakras centers within our bodies. These in turn have a direct relationship to the afferent and efferent nerve impulse centers within the cerebral spinal system. Each

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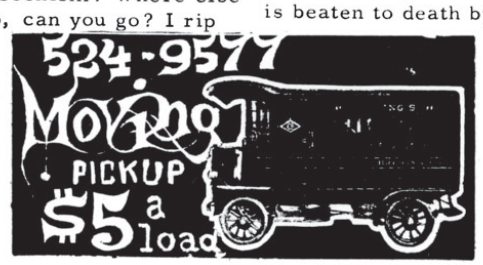
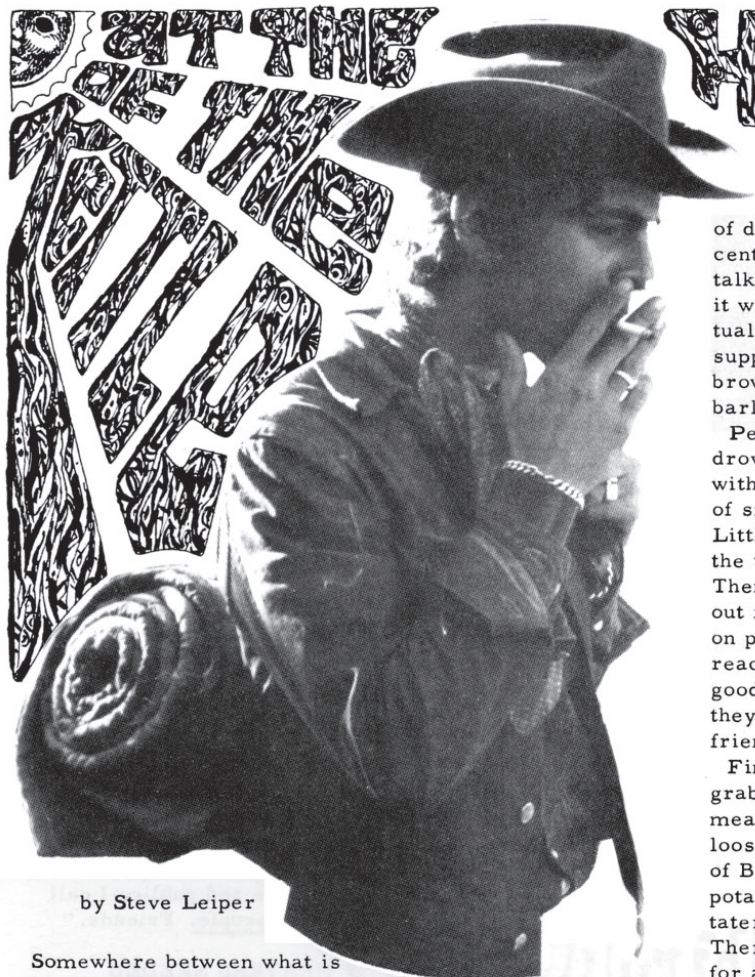


BRING KRISHNA CONSCIOUSNESS WEST

AT THE END OF THE ROAD HANDLE



by Steve Leiper

Somewhere between what is and what should be, it's really happening, baby. But what is it that's happening?

Is a new civilization being born? Is the communal spirit leading us to the New Jerusalem, to Christmas on Earth, through love and compassion and sharing?

Or is it really the same old scene in new delirious dress, the selling of Psychedelia to the Compleat Hippie, a capitalist conspiracy?

Or worse yet, are we on the road toward a wrong-headed, super spin-out revolution of ruin, building on defiant acts in savage sideshows, where THEM and US fight forever?

Food, clothing, shelter. Do they just appear on schedule?

The "American Way" sez: if everyone will go out and produce and get it for themselves and keep it for themselves, we will have an abundant society.

Nature is raped, alienation from God and from ourselves sets in, and we growl louder over the poisoned bones, build a variety of prisons and worse-than-useless appendages...Not just in the larger scene, OUT THERE, but in our pads, in our minds.

The Indian way was to give it away.

If everybody did their bit and gave the fruits away, all would be taken care of, the community would be harmonious with itself and with God/Nature.

I Ching sez: "All beings have need of nourishment from above. But the gift of good comes in its own time, and for this one must wait."

In the here & now, groups of individuals are acting to feed the peoples, in the open and for free. As they say, it's free because it's yours.

In the Hashberry they're known as the Diggers. In Berkeley, the Provos.

Curious...and hungry... I made the scene.

***

DIGGING THE DIGGERS

Offers of Thanxgiving dinners bobbed up like turkeys, but I specially wanted to dig into the Diggers Meatfeast on Page Street, so there went with new and oldfound friends. We sat in the storefront window munching melons as other peoples drifted in. A long feastable of doors took shape in the center of the room. We talked with a cat whose place it was, he sed it would eventually be a granary, i.e., supply depot for whole grain brown rice, wheat, oats, barley, beans. "Perfect!"

People were coming in droves, the room filling up with beautiful people, full of smiles and amazement. Little kids bounced up from the table after balloons. Then the food was brought out from the back room on platters held above the reach of the crowd. The goodies disappeared before they hit the table, in a friendly tussle.

Fingers made before forks grabbed for slabs of roasted meat, pieces of chicken, loose-leafed lettuce, sprouts of Brussels, globs of sweet potato, chunks of baked taters, nuts, candy, tobacco. There was more than enough for all in this slow writhing meat feast/dance.

People flowed around and through themselves, happy, grooving, eating, smiling, turned on, digging each other and what was happening. Impossible not to feel the spirit, to partake in it, to add to it. Whatta gas!

Everywhere kids were saying things like "This is the grooviest Thanxgiving I've ever had!" and meaning it. One chick sed "My faith is restored!" Mine too. Goodies floated past, in front of smiling faces.

A friend told me of a trip he had taken in which everything was so right "there was no room for any bad vibrations to get in." I sed that must be what was happening at that moment. It was a joyously expanding scene with not a sign of a bad trip.

FLIPSIDE

Then I wandered, scatting, into the back room, mainly to say to whomever was there the same things I'd

felt & sed out front. When I got there a totally different spirit was present. It seemed a dark one. Five or six cats were standing around. I felt I had intruded, but still tried to continue the flow of what I had felt, "This is too much..." but the words came out meaning something else entirely. My glance

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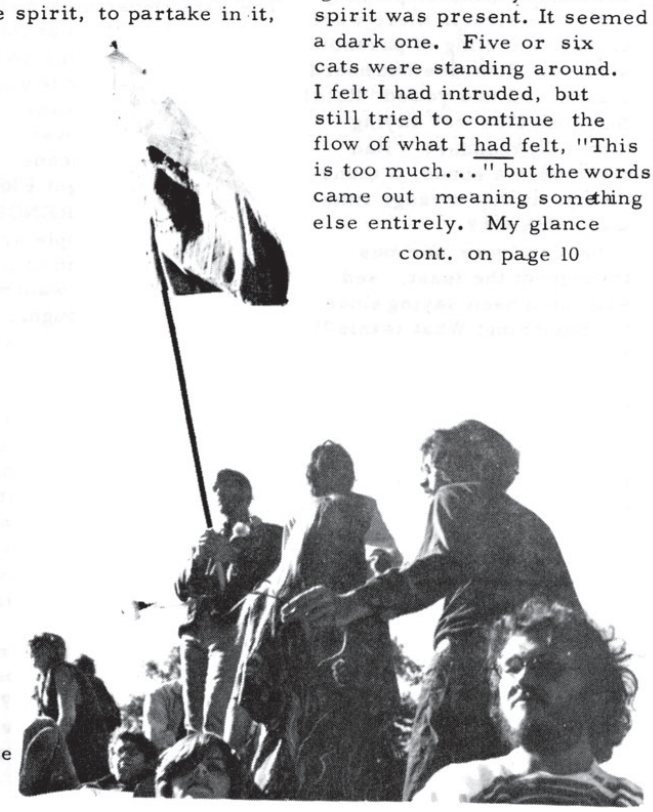

AT HANDLE OF KETTLE

cont. from page 9

took in the ooze of garbage, a collage of chicken bones, vegetable matter and flesh on the floor, extending up the walls, a solid layer of mire. The vibrations and the visual scene took me to the flip-side of what I had felt in the outer room, and to the brink of cosmic horror. I glimpsed again a vision from years past, in which I saw that the "conditions at the center were not right", to revolve around it would bring about a chaotic conglomeration of broken & twisted bodies, a scene lasting eternally.

At that moment I had, as some Diggers have sed, "a healthy respect for eternity," and turned and left.

As I entered the outer room, I saw many people splitting out to the street, there were shouts, a feeling of paranoia & panic. Someone had heard a siren and had yelled "Raid!" Someone else was saying "It's only thunder!" Had there been a sound, a thunderclap, at that strange time-warp moment?

One cat, very nervous throughout the feast, sed what he'd been saying since the beginning: What is this?! What's going on?" Someone tried to sing "We shall overcome," a few others joined in, but it petered out. I left with a cat who had felt the same chilly change come over the scene before the siren & the reaction. "It's the Land of Yes," he sed, "where everything is free and there's no hassle for anything."

Part of a poem by Ann Rivers sez:

"I saw a red blinding
spiral
and I saw nothing
of peace in eternity...."

INTO THE FRAME

"Put us down," a Digger told me. "Call us a bunch of neo-fascistic reactionaries trying to recover from a college education. Or whatever. But don't try to explain what's happening, you'll end up explaining it away. The people won't do anything when there's no mystery."

We were rapping over coffee on Haight Street.

around here... they don't know what love is. When that kid got shot at Hunters Point and the cops were firing into the windows of the building where all those kids were lying on the floor ... Afterward these Love cats wanted to give Mayor Shelley a rose! I'm not gonna lie down in the street, I don't believe in that anymore. If they want riots and molotov cocktails that's what they'll get. There's THEM and there's US.

"We don't have heroes. I'm against everything Bob Dylan stands for. I dig his music but I hate what he stands for... making millions, selling thru the record clubs. Bill Graham makes 15 thousand a month and gives away turkeys, isn't that nice, thank you Bill. Leary got kicked out of the theater he was doing his act in 'cause he wanted more money. Now he's doing it in a nightclub where they sell drinks.

the yardbird

MOD FASHIONS FOR EITHER/OR
626-6915 300 Divisadero
San Francisco, California 94117

The Fire Department had been hassling them at the Page garage. Seems you can't even melt tar in your backyard to fix a leaky roof. The garage was shaping up, the facade growing into a bright FREE FRAME OF REFERENCE.

"What kind of people are we? We're the kind of people who want, who want more, nothing is ever enough.... I'm tired of getting kicked in the head. They keep telling me I can't live.....

"We're gonna stage a street happening Saturday, carol singers, motorcycle gangs, the works... I mean what can they do, right? Two thousand people on the sidewalk, that's what the sidewalk's for, right?.... Get outta my way!

"Main thing we're after is to provide the basics: food, shelter, clothing, right? So people can live. Otherwise they die, naked in the street.

"All this Love bullshit

Pg. 10

"We don't want people coming down off Telegraph Hill donating clothes to the 'bums'. Or food either, not as charity, we'll throw those apples back in their faces. one guy in a business suit came down and gave us a tendollar bill. We burned it, right in front of him. We only accept stuff from hip people.

"We know people with a farm up in Mendocino, and there's a bunch of hip farmers in Ohio who'll send food to us. But I'm a city person myself.

"If a Digger wants to do something, he just does it, it's action, it's doing. We don't have any commitment or schedule. Someone volunteers, sez "I'll do it tonite, and that's that.

"Every day is Halloween for us. or Christmas, any time we want to throw our energies into a project.

OCCUPANCY LESS THAN 50 FRIENDS

The Diggers ran afoul of the Public Health Department, in the person of Inspector Chinn, who laid a Notice to Abate Nuisance on them.

It seems that 50 people or more constitutes public assembly, and there is a whole shelf of health and building codes that can be fired at you.

The Notice reads:

"You are hereby directed to vacate the premises until such time that adequate toilet facilities are provided."

A Digger told us, "They're trying to say we're serving the public. They want to make a distinction between private and public. I call them people. Friends."

HEATERS NEEDED

The Diggers garage needs wood stoves or kerosene heaters. Anyone having or knowing where to locate same please go by the garage or leave word in the Psychedelic Shop.

ACROSS THE GREAT WATER

Meanwhile, in Berkeley, the Provos have been holding forth in Civic Center Park, corner of Center & Grove, every day a 4. Just bring yr bowl & yr spoon & yr Heart.

We talked with some of the Provos at their headquarters, behind the Blind Lemon, 2362 San Pablo Ave. Thanx giving had come and gone. The Provos had made the St. Anthony's Kitchen scene, organized a car pool to get there, and sed they came

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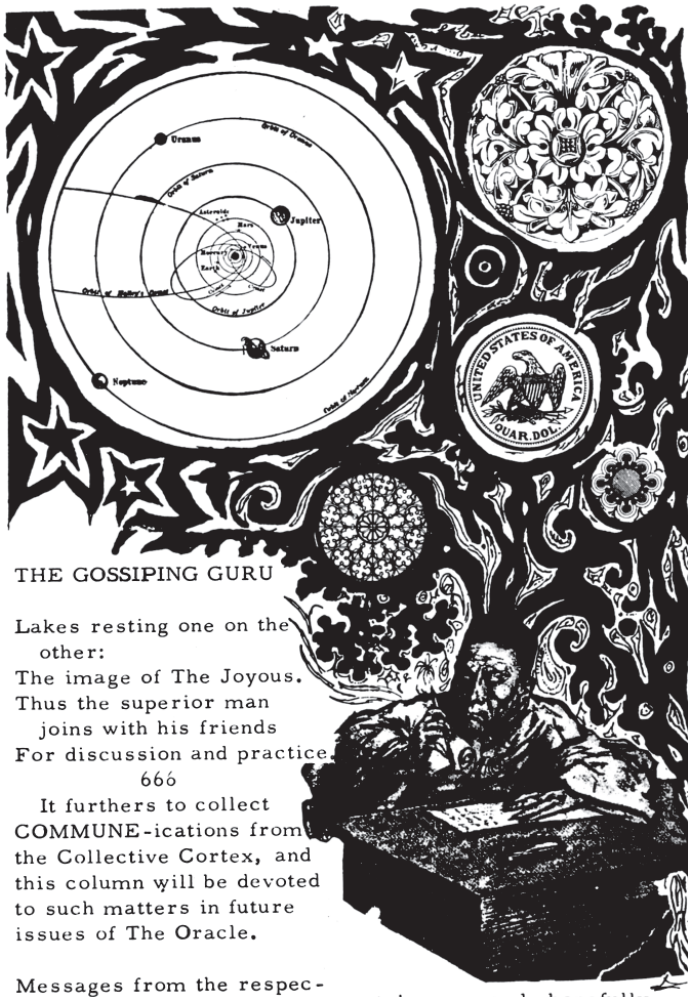


THE GOSSIPING GURU

Lakes resting one on the other:
The image of The Joyous.
Thus the superior man
joins with his friends
For discussion and practice.

666

It furthers to collect COMMUNE-ications from the Collective Cortex, and this column will be devoted to such matters in future issues of The Oracle.

Messages from the respected gurus and guides.
Rumors and recipes.
Announcements of activities and action.
Gossip.

666

Most important, of course, will be the participation of all you members of the Conscious Community. Each of us has his own Logic of Ecstacy. Each of us has received personal messages from the collective consciousness. And each of us has a tale to tell, some valuable advice to give, ideas to share Someone can tell us about the proper way to prepare morning-glory seeds, and someone can whisper his insights into the approach of the Apocalypse. Everyone is eager to hear about new ways to Turn On, and we also welcome any fresh ideas concerning survival in the Subculture.

We would like to make this column an open forum for the expression of ideas and notions not having an outlet elsewhere. In particular, we want to emphasize the imaginative and the delightful. Rumors and recipes. Individual voices whispering in the Community's ear--and, hopefully, we may be able to cause a bit of communal laughter.

It requires your participation.

So, collate your notes, translate the non-verbal into a letter or a phone call, and let us know what's happening. Share your laughter and your mysteries with your water-brothers and your comrades.

Does anyone know whatever happened with DMT?

666

Dick Alpert keeps assuring us that the Conscious Community is, like the iceberg, mostly submerged. There exists, we are told, a great number of conscious, turned-on, and enlightened people hidden beneath the waves of anonymity on the Great Bourgeois Sea. If this is so (and we have every reason to believe that it is), there remains the big job of opening up lines of communication between the enlightened members of the American Middle-Class and the open Subcultural communities. In Los Angeles it took a crisis of monstrous proportions, and too many young skulls senselessly cracked to accomplish this much-needed joining together of the two separate elements of the American Enlightenment. One hopes that in the Bay Area we can all come to know each other well enough to be prepared for an emergency such as the one now taking place on Sunset.

666

At any rate, it seems that establishing means of effective communication is necessary, and we hope to hear from those of you who have kept "submerged" as well as from you who are members of the established underground communities.

COMMUNE-ication: You're operating the equipment, you're singing the songs.

666

Who can tell us further of Him who was born on February 5th, 1962, when seven planets were in Aquarius?

Does anyone know about DMT?

666

METH USE & ABUSE

cont. from page 6

is a complex interaction of the pharmacological properties of the drug, the social setting and most importantly, the personality or character structure of the individual user. Just as there is no drug which when taken produces "insanity", murder, rape, or narcotic addiction, likewise and unfortunately, there is no drug which will uniformly give pleasure, relaxation, or escape, or will turn an ordinary person into a creative productive genius.

Those desiring more information on this subject are urged to consult the book "Utopiates" published by Atherton Press in 1964.

AT HANDLE OF KETTLE

cont. from page 10

away with an awareness of the difference between the spirit that exists at missions like St. Anthony's and the spirit that lives in Civic Center Park when the lid is flipped from the soup can and the people gather around.

"There shouldn't be a line between those who give and those who receive," a Provo told us. It was that kind of division that they had felt at the mission, and just exactly what the Provos and the Diggers are overcoming.

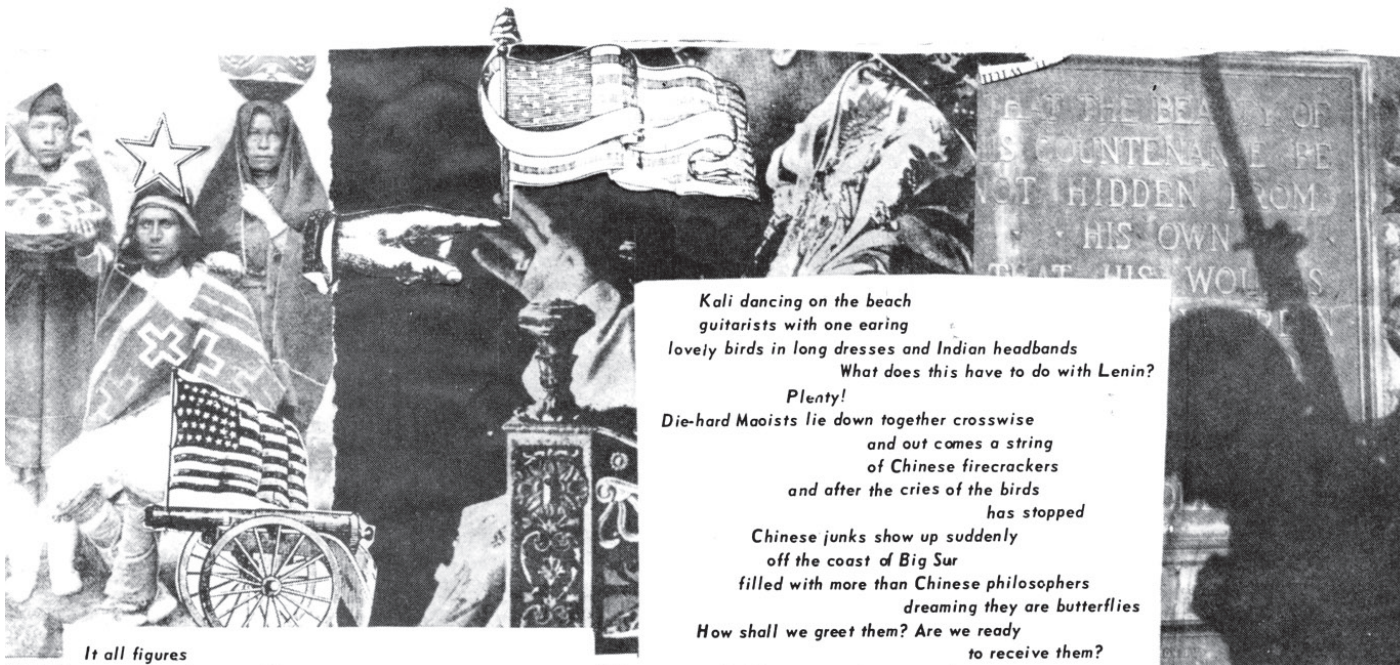
Where does the food come from? Contributions, scroungingss, gifts of money. A recent Berkeley Barb story heralded them as being "for love, not lucre," but the man we talked with said money contributions are being accepted.

"I'm going to go to the slaughterhouses and the bakeries and to farms down in the valley. If I was from, say, the Catholic Worker, I could get lots of stuff. But we don't have a front of any kind." cont. on page 14

AFTER THE CRIES OF THE BIRDS HAS STOPPED

Hurrying thru eternity
after the cries of the birds has stopped
I see the future of the world
in a new visionary society
now only dimly recognizable
in folk-rock ballrooms
free-form dancers in ecstatic clothing
their hearts their gurus
every man his own myth
butterflies in amber
caught fucking life
hurrying thru eternity
to a new pastorial era
I see the shadows of that future
in that white island
which is San Francisco
floating in its foreign sea
seen high on a hill
in the Berkeley Rose Garden
looking West at sunset to the Golden Gate
adrift in its Japanese landscape
under Mt. Tamal-Fuji
with its grazing bulls
hurrying thru heaven
the city with its white buildings
"a temple to some unknown god"
(as Voznesensky said)
after the cries of the birds has stopped
I see the sea come in
over South San Francisco
and the island of the city
truly floated free at last
never really a part of America
East East and West West
and the twain met long ago
in "the wish to pursue what lies beyond the mind"
with no place to go but In
after Columbus recovered America
and the West Coast captured by some Spanish Catholics
cagily getting the jump by sea
coveredwagons crawling over lost plains
hung up in Oklahoma
Prairie schooners into Pullmans
while whole tribes of Indians
shake hopeless feather lances
and disappear over the horizon
to reappear centuries later
feet up and smoking wild cigars

at the corner of Hollywood and Vine
hurrying thru eternity
must we wait for the cries of the birds
to be stopped
before we dig In
after centuries of running
up and down the Coast of West
looking for the right place to jump off
further Westward
the Gutenberg Gallaxy casts its light no further
the "Westward march of civilization"
comes to a dead stop on the shores of
Big Sur Portland & Santa Monica
and turns upon itself at last
after the cries of the birds has stopped
must we wait for that
to dig a new model
of the universe
with instant communication
a world village
in which every human being is a part of us
though we be still throw-aways
in an evolutionary progression
as Spengler reverses himself
Mark Twain meets Jack London
and turns back to Mississippi
shaking his head
and the Last Frontier
having no place to go but In
can't face it
and buries its Head
Western civilization gone too far West
might suffer a sea-change
into Something Else Eastern
and that won't do
the Chinese are coming anyway
time we prepared thei[illegible]
Gunga Din still with us
Kipling nods & cries *I told you so!*
the French King hollers *Merde!*
and abandons his Vietnam border
but not us
we love them too much for that
though the Mayflower turned around sets sail again
back to Plymouth England (and the Piltdown let down)
misjudging the coast & landing in Loverpool
American poets capture Royal Albert Hall
The Jefferson Airplane takes off
and circles heaven



It all figures
in a new litany
probably pastoral
after the cries of the birds
has stopped
Rose petals fall
in the Berkeley Rose Garden
where I sit trying to remember
the lines about rose leaves
in the *Four Quartets*
Stella kisses her lover in the sunset
under an arbor
A Los Angeles actor goes *Zap! Zap!*
at the setting sun

It is the end
I drop downhill
into the reception for Anais Nin
with a paperbag full of rose leaves
She is autographing her Book
I empty the bag over her head from behind
Her gold lacquered hair sheds the petals
They tumble red & yellow on her signed book
Girl again she presses them between the leaves
delightedly
like fallen friends
Her words
flame in my heart
Virginia Woolf under water
she drifts away on the book
a leaf herself blowing skittered
over the horizon
The wish to pursue what lies beyond the mind
lies just beyond
Ask a flower what it does
to move beyond the senses

Our cells hate metal
The tide turns
We shoot holes in the clouds' trousers
and napalm sears the hillsides
skips a bridge
narrows to a grass hut full of charred bodies
and is later reported looking like
"The eternal flame at Kennedy's grave"
A tree flowers red It can't run

Shall we now advance into the 21st century?
I see the lyric future of the world
on the beaches of Big Sur
gurus at Jack's Flats
nude swart maidens swimming
in pools of sunlight

Kali dancing on the beach
guitarists with one earing
lovely birds in long dresses and Indian headbands
What does this have to do with Lenin?
Plenty!
Die-hard Maoists lie down together crosswise
and out comes a string
of Chinese firecrackers
and after the cries of the birds
has stopped
Chinese junks show up suddenly
off the coast of Big Sur
filled with more than Chinese philosophers
dreaming they are butterflies
How shall we greet them? Are we ready
to receive them?
Shall we put out koan steppingstones
scrolls & bowls
greet them with agape
Tu Fu and bamboo flutes at midnight?
Big Sur junk meet
Chinese junk?
Will they ride the breakers into Bixby cove?
Will they bring their women with them
Will we take them on the beach
like Ron Boise's lovers in Kama Sutra
face them with Zen zazen & tea
made from the dust of wings
of butterflies dreaming
they're philosophers?
Or meet them with last war's tanks
roaring out of Fort Ord
down the highways & canyons
shooting as they come
flame-throwers flaming jelly
into the Chinese rushes
under the bridge at Bixby?
The U.S. owns the highway but is Big Sur
in the USA?.

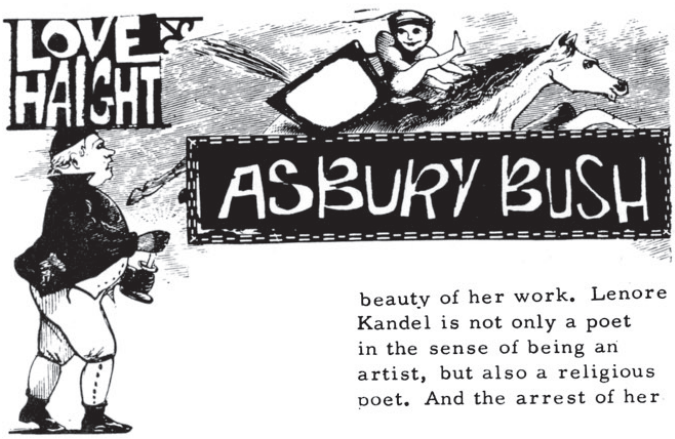
San Francisco floats away
beyond the three-mile limit
of the District of Internal Revenue
No need to pay your taxes

The seas come in to cover us

Agape we are & agape we'll be

— LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI

June 22 – 1966



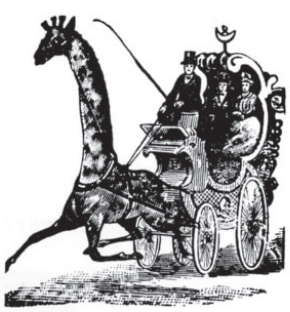
TO THE EDITOR:

I want at this time to bear public witness (having the qualifications of thirty years work as a poet and student of poetry, and in recent years the national and international recognition that has led to my becoming a Scribner's author, my receiving a Guggenheim fellowship, and participation in the programs of various universities, and the translation of my work into Portugese, Spanish, Italian, French, German, Bulgarian and Czechoslovakian)

that Lenore Kandel, the author of The Love Book (which the pornography hounds of the City police force have judged "hard-core pornography," and the Chronicle, purveyor of sophistication, Herb Caen, has brightly dubbed "hard-core bore") has in exactly these poems established herself not only as a true poet, but as a poet whose work is of considerable significance in the development of the art itself.

In 1965, as advisor to the Poetry Conference at the University of California in Berkeley, I urged Lenore Kandel's participation as one of the group of significant new poets, selected nationwide, and her reading, which included all the poems of The Love Book, at that Conference only verified my estimate of the human dignity and beauty of her work. Lenore Kandel is not only a poet in the sense of being an artist, but also a religious poet. And the arrest of her

book calls into question not only the redemptive values of all works of art that hold sexuality to belong to the orders of love (and this is the very opposite of pornography, which holds that sexuality is only a physical excitement and dependsupon its being forbidden) and the redemptive values of art itself that celebrates the beauty, compassion, and the ecstasy of all creative forces, but this arrest



calls into question our ultimate religious duties and rights. "God/Love Poem" is the title of the first poem in this book that has been seized, and its first line reads: "There are no ways of love but/beautiful/I love you all of them." "There was a time when gods were purer," she continues:

/I can recallnights among the honeysuckle our juices sweeter than honey

/we were the temple and the god entire/

These are not primarily personal expressions. They are moved by a profound intent to communicate the divine nature of sexual love, and that nature which they so beautifully do communicat saints, mystics, and poets throughout the history of mankind have born testimony to. There may, indeed, be reason for our enduring opposition to all that degrades sex, that portrays sexual love as dirty and would confine all public conscience of sexual acts to the back-scenes of a world of whores and policemen. But The Love Book is one of the most courageous and inspired affirmations that sexuality is sacred: "miracle! miracle! sacred the primal miracle!" Lenore Kandel testifies in her poem. It is the mind of the man who finds such raptures of love "dirty" that degrades love and sex to the order of pornography.

Sincerely,
Robert Duncan

AT HANDLE OF KETTLE

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The name Provo was adopted, he sed, because "I just happened to like it," but he added that it was obviously modeled on the Dutch Provos who hit the public eye during the protests against the recent Dutch royal wedding.

"The Provos in the Netherlands have power," he sed, "because there are many other people there who support them. I see the possibility of such a movement really taking hold in Berkeley, but not in San Francisco or, say, Ann Arbor.

Berkeley has a large liberal-radical population. It's kind of a haven.

He sed he saw the movement as more individualist than anarchist, but that there really is no ideology, no meetings are held. "People just show up at the park every day. We're more political than the Diggers, but 'dropped-out political' to be sure. Basically we're against the anti-FUN group in society. Our people bring food and jump-ropes."

He sed he would like to see someone--perhaps one of the Scheers--get into the Berkeley city government, so that work might be done that would directly influence the community.

"We don't expect trouble from the police," he said. But his accounts of increasing general harrassment of beats in Berkeley since January 66, including the issuing of tickets for jaywalking and hitchhiking, seemed to cast a shadow over his optimism.

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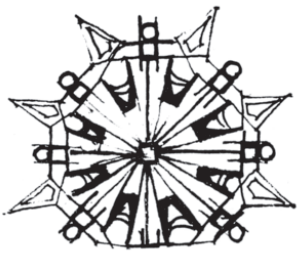

LEARY PRESS CONFERENCE

cont. from page 2

these responsibilities, more and more young people are going to take psychedelic drugs not knowing clearly what they're doing. The problem is inevitable, the eternal problem of knowledge as opposed to ignorance. Training in the use of these new microscopes must be done. Why isn't it being done in the colleges?

Under supervision, selected students who are ready for this experience and working out the methods for applying and using these powerful tools.

Dr. Richard Alpert is here with me. Do you have anything to say?

ALPERT: Nothing at the moment. Maybe later on.

LEARY: Are there any questions?

Q. How do you feel about the use of these sacraments outside your religion?

LEARY: I feel that psychedelic drugs are sacraments, and I recommend and strongly urge that they be treated as such and used as such. On the other hand, I don't know how it can be stopped. People are going to use this form of energy frivolously as they have used other forms of energy--like the motorcar--frivolously. What we can do is make clear that in our religion those of us who subscribe to our method agree not to use the chemicals that we provide except in shrines designated on paper ahead of time.

Now if a member of our League is found transporting a psychedelic drug or using it in a non-shrine situation, he has to face the law of Caeser. We cannot protect him. We cannot support him. On the other hand we cannot forbid him doing this. In the last analysis this is the individual's choice, at his risk.

Q: Do either of you know if in California steps have been taken toward the formation of a church, of the League for Spiritual Discovery?

LEARY: Yes, I understand there are groups of Californians who are planning to do this. I don't think they've got it formed yet, have they Richard?

ALPERT: A number throughout California have applied, not just for the League but for a number of small churches, especially down in Southern California. Some of them have been formally set up for a hearing, but nothing is completed.

Q: About the number, is it like the New York law or something similar, where there are six people plus a lawyer?

ALPERT: I don't know the number.

Q: Do you have any national figures on membership?

LEARY: In our League? We have no national membership. We have a religious center in Millbrook, New York. We have a 64-room house and a complex of smaller shrine-livings. At the present time there are sixty, plus or minus two or three, League members who live there. Roughly, forty-five adults and fifteen children. All of these people are devoting their full time to the religious or ashram collective life of worship.

We also have over 400 people who have lived with us or who visit us weekends or who visit with us on their vacations. These are all people who have had the sacrament with us.

You can't join our religion unless you belong to the tribe, this network of friends.

Q: How does one prepare for the sacraments in your church?

LEARY: Exactly the way people prepare for the sacraments in any other church. A guide or a priest works with you. He passes on to you what he's learned, and when he thinks you're ready, just as a Catholic priest, when he feels you're ready, will initiate you...

Q: Is there something comparable to confession?

LEARY: There is indeed. We, using the metaphor of the Christian religion, say: You should never take LSD unless you're in a state of grace.

How do you get in a state of grace? You sit down and you meditate and you talk, either to yourself or to someone else, about your shortcomings, where you've missed the mark, where on your chessboard of Good & Evil you've failed to play the game as you see it. We don't have a formal ritual of confession but we strongly urge our members to go through the process of self-examination before they take the sacrament, because if you don't, during the LSD session you're going to face these shortcomings of your own and you're gonna sweat and you're gonna groan and you're gonna writhe.

In the cases where there's no guide present, the LSD panic... LSD temporary psychosis... is, to our way of thinking, a spiritual crisis, an ontological panic. It's a confusion about the nature of reality. It's caused by bad preparation or by lack of a guide.

Q: Do you offer promise of Heaven and threat of Hell?

LEARY: Yes, we do. If you take LSD...

ALPERT (to questioner): Do you?

Q: I'm not expounding a religion and you are.

LEARY: Yes, we do. If you take LSD you're gonna run into both heavens and hells, which for two billion years have been building inside your cellular structure and nervous system. We do not preach a heaven or hell after death. We say, as do most religions throughout history that your chance is now. It's the obligation of every American to discover his own divinity, literally to become God.

And a well-known, orthodox way of treading this path is to encounter the devils and saints within your own nature. And, believe me, if you take LSD sooner or later you're going to have a hellish experience.

Q: What is the purpose of the Millbrook house besides that it's the center of your religion? Is it to train guides to go out and start other small churches, or what?

LEARY: No, we have no ambitions to train missionaries who'll go out and preach to the heathen. If people want to come study with us, fine. In our psychedelic celebrations which are public, evangelical and informational gatherings, we attempt to demonstrate and illustrate what we have discovered,

just as we think every religion in the past which has stuck around at all, has had a spiritual charge to it, has inevitably developed its own art form, as part of the growth of the religion.

Psychedelic art, as we demonstrated at the celebrations is our statement of our process as we have witnessed it.

Of course we do not pass out sacraments at psychedelic celebrations that we're having in San Francisco and other cities.

Q: Do you recognize any danger of addiction?

LEARY: Well, there's no danger of physical addiction. There is the possibility that you will want to perform this sacrificial, ceremonial act regularly, whenever you need it, just as the bread and the wine of the mass is addictive in the sense that it's something you have to do or your life is a poor affair. So, if this is addiction, we do run that risk.

Q: (inaudible)

LEARY: For the last seven years there's been a group of over a hundred people, most of whom originated in

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LEARY CONFERENCE

the Harvard-Cambrige-Boston area, most of whom are professional people, although an increasing number of younger people have joined us. These people have been working practically full time for several years, having sessions, giving sessions to others, preparing notes, reading the manuals of earlier psychedelic teachers, questions of mystical or visionary tradition that is the red thread that runs through all philosophy and all religion. We face the same problems as any other religion: when is someone ready to take on the task and the awesome responsibility. We goof, just as any other group of humans. We make no claim that our guides are necessarily holier than anyone else. They're simply people who are dedicating their energies to what we feel is the only important task: finding more meaning and a richer background to life.

Richard, do you have any comments at all?

ALPERT: Just that I think this is a most extraordinary press conference because it's obviously being carried out on so many levels simultaneously. Because a question like 'Professor Leary, in your new religion, what is the sacrament used?' could be asked from a point of view of somebody who sees you as somebody who'd be on the Joe Pine show, some far-out religious nut who happened into town with a lei around his neck, and talking about a kooky religion. And if that's what he's thinking then when he hears everything you say, he hears it within his metaphor. On the other hand, a lot of people in this room can understand that what you are doing is selecting a metaphor in which to say a set of things which we all know in all our own works, since it is a personal, intimate experience.

I'd just like to say one more thing and then stop, that I've lived in San Francisco for the past year now. And San Francisco is, as far as I'm concerned, the farthest out community that I know of now, either New York, Los Angeles, Chicago or Boston included.

It is full of some extraordinarily, spiritually advanced people, many of whom are very young.

After being here a year, I went back and participated with Tim in one of his celebrations and looked out in the audience and there was the same audience. They are the same people back there. And I understand, as I have been travelling in Houston, Chicago, New York, San Francisco, that there is

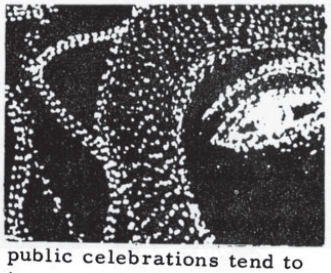
a very extraordinary movement, and this movement involves concern with spiritual experience, and if any of you gentlemen of the press get caught in the word 'drug', the word 'religion', the word 'addiction,' the word "ex-professor', the word 'hippy' or 'Haight-Ashbury scene'... if any of those labels catch you, then you lose, because you don't hear what the true message is here. And may I just suggest to you gentlemen, there is something very powerful afoot here, whether it comes through a metaphor such as the League for Spiritual Discovery or something like the Fillmore and the Avalon, it's all the same thing. There is a common denominator here. It's a spiritual consciousness.

Q: How can you equate what goes on at the Fillmore and the Avalon with what goes on in a psychedelic church? It seems that the purpose that people go to the Fillmore and Avalon for... there doesn't seem to be any spiritual purpose. It seems to be the expression of something that nobody quite knows what is?

ALPERT: I see them as exactly the same. I don't know that when we go to church we know exactly what it is that we experience. The question is whether an experience is provided that gives one any of the feelings of unity with one's fellow man, any feelings of openness, safeness, trust, a loving perception of the environment, the beauty of the environment, a chance where a group of people can get together just to be together in a very good feeling. And anybody who has been there knows that these transcend dances in the common, ordinary sense by such a discriminable degree, and they approach at times a moment of ecstasy. And ecstasy has always been a central experience of every religion. That's how I see it now.

LEARY: As I see this picture that Richard has been talking about, it's a very broad phenomenon which takes in many social groups, races. It's not just going on in the United States. It's going on in many countries throughout the world, and we have to be very ecumenical about it.

Now, our particular sect or cult if you will, the League, naturally bears the karmic marks of the personality, the cultural marks of its founders Those of us who founded our League tend to be more middle-aged and come from intellectual backgrounds. Our



public celebrations tend to involve myths, they're more academic, they're more scholarly. Each one of our psychedelic celebrations renews, and hopes to bring back alive, one of the great religious myths of the past. By myths I'm not talking in a depreciating way. To us the myth is the highest religious statement.

We have celebrated the reincarnation of Jesus Christ. At the present time in New York City, tomorrow night, we will celebrate the illumination of Buddha. This is our particular way of glorifying. Now the people who go to the Fillmore, or the Indians in the West who sit around the hogans are using their cultural and their age forms of expression.

I delight in this diversity. We don't want any other group which forms its own religion to follow our rituals, to use our names as saints or anything of that sort.

That's the challenge. Everyone should start their own religion. Everyone should develop their own prayers. Everyone should develop their own ritual that really turns them on. Nothing would shock us more than if people copied us and parodied or imitated what we are doing. The challenge is, Go thou and do likewise, but in a way that is natural to you. Although all man is one, still each of us has been dealt a slightly different set of cards because of our culture and our language and our background. This is the beauty of the human situation, that each individual can find his unique... see, what we're preaching is that ancient method, we're reaffirming the divinity of the individual and the divinity of the family and the tribal worship group.

We're saying the same thing that Luther said to Rome: take the Bible and stand naked in your communication with God. Now the particular method we use is artificial. The Bible was artificial. It shocked Rome when Luther said he could take this man-made thing and find God through it. He didn't need the apparatus of this enormous Church. It shocks Americans today when we say that anyone in a state of grace can take this chemical and stand naked before this Divine Process.

I'm backing up what Richard has said. The glory of what's going on is the diversity and the uniqueness. And you see,

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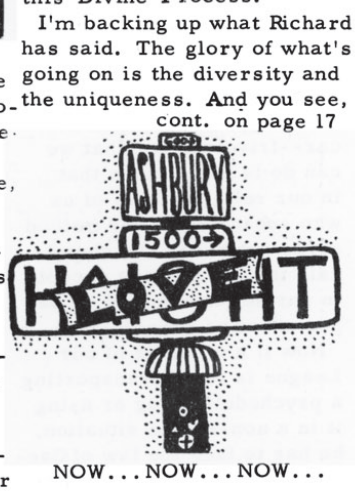

NOW... NOW... NOW...

The Oracle is gathering a portfolio of reports of alleged police harrassments, illegal searches and seizures and police brutality in the Haight-Ashbury. Written reports with dates, names, and badges of police, court results, as well as incidents of harrassment will be collected. Let's lay it down.

Photo by Hap Stewart

LEARY PRESS CONFERENCE

there can be no lazy people. You just can't take our methods. You've got to work out the path for yourself.

Q: Have you had any response or reactions from organized religions, either good or bad?

LEARY: Yes, a convention of Baptist ministers meeting in Texas labeled us kooks and nuts. On the other hand, more thoughtful religious publications, I refer to the Catholic publication America and the Protestant liberal intellectual and academic journals have said, let's consider this thoughtfully. They certainly don't bless us, but they say that this can't be read off that easily.

But what we are doing is testing the Constitution of the United States. We really believe the Constitution as it applies to people outside what you consider conventional.

Q: Are there any Catholic priests among the hundred you mentioned, the guides, have there been any Catholic priests or other ministers?

LEARY: We have no Catholic priests. We have several protestant ministers and three Jewish rabbis who belong to our group of co-religionists, who come to Millbrook and have come in the past and have shared the sacrament.

LEARY: The thing about LSD and our religion is, LSD is highly ecumenical. LSD doesn't belong to the Catholics or the Methodists. If you take LSD in a state of grace, for spiritual purposes you reaffirm your childhood religion, because all these ancient religions have the truth in them. It's just that they become so canned and cliché that they become routine. A Catholic who takes LSD for spiritual purposes will reaffirm the essential truths of the Catholic religion. The Catholic mass is an eminently psychedelic ceremony. It celebrates the death and rebirth of a divine person who had the highest consciousness possible.

Q: What will you do if the courts say no?

LEARY: We'll continue to press for a higher and higher decision. I assume you mean if the highest court?... It will take several years for this eventuality to occur. Now, things change so rapidly in the psychedelic situation in the United States today that it's just impossible to predict.

If you learn anything from evolution and the genetic code you of course realize that the genetic code is completely adapting to what's around. The genetic code didn't wonder what would happen when the amphibians climbed out of the water, or it really wouldn't have done it. But it did.

We're very confident that we'll win this case. If not, we will learn what mistakes we made, where we failed. I have ultimate faith in the United States Constitution... (tape break, then LEARY: (asked about the frivolous use of LSD)... I can't say what a frivolous use would be but... let's take a 16-year-old girl and the fellow she's in love with has taken LSD and he comes to her and says "Dear, I'd like to share this with you," and they go out on a motorcycle at 50-60 mph. It may be that she is in a state of grace when she does that although it may look like the most frivolous thing to do. I would really have to understand what was in her mind. It may be that she's not wanting any egocentric thing, that she loves this fellow, that she trusts him, that she loves life, that she trusts life... very hard to say what is frivolous.

I think that the most profane and sacrilegious use of LSD has been the psychiatric use when some psychiatrist gets a research grant and some money and he gets a government approval for his own ambition, because he wants to write a paper helping him become more famous. I would say that's frivolous.

I think that for the girl it may be a really spiritual experience. It's a hard question to answer and it's an easy question to be pious about...

PRESS SECRETARY: Just one more question.

Q: Could you name any new legal psychedelic chemicals? (Laughter)

LEARY: The genetic code or the Divine Process in its wisdom or perhaps some say in its mischieviousness has created literally hundreds of psychedelic vegetables. As fast as botanists look for these, they discover them. The simple old morning glory seed contains LSD. Now it's not as thrilling to go out and raise morning glory seeds. It's much more risky and perhaps glamorous to take a sugar cube, but if you're really serious about this, there's no law that can stop the genetic process.

When the disciple is ready the teacher and the sacrament will appear.

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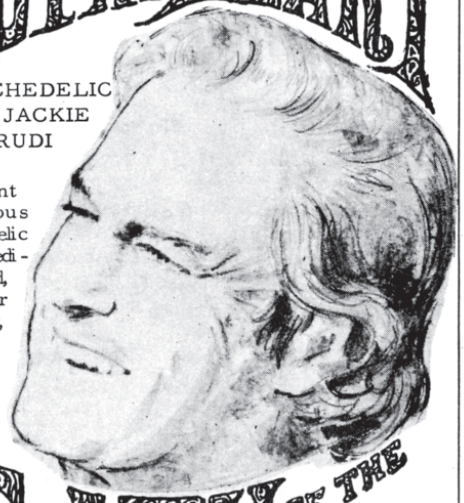

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FRI JAN 27 BERKELEY COMMUNITY CENTER, 8 PM

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Earthquake: a shaking or trembling of the earth produced by subterranean volcanic forces.

Recently a quake rolled off Nevaca, spilling coffee in Bakersfield and fainted in northern California: The Anima Mundi heaving restless relief of constipation... the Isis-thighed pythoness that sleeps and dreams, breathing heavily to the cracking of the earth and the sloughing off of mountains.

An incidence of destruction on Nature's side of the now-atomic razor's edge.

But here in the great green forest above the San Andreas Fault there is no unfamiliar motion beneath my feet. Though, often late in the afternoon, one can hear the sun searching the tops of the redwoods for a mate, fossilizing the fine needles in a lowering sky...a cicada high in a tree guitars like Orpheus to the union of sun and horizon, to the orgiastic glow of their coitus.

Here it is Autumn which enters the woods quietly, seeded by the first winter rains. This zeitgeist more faustian than the Jolly Green Giant, but gentler. Not at all the medieval gnome of northeastern frost. More like Melville than Moby Dick; more like Ishmael than Ahab.

SHOCKWAVE: Were Man to destroy Nature he would destroy himself; Were Nature to destroy Man she would profit by the gesture!

It is the aforementioned razor's edge that separates these two: Man and Nature. It is the razor that is neither Maugham's nor Occam's, though it contains many of the elements of each...it varies from scythe to scalpel...the cutting edge at either end of our lives... it is honed by happenstance and polished by the ego... fulcrum to the karmic see-saw, the mirror of much myth and decision. An obstacle occuring in Man, not in Nature.

On one side of the razor is Demeter, Isis, and that which is 'natural' in Nature; on the other side is Man, for only he has war.

Beasts, being more civilized and not at all sophisticated, fight their own battles one to one, and seldom to the death, and never stuff the ballot-box.

Man, on the other hand, has found it impractical not to kill, and certainly never less than many at a time.

At war Man is on the make with Death! This is the side of the razor-separation that is Demeter's only by proxy--as all, after all, returns to dust (going and coming)--particularly with the aid of napalm and shrapnel (One man in an airplane dropping a '39 Buick with a full tank of gas onto another a thousand feet below--a fraternal care package) not to mention the attempted defoliation of the spirit. Helicopters, in an absurd ratio to black angels, flutter through a low white sky dragging their terrifying shadow like an "Eat at Barney's" banner. Preaching "thou shalt not look on me and live"; proclaiming the deity of Death.

Here, instead of snow there is winter rain on the way... it will bring deer and salamander.

Steve Levine

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 from page 4

professors say what they think and they say it as college professors. This is not a community-responsive podium. I will be very happy to hear any and all of you who want to talk to us. I'm surprised and startled at the invitation that Jack has extended to you... I hope it can persuade you that the thing described has a dignity of its own. We do not get panicked into a change in format either by television men or by our fellow panelists. Now, let me read some funny poems, here....

What I have to say today I say in my role as a college teacher. I'm also a poet, but some days I'm not allowed to be one....it is not the university or the college that prevents me. We live in an unpoetic world... First, I am not an anarchist • I believe in the state. Second, I am an employee of that state. Third, therefore it is encumbent on me to desire for the state as liberal, as free, as humane a conscience as I can help promote. Now, a certain number of propositions. First, this is a sexual century. I know of no other era in history in which such large segments of the population have been so preoccupied, so self-conscious, and so puzzled by its own sexual behavior, as our own. Second...in any age, societies are forever engaged in exploring and defining a life style that will finally be identified as its own. This life style appears in history as characteristic modes. We recognize the classic, the Romantic, the Neo-classic, the Neo-romantic. Another way of saying this is that all societies are constantly engaged in discovering and establishing their own mores. Three: Sooner or later, language reflects or ought to reflect the life style of an age or is employed indefining it. Four: Today's meeting is an indication of a curious cultural fix.in which we find ourselves. Our life style is Post-post-post-romantic. That is to say it emphasizes the whole range of individual freedoms, and from the tenor of today's meeting particularly sexual freedom and the other utterance of sexual anguish. But, our language is just past the last gasp of the Victorian period. Let me be very clear. In 1966, more and more boys and girls, men and women, knew each other in the physical sense in and out of wedlock. More and more men, and more and more women, practice what I have called "lateral polygamy." We call it divorce. More and more men, and more and more women, are aware of and choose homosexual love than anyone ever did in 1866. But the language for love remains, except in special cases, Victorian. We speak of "sleeping with" when what we are actually describing is one of the world's most strenuous exercises. We "have an affair with" when what we mean is an entirely un-businesslike circumstance. We "go to bed with" as if sleeping were our problem. For the human body, linguistically speaking, the situation 's sadder still. North of the shoulder, and south of the knee, we may still call. if I may mix my metaphors, a spade a spade. An eye is still an eye, the toe, ator, and the shoulder is still a shoulder. A breast, however, becomes a bosom, and the male sex organ is still a male sex organ... and the nipple becomes a pasty. Five: Artists, writers, teachers, thinkers, wherever they are, are constantly engaged in testing the reality of and discovering the limits of the life style. Six: The human body is interesting. It can be beautiful, clever, witty, comic, loathsome, delicious, stinking, spritely, lewd, tragic, holy, and obscene. Human sexuality, expressed by the body, and with the body is beautiful, clever, witty, comic, loathsome, delicious, stinking, spritely, lewd, tragic, holy, and obscene. I do not share the general view of the recurrently expressed view here today, that human sexuality is always and at every time a divine experience. For some people, it is profound tragedy. Seven: I believe in obscenity. It exists. Eight: I believe in pornography. It exists. Nine: I believe a writer has occasion to be obscene and pornographic I teach Chaucer. Ten: I prefer not to have literary reputations of my time established by policemen. Eleven: I have been called, and I'm delighted at the charge, a "Puritan liberal." As a Puritan liberal, it is permissible for me to regret the passing of the class distinction between words. I like dirty words, but I would prefer to keep them dirty. That is, I would prefer to use them less rather than more so that they may continue to shine with their clean bright terrible power. Twelve: Miss Kandel's poem is serious, tender, religious, touching and ultimately, for my taste innocent and romantic. She regards human sexuality as being also a religious gesture. She joins in that sense a great number of Christian mystics. She accepts the unity of flesh with spirit and the oneness of the universe. She has, I think with considerable success, illustrated with language a view of the divine relationship to matter that the Tibetan bronzes at the De Young Museum express in three dimension. If Miss Kandel's poem were bad, however, if it were ignorent, stupid, repulsive, unredeeming in any social sense, she would in my judgement, still have the right to exercise an artistic or human failure. To hold that the freedom of speech is a right only of talented persons is as ridiculous as the most recent folly that elected only the "beautiful people." ... The meeting today was conceived in a hallway where I, and two of my colleagues, Mr. Gleason and Mr. Bassan, stood around wondering what we could do. We thought it would be a good idea to create a situation that would require that the police arrest the professors. Now, in such a circumstance, the professorial quality of the meeting is of the essence.

... If I had been interested in creating a public forum to discuss obscenity, we would have created that kind of forum. I hope you will not, because you are a large body of people, panic us into doing more than the program requires, which is now to turn over to you for questions, not for a rewrite of the forum.

VOICE from the Audience: I read the article in the Chronicle, and in the statement at the end Cahill indicated that he wasn't going to bust professors, but only poets...

JAMES SCHEVILL: ...I don't accept the separation between poet and professor. It's a phony separation.

PATRICK GLEASON: Alright, the separation is phony, but it exists in the police mind ...The reason that we're not getting busted is that we're professors, rather than beatniks. If I were down on Haight Street, it would be different. This is why...I'm very hopeful about us. And a little hopeless about the situation, because ultimately it involves the whole society. That is to say, that when people start concentrating upon the people rather than status, then we'll all get busted together, or nobody will get busted.

VOICE f t A: Does the use of so-called powerful languages detract from the message of the poem itself? (Inaudible) The police are putting all the emphasis on the words used and not on what's being said.

MARK LINENTHAL: Reading poetry is a skill. It can be learned. I teach it. It requires an awreness of context. People who cannot read words out of context are called word-readers. We treat them It is a kind of illness. We treat them in something called remedial reading classes.

VOICE f t A: You see, what's bothering me..It seems that what's happening in the state, perhaps what's happening in the country, is an increased polarization of the liberal intellectuals who wants to be freer and open up the society and now we just got Ronald Reagan elected as governor and the police are over there talking to themselves and we're over here talking to ourselves. Do the people on the panel want to say anything about getting together and not letting the situation that happened in Germany happen here where the intellectuals became alienated and they're not together. I think we can only solve this by talking together.

JAMES SCHEVILL: I agree absolutely.

LEONARD WOLF: The most obscene thing that I ever see in the course of my day is the San Francisco Chronicle at my breakfast table. The trouble is always not enough time to do all the world the good we might do for it. We make these discriminations because, notice, notice, notice pathetically, how we are able to make the stand we make today. Some of us could make this stand and attract this crowd because we offer two things: respectability and dirty words. It's puzzling. How do you achieve mass action on any point? Infinitely more urgent are bombs in Vietnam. Infinitely more urgent are what happens to the young mind between six and twelve in bad schools, not whether or not Miss Kandel's book is obscene. And yet, I think we are able to say something by putting leverage where we can.' What you're asking for is the popular front. That died in 1939.

VOICE f t A: No, that's not what I'm asking at all. Ok, we know what you're saying. We're convinced. But there's a power structure out there that's just elected a governor, that's going to investigate the university... Now how can we get our ideas to them? I don't want to have a big publicity thing and get in the paper, I want to have communication.

LEONARD WOLF: ...Somebody says dialog... And let me tell you what I think is a teacher's answer. Get a serious education so they listen sometime.. Let me say something. I'm not entirely happy with some of you. As you are no doubt unhappy with me. I have a a serious reason for being here. I'm not sure that I sense an equal seriousness in the minds and hearts of all of you. You would like something spectacular, and quick. This is a complex issue. He is asking a difficult question. If he is to be heard, he must be somebody also. He cannot merely be a young man on Haight Street. Now, he has rights, and he ought to join, he ought to complain, he ought to carry signs. But I also suggest as a teacher that he might get an education. That is a legitimate way to create a revolution.

CALVIN AHLGREN

VOICE f t A: I want to know more about what you think the definition of obscenity is?

MARK LINENTHAL: ...I think we can agree readily about pornography. I think I disagree with Jack about Lenore Kandel's poem. It makes me want to make love too, but it doesn't have much skin appeal... I don't experience a kind of sexual excitation... we're clear about pornography, but I'm not sure what obscenity is. I have some notions about it. It seems to be an interesting area for speculation...I think obscenity occurs when a distinction upon which we feel our lives depend is violated. Now it may be a distinction between art and life. It may be a distinction between the natural and the supernatural. It may be a distinction between the sexes. Different people hold different distinctions sacred. I want to read you an example, it seems to me, of a very great obscene poem. It is not pornographic. It's by Crashaw, 17th century metaphysical poet, a Catholic representative of the mood and tone of the Catholic counter-reformation. It's a poem that takes a kind of unholy joy in belief. Belief for Crashaw was no problem. This is an epigram. It's four lines long. It's very difficult. You'll have to listen very carefully. It's hair rising. Its purpose William Empson, said in 1930, that its purpose is "with a sort of horror to excite adoration." Now this seems to me a good example, a classic example of obscenity. There are fundamental distinctions which this poem violates. You look at other poets of the period. They keep their distinctions tight. I would never call John Donne, for example, obscene. He may be pornographic at times. He's never obscene. The tensions between his metaphors are like a tightly drawn cord. Crashaw allows that tension to collapse completely, and you get a poem like this. The speaker in this poem is addressing Mary.

Suppose he had been tabled at thy teat
Thy hunger feels not what he eats
He'll have his teat ere long, a bloody one
The mother then must suck the son.

...The deliberate confusion here between the phallic and the vaginal I think is really pretty extraordinary. This is what Empson says about it: "The sacrificial idea is aligned with incest, the infantile pleasures and cannibalism. We contemplate the God with a sort of savage chuckle. He is made to flower a monstrous hermaphrodite deity in the glare of the short circuiting of the human order." There's the key term, a whole set of distinctions are deliberately violated by the poem. It seems to me a brilliant example of obscenity. I find absolutely nothing pornographic about it.

(At the insistence of the audience the professorial meeting was brought to a close and the floor was opened to statements by members of the poetic community who were present.)

ROBERT DUNCAN: Saturday I wrote a letter because I was disturbed. All those notices in the Chronicle had refered to the obscenity of the poem and a letter has appeared in the Chronicle and that...if you list the 10 top poets in San Francisco Lenore Kandel wouldn't come within the first 10.... I would have an objection with Mr. Wolf's idea that there are priorities. I think Lenore Kandel's poems are just as important as the bombs in Vietnam, and I do not believe that poets come in order regardless of the fact that I love to play the pecking order, and I'd jump on anybody who tried to look bigger than I am. I do not believe if I were questioned in true that poets come in any order. However I do believe that there are true poets and people who are mere versifiers. So that I wrote to the Chronicle and delivered it personally Saturday, a letter in which I stated that Lenore Kandel was a true poet; beyond that as advisor to the poetry conference at the University of California last year I stressed the importance of having her read at that conference. Because I viewed her as one of the significant poets of our time...that means that in exactly these poems she'd been arrested for she had made an important breakthrough for poetry itself. And beyond that the real thing in question is religion. And it can be fought on the grounds of religion... In a democracy we are dependent upon having all our varities of religious views and not upon attacking other people's, and they extend all the way from rationalist materialism to atheism to anti-god atheism...and Lenore Kandel's happens to be a religion in the U.S. that is not considered officially to exist which is tied to the Hindu Gods in that poem. And I think that's exactly why the cops couldn't read it. And they also couldn't read the love message because that is not America's religion at this moment.

LENORE KANDEL: So much has been said already that almost anything I say will be anti-climax. I appreciate all the messages. I am very happy that there are different points of view because things are being talked about that haven't been talked about for far too long. I never expected it to reach quite these proportions, but now that it has it's about all of us not my book that's at stake. It's our minds our lives our country our world. Everything. And not mine alone. So I leave it at that.

VOICE f t A: Would you tell us if the act of the police busting your book was an act of oppression. Did it oppress you?

LENORE KANDEL: It amazed me. My feeling is very mixed toward it. At first I was very startled. I thought we'd got this sort of thing settled quite some time ago. ... If the act of love is obscene than all of us are obhas been previously pointed out. It contradicts itself so incredibly that I really don't know what the policemen have in mind. I have to reach them and we all have to reach the policemen too. They are also part of the human world. They may be difficult.

VOICE f t A: It is said that there are only two ways to describe the sexual act. It is either sexual intercourse or fuck. Aren't there any words inbetween. What's your explanation for using those particular words?.....

LENORE KANDEL: If I had chosen to use euphemisms or whatever level whether I said screw, ball, intercourse, penis, or any other word. I had to use the words that were both emotionally and poetically correct and I feel that I did. Any other question?

MICHAEL McCLURE: I will say something about the aspect of what's happening in regards to the law. If Lenore is charged with 311 point something-or-other, which is obscenity, Lenore then will have the protection of the First Ammendment of the Constitution for freedom of speech and freedom of expression. The San Francisco police at this time I've found through the busts of my play (beginning with the one on the Committee) are interested in silencing anything that Lenore, or I, or a great many people here have to say. Now, they will not use 311.27 or what ever it is. At least I don't think they will. I wish they would. I'm carrying a copy of The Beard, and I don't think there's any police here. I wish they'd arrest me for carrying it, because if they did we could have a trial with expert witnesses from both sides, and we'll prove this is a work of literary art with significance of social importance. And they'll have to let us go, and let the play go on. Instead they're arresting Allen Cohen; they've arrested Shig (for Howl), they're arresting Jay from the Psychedelic Shop, Ron from City Lights, on charges....I don't know what charges they're going to use. I hope they use the 311. They won't use 311 point whacha.ma-call-it on me. When they first busted The Beard at the Committee I said, "What's the charge? " to an arresting officer. At this time I didn't know what 311-anything was. And he said, "311.27 or whatever it is." And I said, "What does that mean? You have to tell me in English." And he said "211 point something or other ..." And I said, "No, no. You've got to tell me in English. It's the law." And he said, "It's obscenity...something or other.... mumble mumble..." This was back stage where they had interupted the last scene of the play with the whirring of police cameras.' And immediately afterwards arrested Billie Dixon, the viscous pomographer in the chartuse dress, and Richard Bright, who played the part of Billy the Kid. And when they got them down to the police station, they changed it. They, first of all, told me they were going to book them on 311. They got them down there and, they booked them on something else, and they changed it to lewd and disolute conduct in a public place, which is a municiple statute.

Allen Ginsberg called it a ruse, and he's absolutely right. If they can charge us with this municiple statute, the ACLU lawyer, Marshall Krause, has filed a demur, and had a hearing on it, and Judge Karesh is deciding now whether we can be charged with this or not. It would mean that Richard Bright and Billie Dixon would have to aign as sex offenders. This is a charge applied to those who display themselves in the park, and bother little boys in the lavatory. Okay. So by using this charge, they hope to sensor theatrical and film performances, and every city in California has a

statute like that. If they can make it apply to The Beard, it will apply throughout California and set a precedent for the country. It prevents use of expert witnesses from either side. It's a municipal statute. It would effectively prevent the performance of the play anywhere in California. And it's WAR. Kenneth Anger pointed it out. It is really war. And the cops there are symbols of it. They're walking, stumbling symbols. But what they're doing I suppose, is justified in their own hearts; but it is a war about whether we are going to express ourselves or not. And there's no doubt about it. And they're interested in silencing San Francisco, because San Francisco like Barcelona was in the 30's. We're a lot freer here than anywhere else in the country. We can do things here that we can't do in New York.

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI: The City Lights is putting the Love Book back on sale tomorrow.

KENNETH ANGER: Well, I apoligize to Mr. Wolf for coming, because...I'm Kenneth Anger. I make underground films. And as a matter of fact Michael McClure asked both me and Robert Duncan to come, and I was happy to come just to be here. That was all. And I'd like to just clue in Mr. Wolf that I don't qualify with initials after my name. That's because my parents would not pay for my college education, and nobody else would, so I dropped out. That's my own personal thing. But I spent twenty years educating myself as as best as I could...Anyway, I'm concerned about the laws in this city because I love this city. It is one of the very few beautiful places left in the world, and I mean both physically and spiritually I want to keep this city beautiful.

As a film artist, I'm really – it's more than in the world.

As a film artist, I'm really – it's more than delightful, it's something like sacred that I know that working in a corner of this city in the Mission district, there's Robert, there's Lenore, there's Michael – they're working, and I don't see them very often. The fact that I'm working and they're working, even though we don't communicate, with like letters, and coffee, and chat-chat this I mean to me is great. And I want to keep working and my next picture is going to be called, "Lucifer Rising".

JEFF BERNER: I published the Love Book three weeks before I went to Czechoslovakia to collect new material for an avant garde manifestian collections. The establishment of the United States is often very smug when it talks about Communist totalitarism. I went to Prague to find out that Milan Nijack (sic) who s a happener in Prague and had worn his hair down to his shoulders for about a year, he often makes manifestations in the streets, like playing a cello lying on his back in the middle of an intersection. Nijack, two days before I went into Prague, sounds like a liberation, two days before I went into Prague, the police took him off the streets with no papers and no warrants and shaved his head and they didn't beat him up and they didn't cut him up but they shaved his head. While I was there, we did some happenings and Dick Higgins did some happenings the next night, and after that experience, we hopped in Nijack's car drove down the streets of Prague, whereupon the police pulled him over to the side took him out of the car, checked his papers, and said, "What kind of weirdo are you? "No hair, huh?" And my reaction coming back to San Francisco I was here about 6 days before this happened and I love San Francisco and I'm very disappointed to see this similar attitude prevailing here. .....

KANDEL & MCCLURE
cont. from page 3

(Harlow) and Richard Bright (Billy the Kid) for performing on stage the beginnings of the ritual called love, both in words and in action, both in violence and softness. And the police considered them not as actors but as sexual offenders.

But it was the police who were sexual offenders in both McClure's censorship and in that of the arrest of Kandel's "The Love Book". Because McClure knew that the visual sexual act itself is not a public matter, it can only be expressed, felt, by the inner self, as Lenore has done so beautifully in her "Love Book". And to feel the wholeness and the holiness of her mate and herself, she wrote the two poems in the book... the titles themselves reveal their truth: GOD/LOVE Poem and TO FUCK WITH LOVE.

These two writers have taken the very human element of sex, its desire and fulfillment, and in their writing of it, have become the oracles of love. Many women who have read Kandel's book of poems have finally found a woman who has expressed their womanly desire for man. Lenore Kandel has taken a viewpoint rare for a woman--she has written a poem in terms and in the language that the woman herself (read that every woman, of every class, of every social upbringing) sees and feels the the excitement of sexual fulfillment in an act of love.

Miss Kandel has freed the word fuck for all women to see and read as they themselves have truly known the word. McClure too has freed the word, the images for the man.

His soon to be republished "Dark Brown" (published in 1960 by Auerhann Press) is the private diary and feelings of a man seeking to know himself and therefore to know his mate. The poems in "Dark Brown" are to speak of the inner sections of the mind, as 'The Beard' is to the outward flesh impressions of the inner desires. Both are breaking free and say "I love myself, I know myself, therefore I love you -- know you."

For these two writers, "KNOW" is the biblical word (Old Testament) for the act of making love, providing it is with love. The ancients knew the difference, and used three words for sexual intercourse during the narration of the tales of their folk-heroes. One either "KNEW" someone, "LAID WITH" someone, or "RAVISHED" someone.

Kandel's poem is the knowing of love, and "The Beard" presents the tale of two people who come to respect and know each. Kandel speaks of it in this manner: "to fuck with love/to love with all the heat and wild of fuck/the fever of your mouth devouring all my secrets and my alibis/leaving me pure/burned into oblivion/... by a flow of energy/beyond anything I have Known."

Both the wonders of Buddha and secret meanings of the Bible are strung together in a spiritual quest of love, for in the end "SCREAMING DELIGHT" over the entire universe/and beyond/we lie together, our bodies wet and burning, and/in the end she and her mate have discovered the glories and holiness and secrets of the wonders of the teachings of the Kama Sutra... with an "energy/indescribable/almost unendurable" but it is a fulfilling of God's very first commandment (Genesis 2:23):

"And the man said: 'This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man.' Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh. And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and they were not ashamed."

Miss Kandel's poem "TO FUCK WITH LOVE," Phase I, speaks of "positions and pleasures of need my body transforms into one enormous mouth..."(and)..."he explodes volcano-tipped inside me my veins drip sperm /my GOD the worship that it is to fuck!" In Phase II the poet reveals that "I/you/ reflected in the golden mirror we are avatars of/ Krishna and Radha", and then ends "Phase III" with a softness of warmth and trembling without fear, and she reflects "at night sometimes I see our bodies glow."

The glow of which she speaks is that which she reveals at the end of GOD/ LOVE POEM: "love touches love/the temple and the god/are one."

She is the oracle of love that is given to the reader, though the police have remained blind to her "Love Book". But this is not a new discovery for Miss Kandel, who more than six years ago wrote in her poem "First they Slaughter the Angels", that "they" have denied both Christ and cock/ and diagnosed Buddha as catatonic/emasculated the priests and the holy men and/censored even the words of love."

And in the end she cries out in joy, even as the Haight-Ashbury did on November 22, 1966, "They Shall Murder No More Angels!/not even us."

Miss Kandel knows and senses what Michael McClure has so wisely called the MEAT SCIENCE. McClure, who like kandel, writes on subjects far more in scope than sex and love, knows in the end all must return back to the concept of how one can meet his meat with love. In Kulture #8, McClure wrote in his essay, "Phi Upsilon Kappa", (which is to be included in the second edition of his City Lights Book, "Meat Science Essays" that:

"Outside of our stable visions of ourselves and behind the walls in our spirits is EVERYTHING! All unmade acts and generosities and aspirations move there --a tangle--weaving one into the other like vines and briers. Among them are a few actions that would cause suffering but how much more good lies there!
What new virtues men could bring into being if there were no walls and inescapable visions! What if each vision were stepped through. and each image broken?
No man can be denied a deep desire or kept from an honest word. Fuck!

cont. on pg 22

KANDEL & MCCLURE
cont. from page 21

"Sing fuck. Shout fuck. Say anything from deep within.

"FUCK!" The word fuck is a mantra. (Sanscrit: man is the first syllable of manana or thinking. Tra is from trana or liberation from the samsara or phenomenal world. Mantra calls thought-freedom forth!) Besides the sexual meaning of fuck the barrier against it makes it mantra. It will call forth. Shout FUCK and break your image up! Say SHIT! Shout CUNT! Say all the words that are denied to you and make all deep desired acts that are mortal and have perfect meaning to your meat."

Kandel and McClure have broken through the ice that froze over the words of their bodies. They are poets--complete poets--in vision and in technique. They have said that these words shall not be evil in themselves...or made evil by the mind. They are saying with Steve Richmond Venice poet and editor, when he broadcasted as his headline to his free newspaper, "Earth Rose", "Fuck Hate!" They and he know that it means to convert hate to love, to free oneself, and thus meet another with love. They know what their words are saying.

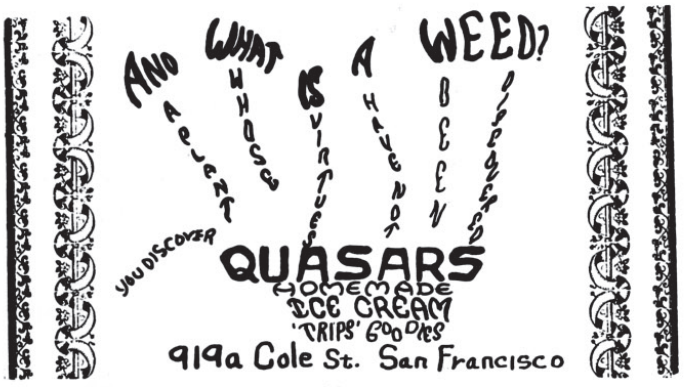
Someday the police will too.

Then they will be CLEAN.

LATE FLASH:

The Courts of San Francisco have returned two verdicts which helps to cleanse the city of its crime against the New Community.

Judge Karesh has ruled that the actors in "The Beard" were CLEAN, and the police did rob the Psychedelic Shop of Kandel's book and other materials and must return them. Hate has been Fucked.



WATER - IF YOU HAVE THIRST
WAR - IF YOU WIN
WISDOM - IF YOU LISTEN CLOSELY
HATE - YOURS FOR ANOTHER
HANDS - TO COMFORT AND CARESS
AND WHATEVER PLEASES YOU
AND WHAT THE LEADER SAYS (IF ITS YOUR SIDE)
TRUTH TO EACH HIS OWN TO EACH HIS BELIEF
THE COMMUNISTS SHOULD
THE DEMOCRATS THINK
THE NEWSPAPERS PRINT WHAT THEY WISH

I AM A [NAZI / NIGGER / NEO-FASCIST] AN [AMERICAN / RUSSIAN / AUSTRALIAN] OR [SOUTH AFRICAN - GERMAN / FRENCH - ENGLISH - IRISH] ETC.

SEX [MALE AND FEMALE MADE HE / MOVE OVER BABY / SAY THATS NICE] [NORMAL - ABNORMAL - YOUNG / WHOLESALE - RETAIL - OLD - NEUTER]

GOVERNMENTS THATS WHAT THEY SAY
THATS WHAT THEY SAY
AVE ROMA IMMORTALIS
OR KILLING THE ENEMY
KILLING THE ENEMY
KILLING THE OTHER SIDE
OR APPLES - PEARS - PRUNES - LOVE / APRICOTS - BERRIES - MOTHERBERRIES / NECTARINES - ORANGES - GRAPES / PLUMS - STRAWBERRIES - LEMONS [IF YOU DONT EAT TOO MANY / IF YOU DONT GET SICK / IF YOU CAN AFFORD THEM]

DO IT AGAIN BABY
IT AGAIN BABY LOVE
IT ONE MORE TIME

WATER - IF YOURE DROWNING
WAR - IF YOU LOSE
WISDOM - WHEN ITS HIDDEN
HATE - ANOTHERS FOR YOU
HANDS - TO HURT AND KILL WITH
AND WHATEVER YOU DONT LIKE
AND WHAT THE LEADER SAYS [ESPECIALLY WHEN ITS / THE OTHER SIDE]
TRUTH THERE IS ONLY MINE
THERE IS ONLY THIS SIDE
WE NEVER LIE

INHERENT - DORMANT THERE
INHERENT IN ALL THINGS

SEX ESPECIALLY IF YOU FEAR
ESPECIALLY IF YOU HAVE SHAME

BOMBINGS WHEN ITS HERE
WHEN ITS U.S.
WHEN ITS YOURLIFE
AND NEVER THINKING THERE ARE OTHERS
NEVER KNOWING LOVE
NEVER KNOWING LOVE LOVE

DARKNESS WITHOUT LIGHT
DONT LEAVE ME BABY
DOES ANYONE REALLY KNOW - MAN

DIRTY BOOKSELLER
cont. from page 5

are so full and I can't judge this case alone by myself. How about a three judge panel." Perhaps four or five, I thought, and we can judge the judges and the police and the politicians---

The shofar (ram's horn) is blown Yom Kippur, The Day of Atonement is over, the sun sets over Brooklyn rooftops. My stomach is moaning from a single day's fast. The crowd is smiling, pushing, sweating its way out of the synagogue door; old men fainting from heat and prayer and fasting; the fat middle class on its way home to huge sunset dinner and TV evenings. Joan is pushing through the chattering women. She's dressed in white, vivid, alive, glowing. Our hands reach through many bodies and join and wait to be pushed through the door. The touch of her hand is the only sensation in the universe. The rest is light and a river flowing through the temple door.

In court eleven years and two months later the "people's" judges prepare to censor and judge me for selling a poem to a representative of the official neo-Nazi government waitting to take office, to reveal itself--a poem with the lines

sacred our acts and our actions
sacred our parts and our persons
sacred the sacred cunt
sacred the sacred cock
miracle! miracle! sacred the primal miracle
sacred the god-animal twisting and wailing
sacred the beautiful fuck

In the car riding to court I read a review of a singer at the hungry i, the same girl, now a woman, manifested as a Goddess of Love on the day of the Trial of the Love Book, the girl whose hand I held on the high holy day of atonement when I learned at fifteen that God is Love.

YOGA & PSYCHEDELIC MIND

cont. from page 8

chakra is a source of electrical energy, and radiation depending on its acuteness and conscious sensitivity. The chakra can be awakened through concentration, through the chanting of Mantras and breathing technique (Pranayama).

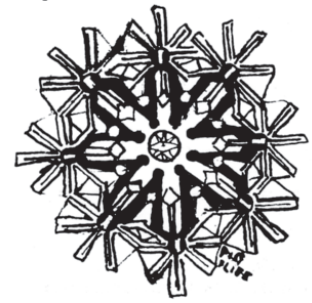
Energy can be drawn up through the spinal cord (SUSHUMNA) in much the same way that mercury rises through a glass thermometer. Physiologically, the Kingdom of God is within. As we open up (overcome fear) so are we able to increase the flow and circulation of light and electrical energy in our bodies. This is being truly enlightened, truly independent, and self-reliant.

I see Yoga as a guide to physical, spiritual, and material freedom; a vast counter-balance against the increasing constrictiveness of behaviouristic science which is gaining power in the control of acid as an experimental technique. Doctors should be learning from us.

It's not the past that's changing the future, but the present that alters both the future and the past. If the circuit is broken, start it up. Wilhelm Reich segmentized the body into seven different parts, not unlike the Yogic chakras. Each segment could be opened up by a series of yoga-like exercises and massages, and his orgone energy is cosmic energy interpreted in biological terms. Gurdjieff used Yoga as a de-hypnotizing technique, in order to free people from the limited stagnation of atrophied thought. Huxley saw Yoga as an integral "way (TAO) of life" whose ultimate end is love, union and brotherhood

But more than that, I see Yoga as a positive and meaningful way of effecting social change; Ashrams replacing hospitals and sanitariums, where people can "drop out" of society meaningfully and constructively; religious workshop centers and reading rooms where consciousness can be explored; peace movements and passive-resistance movements not unlike Gandhi's SATYAGRAHA where means and end are not in conflict, but one.

The climate is change, the danger an O. D. We live in an amalgamated society, witnessing the end of the Piscean Era, and the Dawn of the Aquarian Age. It's up to the young people, the new Aquarians, to manifest that change. Love, service, beauty Yoga seem to fit. Meet with friends, find council, sing together, chant.



MALCOLM'S GRANARY

Malcolm's Granary will be opening soon at Malcolm Jones' storefront at 1722 Page St., and will be a "basis for traditional food."

Starting with organically-grown brown rice, Malcolm plans to deal whole grains of all sorts. He will have things like buckwheat groats, oatmeal, nuts, coffee beans, tea and spices.

The Granary will not be just a macrobiotic supply store, though those foods will be available.

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For wantad rates call The Oracle, 626-6554

TOWN HALL MEETING

The super-organization of Haight-Ashbury organizations will have another town hall meeting to discuss the problem of police community relations in Haight-Ashbury. The meeting will be held at St. Agnes Gymnasium on Page Street between Ashbury and Masonic, Thursday, Jan. 5, at 8 pm. The Oracle foresees imminent change and urges your attendance.

HIP JOBS

The Haight-Ashbury Independent Proprietors have established a part-time job service for the particular purpose of getting various odd jobs for anyone interested in sporadic work.

If you have a chore for someone, need a lawn mowed a wall painted, etc., please call 861-7074 or write to Haight-Ashbury Independent Proprietors Job Service (HIP JOBS), 1542 Haight St.

If you want to work, come by and talk to "Camy." Anyone qualifies, no dress requirements, etc. All that's necessary is an interest to work. If this job service works, it will be because it's based on trust and the mutual good will between employer and employed. The HIP JOBS secretary will earn her income by receiving 5% of each person's pay.

Annex 13
856 COLE
S.F. HAIGHT-ASHBURY'S
NEW AND GROWING
BOOK-STORE

FILLMORE BILLY RIDES AGAIN

by Michael McCausland

Bill Graham's Fillmore Auditorium rock-dance-concert comes alive most every week including Sunday afternoons (children under 12 free) in light-sound explosions. Complete with what must be San Francisco's finest collection of deliciously mod little dolly rockers.

This past weekend was no exception. Love from L. A., the Lee Michaels Quartet, and one of S. F.'s newest rock-group excitements, the Moby Grape.

The Moby Grape is unbelievable. On one end is the lead guitarist who looks a little like Sonny of Sonny and Cher and plays in the same creative category as James Gurly of the Holding Company only cleaner, and Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead, the grandpapa of San Francisco. This, needless to say, is quite an accomplishment. (He said it!)

To his left is the Marvel comic book version of Huck Finn. He is one of, if not the most, magnetic FLASH! rock characters today. He jumps, stamps, jolts, sings and plays.

Next to him is the super blue bass love, Blockbang, vocalist and madman. Quiet, who's this on the end? Why it's Mr. Hollywood and he's good too. Somewhere up in back and not far behind is the drummer. He also sings. Put them all together it spells groovy.

As I said before, Love was there too and they can be very good but I found them difficult to get behind due to the Moby Grape-Buffalo Springfield (who came over from the Avalon during an intermission) and friends' jam session. "I've got murder in my heart for the judge."

I missed Lee Michaels Saturday nite but caught them Sunday afternoon. They have a good driving style and should have no trouble establishing themselves as a very fine group.

Over at the Avalon the Buffalo Springfield was carrying the ball. They are very much together both instrumentally and vocally and come off more commercial on stage than on record, which is usually the reverse. (Consider the Jefferson Airplane's first watered down album.)

Also playing was the Daily Flash, who I enjoyed more this weekend than I have before. They have a tendency to lose direction, mostly in their instrumentals and I wish they would give their bass player more time vocally. I would have enjoyed hearing him solo on Dylan's "Queen Jane" which they do very well.

Completing the Avalon show was the Congress of Wonders and they are! Three distinctly attractive and talented individuals who began by reading and skitting John Lennon's material but who have since switched to performing their own.

Uncle Trippy's Mystic Guru, Flesh Gordon and the Stone Men, Lloyd of the Baboons, and the Uncle Trippy cartoon, wherein Mickey Mouse and Goofy turn Donald Duck on for the first time, are but a few of their truly exciting comical routines.

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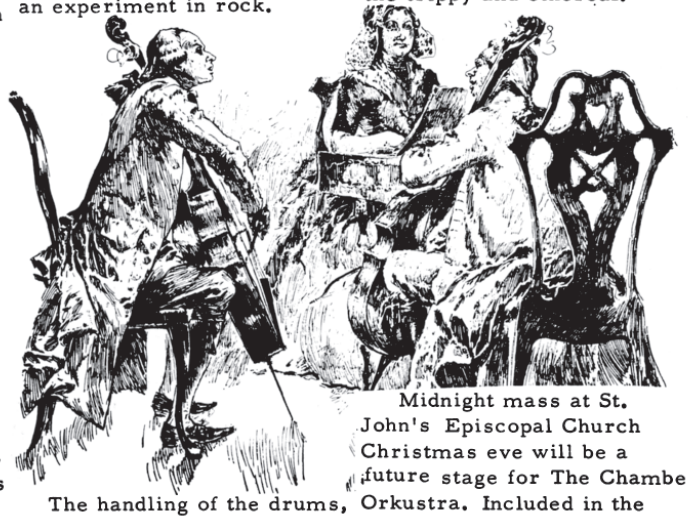
THE CHAMBER ORKUSTRA
A MUSICAL REVIEW

A select few was present and turned on by last Thursday's Pooh debut of The Chamber Orkustra, a five-piece precedent of electronic orchestration. Newly-formed by the top-hatted Robert Beausoleil, the group consists of a violin, guitar, and oboe, all played with exquisite precision, as well as bass, which supplied a subtle back-up, and the permeating beat of drums. They played a type of contemporary classical jazz with their unique electronic twist. A revised Samuel Barber piano exercise began the performance, followed by various ethnic pieces and an experiment in rock.



The handling of the drums, instruments always in danger of monotonous dominance, especially in a group that strives for the yin side of music, was executed delicately by the many metacarpals of Mark Mower. His subtle beats supplied the moods when they could have destroyed them. Jaime Leopold showed himself to be the perfect choice, on bass, for this unique style of music. The guitar was a surprise, relinquishing its usual loud twangs. Robert Beausoleil subdued the strings to a humble background and solos of classical quality. David Laflamme deviated from his "eighteen years' experience" with the classical violin and passionately performed on his electrified experiment. Henry Rasof rose his oboe and demonstrated his finesse with the instrument. The sound produced by Henry stimulated one's sense of the trippy and ethereal.

Midnight mass at St. John's Episcopal Church Christmas eve will be a future stage for The Chamber Orkustra. Included in the performances on future dates are a sitar and bozuki, a Greek instrument, played by Robert Beausoleil.

Penny DeVries
Claire Hamilton

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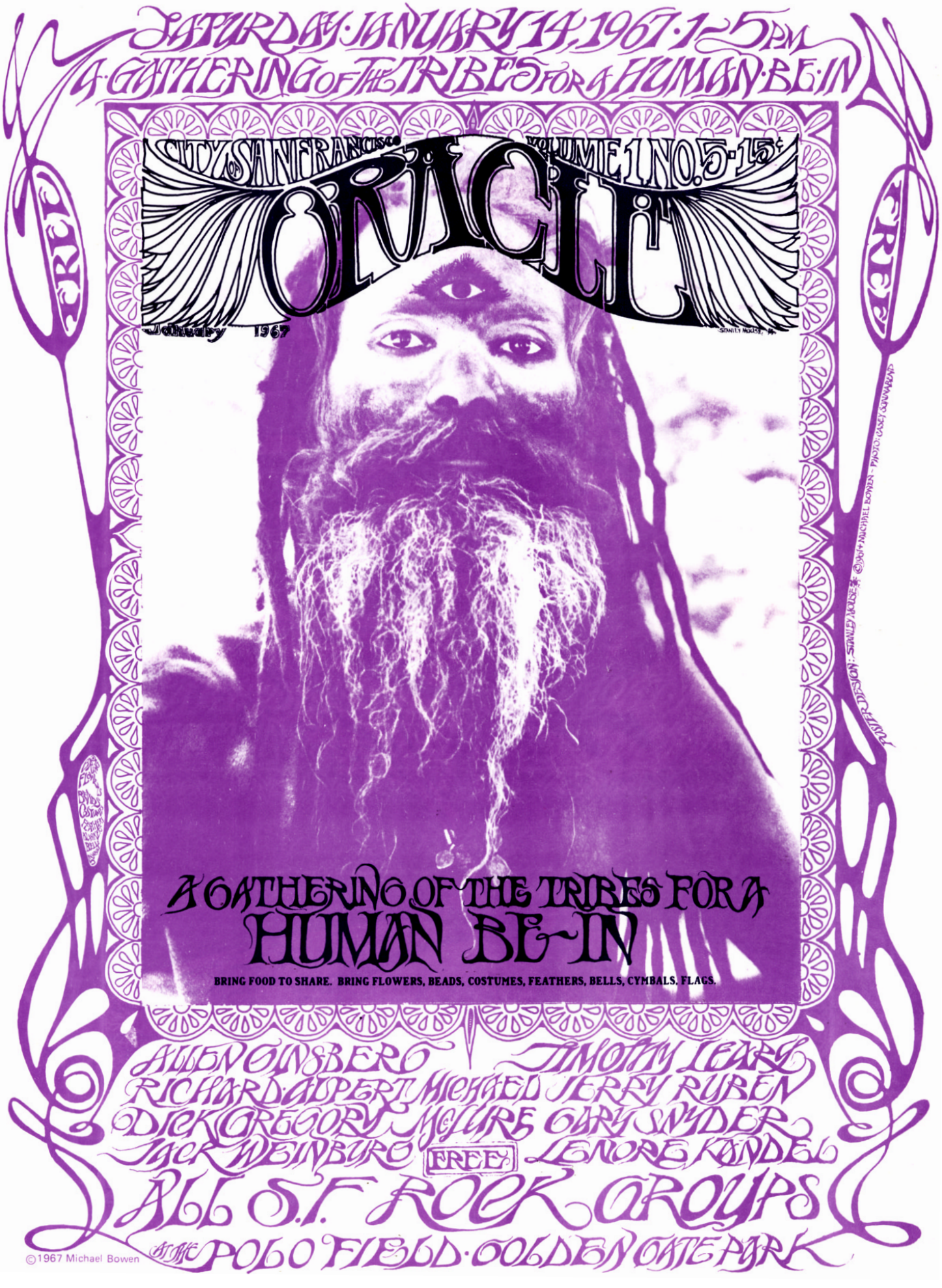
SATURDAY · JANUARY 14, 1967 · 1–5 PM
A · GATHERING OF THE TRIBES FOR A HUMAN · BE · IN
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VOLUME 1 NO. 5 · 15¢
ORACLE
January 1967
STANLEY MOUSE
A GATHERING OF THE TRIBES FOR A
HUMAN BE-IN
BRING FOOD TO SHARE. BRING FLOWERS, BEADS, COSTUMES, FEATHERS, BELLS, CYMBALS, FLAGS.
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ALL S.F. ROCK GROUPS
AT THE POLO FIELD · GOLDEN GATE PARK
©1967 Michael Bowen

A union of love and activism previously separated by categorical dogma and label mongering will finally occur ecstatically when Berkeley political activists and hip community and San Francisco's spiritual generation and contingents from the emerging revolutionary generation all over California meet for a Gathering of the Tribes for a Human Be-In at the Polo Field in Golden Gate Park on Saturday, January 14, 1967, from 1 to 5 p.m.

Twenty to fifty thousand people are expected to gather for a joyful Pow-Wow and Peace Dance to be celebrated with leaders, guides, and heroes of our generation: Timothy Leary will make his first Bay Area public appearance; Allen Ginsberg will chant and read with Gary Snyder, Michael McClure, and Lenore Kandel; Dick Alpert, Jerry Rubin, Dick Gregory, and Jack Weinberg will speak. Music will be played by all the Bay Area rock bands, including the Grateful Dead, Big Brother and the Holding Co., Quicksilver Messenger Service, and many others. Everyone is invited to bring costumes, blankets, bells, flags, symbols, cymbals, drums, beads, feathers, flowers.

Now in the evolving generation of America's young the humanization of the American man and woman can begin in joy and embrace without fear, dogma, suspicion, or dialectical righteousness. A new concert of human relations being developed within the youthful underground must emerge, become conscious, and be shared so that a revolution of form can be filled with a Renaissance of compassion, awareness, and love in the Revelation of the unity of all mankind. The Human Be-In is the joyful, face-to-face beginning of the new epoch.

COVER DESIGN BY MOUSE

COVER PHOTO BY CASEY SONNABEND

The Haight Ashbury is, as far as I can see, the purest reflection of what is happening in consciousness, at the leading edge in the society. There is very little that I have seen in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, that is giving me the hit that this place is because it has a softness that is absolutely exquisite. And it's that softness and kind of gentleness about the way its happening; people just wanting to live and do it quietly and gracefully and gently, you know, and being there for each other that's all. And the music reflects it and the way the religious celebrations are being had here which are the turn-on moments that we are all having. There was this book that came out, you all saw it, called IT'S HAPPENING, I think, which is really interesting. It's a very badly written book, it's written from the sociological standpoint but the tone of it and what it reflects is really interesting because it gives a lot of the flavor of this process that's occurring where humanity is coming back into human enterprise. And the ORACLE is the closest I can see to getting that message through. Because any papers that come out of the really high neurotic energy centers like New York or Los Angeles have that hard reflection to them, see? You go into the New York lower east side and there is a paranoia count that's higher than here. And it's a harder paranoia, it's not the kind of emotional sweeps of paranoia we all have around here. Because we've all gotten very open and trusting, then we get paranoid for a moment and then we open up again. But in these very high energy centers there's a very deep pervasive paranoia that is like about everything around you always when you're out on the street all the time and everybody gets more exquisite ego games going, sort of in place of what's happening here. The beautiful thing is whether or not the ORACLE can so reflect this and can be heard loudly enough. See, now I saw Newsweek this week, I guess. They had an article on the Grateful Dead and the Fillmore and stuff like that. Now that was a beautiful article. It reflected the tone and it was not a negative put down sort of thing. It was gentle and it got just the same message that the publicity got out of the be-in on October 6th. Beautiful coverage. I mean, to me what is completely confusing is that newspaper reporter who's asking questions when you're making a statement at another level and he doesn't understand why you're making the statement. And he can understand: they did this to us and we are gonna do this to them. He can understand all the dances at that level, he's a master of the dance analysis, pattern analysis, but when you just go straight vertical rather than horizontal, then he's completely confused. Just completely confused. See, the essence of who the people are that are part of this revolution or evolution are people who if they are really listening to what's happening are turning in on their own experiences and working on themselves and growing as individuals, not as ego individuals, not as "this is my work", but working on their internal liberation. And what kind of a paper is for the person who is working on his own internal liberation, and put out for people who are working on their own internal liberation? Now, your line of "We're spending so many hours we don't have time to work on ourselves" That, you understand, is so much bullshit because: when better to work on yourself than when you're caught in an external game, you know? That's the challenge, that's the real turn-on thing to do. Anybody can sit in a meditation room and get cool, pretty much now. But not anybody can walk out in the market place and not get freaked. Like a lot of the papers that come out -- a lot of the hip papers -- I don't want to have in my home because they bring me down. Now you say, "Well the world of reality is a bring-down, man. There's police brutality and there is all this stuff." Well, to me that is what Mario Savio's fighting, and to

(cont. on p. 10)

by Mukundah Das Adhikary

IN THE EARLY THIRTIES EVANGELINE ADAMS OF NEW YORK WAS HAULED INTO COURT, AND CHARGED WITH FRAUD. ALTHOUGH THE JUDGE ADVISED HER HE WOULD DISMISS THE CASE, MRS. ADAMS BROUGHT THE CASE TO TRIAL AND PROVED BEFORE THE JURY THAT ASTROLOGY IS A SCIENCE NOT MAGIC. PERHAPS A "DEADLY" ACCURATE CALCULATION HAD FREAKED SOMEONE. IN 1944, CHAIRMAN MAO TSETUNG, AT AN HISTORIC MEETING OF CULTURAL AND EDUCATIONAL WORKERS AT YENAN, EMPHASIZED THE NECESSITY OF CO-OPERATION OF TRADITIONAL CHINESE AND WESTERN MEDICINE TO WIPE OUT DISEASE. IN 1955 THE RESEARCH Institute of Acupuncture and Moxibustion began the study of healing diseases by these methods. Today acupuncture is included in the curriculum of all medical colleges and schools.

Our astronomers and medical practitioners would be stunned to learn that their real great grandaddies were sedentary Persian wizards and bearded Chinese sorcerers. We live in the myth that ancient astrologers and medical men (alchemists too, for that matter) conjured-up enigmatically their findings. That is why astrology is ignored by astronomers and why only one out of two thousand doctors has ever heard of the Nei Ching (the 2000-year-old "Yellow Emperor's Classic of Internal Medicine"--one of the profoundest medical works of all time). And, that is why one can "read" one's future in the stars in a twenty-five cent pulp publication and regain perfect health by visiting a "health" food outlet. This is magic.

But now we are sensing a truer revival of astrology and ancient medicine. The wisdom of the old astrologers who picked the weather-breaking day for Hope Cooke's Himalayan wedding and more solemnly predicted the outbreaks of World Wars One and Two to the day; the wisdom of homeopathy and George Ohsawa's philosophy of Oriental medicine and Zen Macrobiotics.

In the "sensing" we are turning to things of the past, looking for our roots like the men of the Renaissance. It appears that we are in the midst of a cyclic process like Toynbee's challenge and response. This age challenges us with modern instruments, technology (bombs, bullets and bullshit), and we respond with the I Ching, spiritualism and drugs. From supermodern to primitive!

The most challenging question is, "can we continue to evolve technologically?" Malthus thought no because of population outstripping the food supply. Johnson implies no with reckless words about terminal weapons. No, we are not looking to the past; we are being driven out of the present. Would-be IBM policy-makers are on the ever-enlarging drop-out list. The more cars, the more tragic deaths; the more "medical" techniques for prolonging life, the more robots.

Will Brave New World be re-revisited in 1977? The hole in the soul is not in the shoe. If we are to evolve technologically, I believe we will become robots. But now what of the soul? (continued on page 8)

NEW YEAR'S DAY VISUALITIES

NEW YEAR'S DAY

In the park, in the chill day -- light the new year with a gray edge on it hard and bright; the world's beginning, the world's end.

Bemused photographers, stoned on the visualities, clutching cameras; tall photographers, short photographers, yellow, black and white photographers. The Panhandle a kaleidoscope, a hundred thousand snowflakes falling on the water -- snowflakes with beards, with floor length dresses, with high top hats with kids and dogs, with feathers, singing, shells and bones. Reasons only understood. Not stated.

No reason: a portly man of indeterminate age -- 25 or 60 -- strolling gravely underneath an umbrella made of ties, his flowing white wig protected by a flowered hat. The word went around that he was Santa Claus; to kids he'd grant an audience, explaining, with dignity in keeping with his wine-colored corduroy coat, that he was not, in fact, Santa Claus, and then, giving his umbrella a shake, he'd stroll on.

Hell's Angels pretty much keeping to one corner of the park, protected by an impatient herd of motorcycles--a little out of stride by the time and the place and no necessity for being terrible. Standing very straight with their hands in their back pockets. Angel chicks clutching possessively, dressed in black stretch pants and shiny patent leather boots, eyeing with pride mixed with hostility the hippy chicks in their dangling earrings and feathered hair.

The Angels and the Diggers organized it; he said so in Gleason's column.

In the grass by the side of the road, directly across from the party of motorcycles, a straight looking young man sitting in lotus position, smiling faintly while the cars and the sweet pretty pussy went by.

Beautiful brown chick with tambourine riding a motorcycle, her arms around the neck of a country-looking cat, as white and hillbilly as ever could be, both laughing. "Hey, hey! Look what I copped! The next best thing to an Angel!", she sang, beating the tambourine. "The next best thing to an Angel?", he asked, startled, and they both laughed.

A gypsy wagon on the grass; in the children's park a combo wailed. "There's a lot of people sittin' in front of me, but I don't see many smiles", the loudspeaker said, and went on kindly, "If you'd just reach over and touch your neighbor's hand--" But people went about their business, kindly ignoring the loudspeaker.

Their business was the business of snowflakes: here and there dancing in pretty circles, caoght by a sudden gust of music then just drifting and glittering, admiring each other. Touching happening, but unnecessary: snowflakes falling on the water are one.

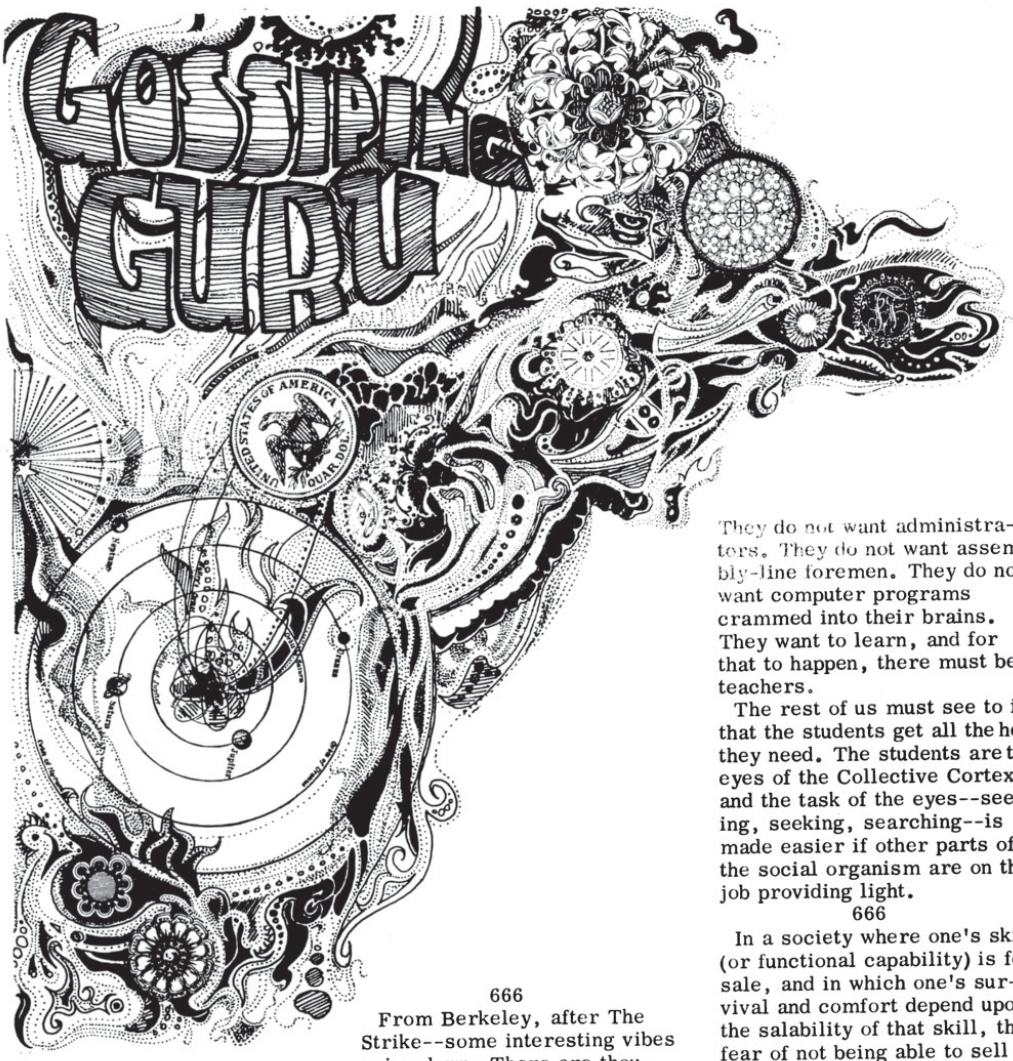
Night came, and it was still going on, but with a new mood. A few of the Angels, having been drinking steadily all day, like everybody one way or the other, now wandered further away from their mechanical wall, tentatively belligerent. But how can you be belligerent to a defrocked Santa Claus? Or a hippy who looks just like you except he's wearing a button that says, "I am a hope freak"? And then, remembering that they were the stars and that for once everybody was stoned, they wandered back to the cycles.

New Year's Day at the other end of America. In the park, a gathering of 3,000 Hope Freaks welcomed in the unknown times with public incantations and personal expressions of faith in the feasability of man.

Barbara laMorticella

TO HUMANS AT THE BE-IN

VISITORS TO SAN FRANCISCO FOR THE GATHERING OF THE TRIBES WHO WOULD LIKE TO DISTRIBUTE THE ORACLE IN THEIR HOME TOWN OR SCHOOL OR UNIVERSITY, CONTACT THE ORACLE AT 1542 HAIGHT ST. BEHIND PRINT MINT AND UP THE STAIRS.



Individual Voices Emerging from the Collective Cortex:

A child's prayer: "The sun and the sky and the birds and the trees are all a little like me."

"A vote for mental health is a vote against good times!"

"Reasoned self-interest is no longer sufficient to determine the ruling principles of the social group."

666

O the problems of the middle-class hippie:

Attempting to integrate the Anglo-Germanic gods of Industry and Order with the spirit of Eastern Serenity...well, you can see the problem.

At any rate, it seems apparent to the Guru that a real and viable synthesis of Eastern and Western modes of consciousness is taking place, and the result is sure to be the most powerful cognitive tool ever to fall into the hands of men of good will.

So, all you brothers and sisters who are tempted to transcend the suburban game-structure, come on in, the water's fine; the only equipment necessary is the desire to do what is right and a measure of courage (there are rough spots, to be sure, but that's to be expected in any pioneering venture).

666

From Berkeley, after The Strike--some interesting vibes going down. There are thousands of students living in this community, and a good many of them are most eager to have a university at their disposal.

Here is this property--buildings, books, tools, and some beautiful landscape--and there are all these kids who really WANT the whole thing.

The men who administrate (or rule, to be accurate) the University are primarily concerned with the factory-like process of imparting the ability to play certain societal games unto the masses of youth who pass through the gates of this institution. These administrators see to it that there is a continuous supply of trained, conditioned brainpower to man the engines of Industry, Commerce, and Government.

But most of the kids have another idea of what should happen to them in the University, and some of them are turned-on, conscious people. They know what can be done if the facilities of America's greatest institution of higher learning were put to truly conscious purposes. These students will strike, protest, petition, and harass the authorities, and then they will demand that their teachers be as turned-on, as developed in Higher Consciousness; as they are themselves.

The Students want Teachers! They do not want administrators. They do not want assembly-line foremen. They do not want computer programs crammed into their brains. They want to learn, and for that to happen, there must be teachers.

The rest of us must see to it that the students get all the help they need. The students are the eyes of the Collective Cortex, and the task of the eyes--seeing, seeking, searching--is made easier if other parts of the social organism are on the job providing light.

666

In a society where one's skill (or functional capability) is for sale, and in which one's survival and comfort depend upon the salability of that skill, the fear of not being able to sell one's functional capability in the marketplace produces behavioral rigidity and social conformity. When a man's functional capabilities are considered commodities in an economy, he can only prostitute himself, pervert his life, and deny most of the possibilities of self, for his communion is not one of the self's totality to the institution, but only a part of his whole identity.

There is an institution, the United State of America by name, the members of which are joined on the basis of What Each Does For His Living. Who are you? "Oh, I'm in the insurance game." "I'm a career soldier." "I'm in business for myself." "Got this gig over at..." Who really are you? Thou Art God. The institution (America), in order to relate to its individual members, must therefore take into consideration each member's divinity.

The times they are a'changin'.

And the changes will be That Big, O my Brothers.

Because we are all of us doin' the changes, and there is a source of illumination that tells us, whenever we take time to listen, what is the right thing to do. The genetic code does not lie, it does not deceive, and it is not interested in anyone's autonomy over anyone else.

So, when you're tuned in to the Collective Cortex--LISTEN TO WHAT IT HAS TO SAY.

666

From SOLCO, a good piece of advice: "The politics of consciousness expansion appear to be following a predictable course, Unfortunately there is too much force in opposition, rather than in collaboration. It is always up to the more conscious party in a social interaction to go more than half way in overriding paranoia..."

666

Many of us are waiting eagerly for the next edition of Tim Leary's Psychedelic Prayers to come out. It is an ideal gift, in view of the number of friends and acquaintances of Us who are planning their first voyages.

666

No recipes this week, but we have received one rumor that might be a revelation in disguise: On January 12th, it has been told, a flying saucer will land in Candlestick Park to deliver a message of profound import unto the hippie populace. Well, we all know that We Aren't Alone in this cosmos. Maybe...

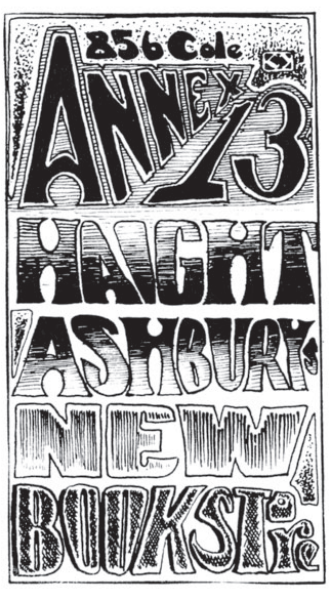
666

"Time is breath," Gurdjieff says, another important message from yesterday and all the "crazy" people we once ignored, and we are beginning to learn much about breath in our building of the Stoned Age and a world in which at-one-ement is not merely possible but also an everyday process both socially and individually.)

From Alexander Pope (of all places):

"Remembrance and reflection, how allied.

What thin partitions thought from sense divide."



from Letters from Mexico
By Geoff Brown

....I had watched one of these birds on a rock in the frothing cataract of the upper river, I was hidden in a cave & part of the rock, it was all his scene, he throated his call out piercing the roar of the river--a visible note or finger seeking the chord inside each thing that sings--his whole body would jump thru his throat with each note of his call, I almost saw his body flying down the river riding his call, while the water churned around the rock & over his feet, he sent his call out & his woman came riding down on it, like the Indian who sends his song out to call his soul back before dawn catches it out riding the night: his soul rides his song on home, --& the two birds took off banking down the sides of the gorge faster than any cataract, perfect fliers taking advantage of every spray & crash of air to lift them out faster, & they came buzzing the air back up the river saying "urge, and fly". -- And now I see the bird banking back onto his rock, with each thrust piercing the mist around him, the muscles of the river like sleek lions purring underneath him.

I bowed to that bird, & kissed the ground of that place before I left. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. --And she takes my thanks like she does the clouds drifting over her, & the trees when they fall. (And the light opens her & a million green eyes tremble like stars all over her body.) And my giving thanks makes me shine, makes the love pour into me even stronger. Whom can I thank for allowing me to give thanks? Whom can I thank for this love pouring into me even stronger? And whom can I thank for the golden opportunity--to give thanks for that too?

A Psalm Upon The Gathering Of All Tribes

They shall come in ones, in twos, in multitudes,
And they shall wear their banners
Within the tissues of their hearts,
And the blood of their heart shall spill out
Into the hearts of their companions,
And the tribes shall become one and be no more
Nor shall they weep, but rejoice
In the re-birth of man —
These sons of darkness and these sons of light,
They come to battle away their shame
And lie down naked to rise and dance
And be one, even as they are many:
The tribes come, strangers and fellows,
Believers and doubters, they come to see,
To sing, to blow their trumpets and shout
Peace upon all, peace upon one —
And if one shall doubt, all shall hear
And heed that rumor of agony — if one
Shall not lend a hand to another,
No hand shall be refrained from scorning
With slap, with anger, with spite,
The face of a stranger, of a fellow —
There are no chosen, there are no leaders,
There are only the names of tribes,
And the numerical value of the names,
Compiled, listed, added, incanted, and blessed,
Spell out a nation of no-name, a tribe
Of one-name, and the beholder of love
Shall see that name, and he shall know
The name of his tribe, the tribe which is man —
Seek, oh tribes, not a tribe, but thyself:
Look and discover that the God of the tribes
Is within you — that to Be He is to Be In
The Human Self of thee — neglect not the others,
For they are a part of you, your tribesmen —
Be they strangers or fellows — bless them
For they are thee, and thee are the tribes:
Gather all tribes, gather and sing,
Gather and dance — gather and resolve,
That tribes and ye-self shall fear no more
— Or joy will be but temporal, and
That the rats shall eat your babies,
That the bombs will eat your homes,
That the radium will eat your bones,
And you will eat the heart of thy-self,
And no blood will flow unto another's heart —
Oh gather oh tribes of man-kind,
Gather and hold out a hand to strangers,
To fellows, and to thy-self... gather, yea
Gather, and war no more — break down
The babel of tongues, and dance to love.

... Leland Meyerzove

THE NEW SCIENCE

(cont. from pg.4) Are we beginning to involve spiritualism in this frantic evolutionary race toward death-in-life?

Astrologers and practitioners of acupuncture served mankind when men were self-sufficient and religious. Today, sadly, there exist few expert practitioners of these sciences. The knowledge these men possess has been handed down from father to son for centuries. They are scientists, but not by-the-book scientists. The holy men of their ancestors' day also were scientists. And their science, like the astrologers', has been handed down by disciplic succession from master to disciple. These men were not by-the-book spiritualists. Their science was one of enquiry, not one of rote.

Now we are concerned with spiritualism. Today there exist precious few holy men who practice their religion as a science of enquiry. But those we hear of we are grateful for, because they act as telescopes into the past just like the genuine astrologer or acupuncturist. (The Chinese proverb says, "One evening with a Superior Man is better than ten years of study.") Their traditions are carefully preserved, not ballooned into distortion through massive peripheral writings and criticisms. Their science is its own critic because they know their relationship to time and space, and that science progresses by errors. The chemist who discounts the alchemist does not realize that he will be similarly discredited by his posterity.

Webster defines religion as a kind of faith -- a twentieth century definition, to be sure. Actually, religion is a science, as detailed, complex, and yes, enigmatic, as any science.

The Haight-Ashbury district is soon to be honored by the presence of His Holiness, A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami, a 71-year-old Sannyasi (the Sannyas order of life is the renounced order --no connection with family, money, etc.) who, by disciplic succession, is a genuine spiritual master. He was instructed by his spiritual master in India, Srila Prabhupada Bhakti Siddhanta Saraswati Goswami Maharaj to continue teaching the science of God in the United States.

Swamiji, as he is known to his devotees, will conduct daily classes in the Bhagavad Gita, discussions, chanting, playing instruments, and devotional dancing in a small temple in the neighborhood. He arrives this month.

The singing and dancing, called Samkirtan, originated with Lord Sri Chaitanya Mahaprabhu, a sixteenth century incarnation of Krishna.

Swamiji's use of the Hare Krishna Mantra (Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare, Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare), in the year or so he has been in this country, is already known throughout the United States. Swamiji's chanting and dancing is more effective than Hatha or Raja Yoga or listening to Ali Akbar K Khan on acid or going to a mixed media rock dance. I know from personal experience because I am his devotee.

Mukundah Das Adhikary

see all the beauty in our streets
the lithe and lovely
great and seemly ones
all wear a cool and kindly air
immensely young

Harry Monroe

BOTH·AND
OAK & DIVISIDERO
CHARLES LLOYD
QUARTET JAN 10-19
DANNY ZIETLIN
JAN 20-22

HAIGHT STREET
JAZZ BAND
JUKE BOX 1483 HAIGHT STREET
MONDAY THRU THURS. 9 TO 2

Photo by Andy deLore

LOVEBEAST
by Steve Levine

The Lovebeast has come among us. He is the slightly psychedelic zeit-geist of this brand new Aquarian Age. He has gone out of his cave, moving from darkness to light, more like the Resurrection than the Zarathustra. Out to find himself in others.

Standing in the midst and middle of a civilization of intersecting streets and roads--which seem to him to come and go but never to arrive--he looks up at the sky while wheeled machines gronk and klatter to either side because "it (the sky) caught my eye."

The Lovebeast is here, singing in crescendo to the rain and at dance in the desert. Fully alive, yodelling nonsense to the humor of leaf patterns. Digging about for roots and berries, arranging them in mosaic on the forest floor--to be left as gift to the joyous happenstance of a passer-by, a libation to the miracle of coincidence that supports him as he forages about for objects to touch and taste, for people he might say hello to. Or signalling a V-for-Victory with two erect fingers should he suspect "this thing" in another.

The Lovebeast sniffs the air and mates in holy gusto.

The Lovebeast is no longer atticed like an 18th century idiot because he believes Good&Bad to be absolutes but finds right/wrong to be quite pragmatic, sunk in relativity, something like a ship in a bottle.

The Lovebeast is the passage over and across the now-atomic razor's edge. He ascends the pentatonic scale of sanity (if this be reason)--passing Darwin like the Missing Link. He is not lacerated by the razor because he lives on all sides of it, and because it is not his razor. He does not partition reality (as it is illusion). He is the uncensorable beast of that correspondence of heart and mind that finds beauty beautiful, and knows the difference between warmth and fire, between Isis and Prometheus.

The Lovebeast recognizes the ubermensch, the Nietzchegenetic superman, to be a handsome cripple; while the luftmensch, the man of flight, is messenger of the gods.

The lovebeast loves the number 7. He does not however avoid other numerals. He avoids almost nothing on the first pass. He is much like Stranger in the Brave New World, but with even greater capacity. He is capable of changing rather than being changed. He tastes a new wine, handles living things, eats pieces of the earth prepared at his touch.

The Lovebeast often has a mane, though he is more valuable alive than dead (his death is the history of sorrow). The reward is infinite should the beast transmit his power for 'going-out'. He is even more precious than the California Condor, though there are those that would have him penned and demagnetized.

But these are the people that would rather be Torquemada than Don Quixote, rather be Aleister Crowley than Rama Krishna; rather be Pharaoh than Moses.

The Lovebeast is a drunkard that doesn't drink, a junkie that doesn't junk, a christ that doesn't Christian. And questions the difference between learning and teaching once both have begun.

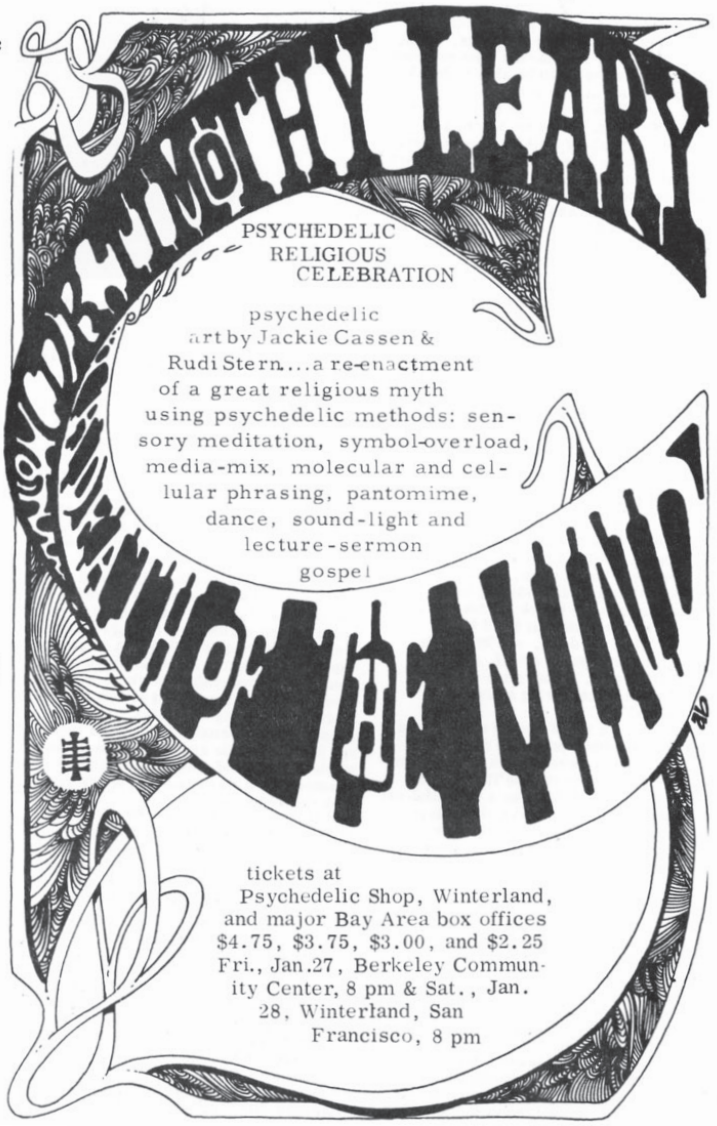
No longer relying on an alphabet based on the sign $, Lovebeast sits like Hamurabi on a wild beach, dealing with the economics of haiku; incising syllables in the wet sand before the advancing tide.

Anyone who has been harassed, falsely charged or illegally arrested by Officer A. Gerrans badge No. 624, please send details to the Oracle at 1542 Haight St. These letters will be used for charging the City and Police Department for false arrest and harassment.

LOVE HAIGHT ASHBURY BUSH

I live
in a beautiful neighborhood
no imaginary smell
of burning leaves
pervades its air
it is the truth
that's burning there
the beauty
of dementing insights
outcried
an invocation
of the oft denied
to the never named
a neighborhood that knows
no shame at loves astir
in winds that bring it fame
a city in the sun
where together parties run
of the first and second part
in an aura of new thought
and eternities of will
are in obeisance to change
the imagination walks
with rainbows hand in hand
and love denuding bushes
of their hate
predicts that trees will talk
entwining words with colors
making symbols bleed.

Harry Monroe



ALPERT (cont. from pg.3)

me that is still horizontal game playing. And, man, that's like all institutionalized already. That isn't the individual human being arising above it all. Not in my book it isn't. I mean not the way I'm conceiving at the moment or what I see, like what my work and my self is about.

I gave a lecture the other night and I started it by saying, "I was walking in the Haight-Ashbury district and a guy came up to me--a beautiful young guy and he asked me if I had any money, bread for him to buy some food, and I went through all my changes when he did that which ranged from, Oh shit, have we come to this--Like, is that the product of the psychedelic thing? Is like a beautiful, bright cat...barefooted, torn clothes... begging, you know? And then I went through the Buddha trip. And I went through, you know, what culture contest is and all that kind of thing to understand what that means when a human being is doing that in this day and age.

Or the story: as I was looking for real estate, a cat down on the lower East Side said, "Come on and have a drink. My scene isn't LSD, it's hash, but I'd like to talk to you anyway." And he said, "The LSD people next door, they're having a party up on the eighth floor and they were looking out over the terrace and one of the guys said, 'I think I'll jump.' And the other guy said, 'Cool!' And so he jumped and fell eight stories and he fell with his head against the curb broken and he was coughing blood out of his mouth and nose and this guy was watching out of his window, and the fellow on the curb, while the ambulance was coming, was blowing kisses at the people up on the eighth floor and saying, 'Here I am, dying in the gutter, looking at my friends. Goodbye... Goodbye.' And the ambulance came and he died." And the guy said to me, "Isn't that horrible. He was only nineteen. He had all that promise." And I said, "Well, what's so horrible about it?" I said, "His life made a pretty strong statement because you remembered it and you just told me and I am gonna tell lots of people." But, now, I dug like, how far out does my consciousness have to go to be able to break through and assess that act?

And when Dave says India is the sickest culture any of us have ever known and Dave tells me about walking down streets where boxes are lined up all the way down as far as you can see...
They are about this high and about the length of a casket and they are lined up three deep. And each one is somebody's home and everybody's got a parasitic disease and they are all dying.

And I dig like what happens when money goes and public service things and you know, like, what do we really mean when we're talking about a revolution of institutions in society? Which ones are we going to keep, you know? What about the blood plasma deals and all those games, and who's going to do it? I mean, here is a paper that is a beautiful statement of, like, literally thousands and thousands of people in a very small geographical area and we're sitting around wondering where the bread is going to come from to hire a secretary. Well, we don't want to drive so much so we don't need roads. We'd be happier on horseback. Walk, who needs to go so far anyway? We're there. Look, I did all those things, I dig cruising on a cruiser through the Greek islands but like, if there isn't a cruiser at hand it doesn't bring me down, you know, because I dig looking at a leaf, and we're all saying, "what price each thing, what price having a successful newspaper?"

Like I have a lot of friends who are the most irresponsible people in the terms of time that I've ever known. Like Tim Leary. He can say that he'll be somewhere and man he just met a beautiful cat and four hours later--I wait three days sometime--But when I'm with those guys sometime our consciousness just goes way out, I know why I was waiting. And I know with Steve and Artie, and I know with certain cats all around the country whose minds are so exquisite, man, I'd sit on the street corner for days waiting for that goddam mind because it's so beautiful.

Gurdjief had this beautiful thing, you know, this wonderful thing, in Ouspensky, where Ouspensky was really bugged, because Gurdjieff would never plan his meetings on time. And Gurdjieff was always being funny. " I'm leaving for Moscow Sunday morning, no more meetings." And then Monday he'd hang around the cafes all day, around seven in the evening he'd say to Ouspensky, "Go to the phone and call everybody and tell them we're going to have a meeting," Ouspensky said--later he said--"Why do you do this?" And Gurdjieff said, Look, if they have heard the message they will be sitting by the phone waiting for your call." And that exactly is where it is at. All I get are hundreds of letters from people saying, "Well what happens now? What do we do? Where next? What are we all about?" And they don't wait every Monday to find that out necessarily. They wait til the message appears, it might appear on a shithouse wall, and it may appear, you know, out of the mouth of--- And see the thing is: we don't know That, nobody knows.

I mean, Tim can publish thepsychedelic book of prayers Well, lets use the Tao as a manual. That will take us certainly pretty far out. But nobody knows in 1966 With LSD, and Lyndon Johnson, and... where...what one does next.
None of us know that. We're all feeling our way and listening and feeding back and, you know, there is no general that knows the message.
And it's interesting because Alen, when I got back to New York the last time there was a meeting in the paper by an Indian, the uptown swami. You know, New York has an uptown and downtown swami, and the uptown swami gives messages and teaches breathing and stuff, and the downtown swami is a chanting mantra swami and he's on second avenue and at seven o'clock every night he chants and everybody gets high going on that trip. So I thought , Allen Ginsberg presents Swami something or other. Well I went to this thing; it was at this church uptown, and a big audience
people from all around town,.and it was not just the hippie audience, it was the whole scene. And Allen got up and he chanted and it was beautiful; it really took the audience out.
And then he read from Wichita Vortex and that was groovy and that took the people out. Then he introduced the swami. The swamit looked like Santa Claus; huge beard, very loving. And he got up and was beautiful. He started to talk and he talked in cliches that were so bad, and he's so intellectually deadening, it was like worse than any Sunday protestant church sermon you've ever heard and you could feel the audience starting to go like that, you know, and I started to go and I thought: Wow, the Yoga. The thing here to do is to get through my mind, to open myself up to the guy. So I opened myself up and through the loudspeaker anyway his vibrations didn't get to me and I was turned off and disillusioned and I went out. I said to Allen afterwards, well man, where was that at? Allen's introduction was: "Look, we're all out here. We need a lot of people as guides to help us and these swamis really know; we ought to bring lots of them over from India so they will tell us." "Well," he said, "he's not very good at public presentation. He's great in a small group." I said, "Well then, why did he give a public presentation?" You know, like what manner of an ego game is this, that the guy couldn't hear, that he's not good at public... doesn't he know? If he's at another level of consciousness then why doesn't he know? Where does appropriate action end at if a guy gets up and brings down two thousand people that have come to be turned on. But he should know.

ORACLE: A lot of people would feel that way about Tim having a press agent. Where do you think that's at?

ALPERT: Where is that? Like, there was a big putdown of the celebration being show biz in New York. Well now, let's look at the show biz thing and what that's all about and what it means to tax members of the church, if you will, or what it means to do it in 1966. What is the vehicle? Bruce holding religious meetings when he got up and talked at night clubs ? I've been trying to figure out whether I should go back on the night club circuit I started once and decided all that was too hard.

O: Well, according to Lenny he said. Yes. But nobody else out there knows it.

A: Right. Well, that's irrelevant.

O: Speaking of swamis, there's this guy right here in San Francisco named Van Meter who's studying under one, and his theory is that all the revolutionaries or the rebels or the revolutionary element of today are reincarnations of American Indians. Have you heard that story?

A: No, but it's a beautiful one...beautiful.

O: I heard that they were reincarnations of all the guys that were killed in World Wars One and Two.

O: There is a Spiritualist church here and every time a hippy shows up, the woman who sees always sees Indians over them.

A: That's beautiful. I was reading an account about an Indian tribe the other day and thinking about the Haight Ashbury district and I'm going to do a kind of a cut-up of those two things together because they are so beautiful, the description of both of them, because they are both the same. I had a letter from a guy who had just gone off from San Francisco to start a community and he described what they do every day. And then you read an Indian account of family life and it's the same goddam game, of course.

And then you get the account of our justification for killing the Indians and putting them in compounds and calling them savages. So it's really interesting because there are a number of myths which you can play upon about the Haight Ashbury district like the gypsy...the history of the gypsy movement and the American Indians, and it's all the same dance, one convolution out each time.

THE INTERFACE

The game is reflected in the subtlest ways in a paper. If the project isn't turning everybody on in the process, then it's seen, you can feel it, the vibrations aren't pure all the way through the thing and that is like any enterprise. It's got to be done really exquisitely. That's why the press conference, I think, was sloppy. That's the only word we can say. We know how to do it better.

Every time that we've gotten into the interface with the straight business world where the motivation is very simple--it's an economic motivation--and there are other considerations within very broad boundaries, we always get taken. Right? My general feeling, I guess, is that's who we are. Its like how we're spending our energy or how we're spending our consciousness. It's really a turn-the-other-cheek kind of funny,', bizarre type of thing that you're into, about getting crapped upon. Not that it feels good to anybody.

O: Maybe it's a fifth column thing. They take us on their ground--economic ground--and we feed them the spiritual thing.

AL Right, and we're kept, I mean, we're a pseudopod in a society, that is fulfilling a lifegiving process at this moment that's going to bring about a transition. They don't support it; they don't support it.

SESSIONS WITH PAUL

O: Do you have any suggestions for us?

A: I really just dig the Oracle, the concept, and I really want it to make it and I want to help it make it, too, because I like the struggly feeling out of which it's coming, you know, that we're really trying to be there and do it, and not make compromise because we're all.... wow! we've got a big newspaper going.

I mean, I was with Paul Krassner the other day and he wants me to write a column for the Realist. I'm very irresponsible about writing columns because--well, for many reasons. Paul's got a paper. He's got a seventy thousand circulation; he's making money. He's got his game going beautifully; it's Paul Krassner; it's a one man newspaper. I've had sessions with Paul and I know where Paul's at and I said, "Paul, you're much farther out than your newspaper is. Your newspaper brings me down; it's an old fashioned newspaper.

A few weeks ago I was with Ed Keating of Ramparts, and I said, "Ed, you know it's very lovely but you're like an old fashioned man to me. I think you're very interested in important issues but you're not hearing, you're not hearing what process this is that's going on.

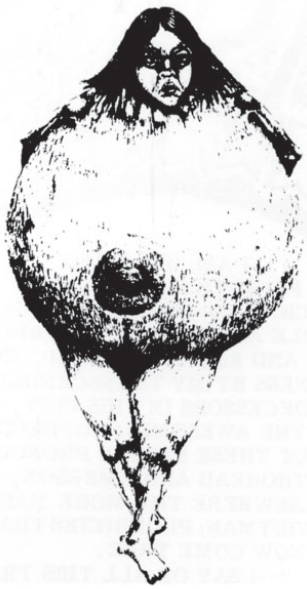
Chicago Playboy guys are sitting around and they are freaked because they have got a circulation of four million which is so astronomical that nobody can even conceive of it, even there. You know they just bought the Palmolive building and they can't go fast enough, big enough and they realize just like what happened to the Saturday Evening Post. When you're high up you have got to keep creating new things; you can't let it go down hill. And if you let it go down you can't recoup with a crazy new thing because once it's losing, the spirit of losing gets into the readers and the paper. So they are panicked now because at four million they have got to keep going. They are pressured. And they hire all these hippy writers and far out people but it's all got to go through the consciousness of Hugh Hefner, who is a speed freak, right? That's Hugh Hefner's game and he's scared of LSD and so on, scared of marijuana. So I'm called to Chicago by all the second level hippies: "Turn on Hefner!"

O: Turn on Hefner!

A: "We're bottled; we send beautiful stuff in, and out comes Playboy." And everybody said, like George Leonard from Look says, "When you are back in Chicago try to get Hefner to move the maga-

cont. on pg. 11

zine." For example, he could show people making love out in fields. He could do anything just to give humanity back to this whole thing. He could do it so gently and so delicately.



Over in London, Dick Lowndes who started Playboy with Hefner but who has gone way ahead of him and finally couldn't work with him and went off and took over the European international scene. Well, you know, he's a hard hippy --an old-fashioned hard hippy. But nevertheless he sees and he says, "I'm afraid Playboy will go down the tubes just because Hefner can't grow; he can't think."

Now, it's really interesting because I'm trying to give you the hit about what's going through all these different publishing games, you know, where all the friction, the tension issue is...and how best to make the statement without getting caught in the "newspaper game" or the "publishing game" or the "success game" or the "caring whether there is a new issue game", you know.

Like the Psychedelic Review...We suddenly realize: What a trap! What does it mean to have naturally fluid consciousnesses living together? If you publish the paper today, what happens if you don't want to publish it tomorrow? Well, that's irresponsible. Well, where did that word come from? And what's the concept that lies behind that?

See, when we started the Freedom Center and that folded, and we got thrown out of prison...then we started IF-IF and then the law went through and that folded. And then we went into Castalia and we're having all kinds of trouble at Millbrook. And now the League for Spiritual Discovery...And Tim gets up at lectures--I remember we used to lecture together--he'd get up and he'd say, "I'm now going to report to you about all our failures."

I used to believe that any institution older than 25 years old was dead and crystalized and killing people's inventiveness. I guess it's happening faster than I thought. Now, most people around say, "What unstable people! My God, can't they keep anything going?" And I thought like I had to re-evaluate where I've got my own values in this area because I had this whole sense of continuity, responsibility, and money in the bank and having a good game going and continuing it. And I don't feel that's where we are all at nor where we all want to be. And it's hard to think of ...you say, well, you can't get a paper out if every time it brings you down you stop. But in point of fact, you sat and did that because you really wanted to do it. And if you don't want to do it, man, don't do it. And then if we don't have a paper, we don't have a paper because we don't want to do it enough.

See, even like Ousley will come up to me and, "Well, man I'm necessary." I mean , he doesn't say it that way but in his way, he's saying, "You know, man, without me the game changes." And I say, "Look fella, there are sixty thousand hands waiting to go into the pot all the time." You know, of that particular pot, and don't worry, this is not a man game at all. This isn't a stable institution thing at all.

But the problem is, can we break out of our old models fast enough to be able to live with this kind of dissonance, you know...In that sense, that's why I had to go through all the changes about Michael's piece of work. Because the first look it looks like a child's sloppy black painting. It really brought me down. Well, man, you know where I'm at about really farout art; mean, I have to reach for it some times because I'm just not there.

And then I remembered that scene in the Museum of Fine Arts and that fantastically beautiful mandala with them fucking in the middle and there it was: there was a statement. And it just seems to me that the words 'fuck' in the text and pictures of people fucking is not...We all are indeed fucking. That's the difference, that's the difference between Playboy and the Oracle. The people who are putting out the Oracle are being living human beings. They really are; they're not identified with the Oracle; that isn't their identity. Their identity is being full whole human beings. And there's a tremendously neurotic sexual thing that surrounds Playboy. And they have got to talk about dirty words and they have got to get into the dirty word game, you know, they really have to because that's their raison d'etre, if you will. But we're so much more than that because we're being human beings.

It's very difficult because our whole model of newspapers is always in joining people and issues; you know, they start it, we answer it, and you read the papers and if they give black, we give white... But our trip is somewhere else. Art Kunkin is really a neat guy in many ways, but he doesn't give me the greatest vibrations of a spiritual leader. And man, if somebody is going to write words that I'm going to sit down and read, I want it to come out of somebody who is really spiritually awake...something is going on in him.

REVOLUTION

O: Do you think that the LSD evolution will change the fabric of American society in a shorter time than revolution would? I mean revolution in the sense of an outward political violent street thing?
A: Well, let me clarify the question before I...see, what I go through is that the dropping out philosophy, which is not the revolutionary one, this is the other one, just like, "We'll live it beautifully and just won't do the other," ultimately arouses a tremendous amount of anxiety and then aggression from the Establishment. And it's at that point that it can flip over to the other thing very easily .

And so it's hard to imagine a pure set of alternatives, really. I mean unless it's just like, you know, "We bear love and that's all we will bear, is love." And then the question is, since we are not any single person, we are all of us, and Shiva certainly has warring...I mean, you know, lightning and drums and, you know, all kinds of things going, that what is all of us, what is all the parts of us, and when somebody is fighting in the courts, is that any less part of us? And so, it's not a pure issue in any sense. I mean, I think that as a starter, the farther we can get with...just like: we are human beings who are making a statement about how we are going to live our lives, gently and lovingly. As far as we can get with that, that's great. But I can imagine there will be situations where many of us will fight hard, you know, and in a revolutionary sense...

THE GENERATIONAL THING

I think this government's structure is set up to expect and anticipate and be ready for revolutionary action, and it delegates as much energy as it feels it needs to keep the revolutions under control. Now the Berkeley one though, it's interesting, that got a much more mixed reaction from people, from the middle class, than the first round did, because of the issues that were involved. I mean the national news media gave it, you know, like a B minus in terms of a spiritual revolutionary cause, and you got a feeling of people getting stuck in a model, they had to do it that way, and they had to keep doing it for their own survival.
O: What happens when people like Mellon and Rockefeller and LBJ and the Texas oligarchy turn on?
A: Well, they don't turn on. This is where the generational thing is the key issue here. We've got to say...if you want a major thing to happen, how fast does it have to happen? Do we have ten years? Five years? How long do we have? Because, the statistics on the voting age and so on...
I mean, you realize that in about seven or eight years the psychedelic population of the United States will be able to vote anybody into office they want to, right? Through purely legal channels, right? So the whole process took place without breaking a law, I mean in the sense of going down with machine guns to the White House.

And it's extraordinary to imagine. I mean, that's just like what the experimental colleges and free university things are, that if they get the right feeling connected with them, they just move into the shell of the old institution, except there's a whole other set of vibrations connected with it.
O: But will the old give way to the new just in that...
A: Well that's a question of how fast it all has to happen. Aguy like Ken Kesey says it has to happen now, see. And then, he does his thing, which is the Acid Test initially and that's the revolutionary tactic, you see.

And our game, and it is a game, and it's the way the strategy was felt best was, like starting a League for Spiritual Discovery which says "Each man's body is his own shrine" and he has a shrine within his home and it's a personal matter he's involved in and he works and you render unto Caesar what is Caesar's because that's the society we live in, and, you know, you work on yourself because that's where it's at, and don't fill your consciousness so much with external games. See, the one thing the system falls apart on is if everybody doesn't fill their consciousness with external games.

Because, man, if you come up to me with a paddy wagon and say "come on, this way," you say, "ok man, sure." And then there are 50,000 people in prison saying "Wow, we're in prison!" See it's like...I met a guy who was telling me how the people were freaked at the prison that he was in because he kept asking to be put in solitary confinement. He was in for a ten year stretch and he said he wanted to spend as much as he could in solitary confinement. And it completely fucked up their whole concept of what they were about. Now that's the kind of "up-level" that I think undermines the society but substitutes in it this other feeling way.

MARIJUANA

You see, there'll be a lot of people in the thirty-, forty-year-old thing like me who see it coming and want to hold on to it and we're looking to people younger than ourselves. But it happened so much faster than we ever anticipated five years ago. It's so extraordinary what happened in the five years! And it's going in a geometrical thing outward, you know. But the point is, if it goes out faster than you're ready with your own growth as spiritually mature people it's on thin ice and you get over into the ego realm and then the thing is kaput.

I mean, when you get called before a police commissioner, like when Tim was talking to that judge in Laredo, he wasn't sending any vibrations of doubt. There was no wedge that that judge could say, "Well, don't you think, Dr. Leary, it's a little bizarre to be carrying pot in the car and saying you're turning on for religious purposes?" I mean, that's not the words, but that's the...
Tim said, "Your Honor, I took the marijuana at the end of the day, I sat on a hill and I looked at the sunset, and I had a marijuana cigarette and I reflected about the trip, and mankind" and so on and he just came back with that same feeling.

Just like Allen Ginsberg, when they come to him and say, like, "Well, hello Mr. Ginsberg, glad to have you on this TV show, won't you sit down and tell the audience..." and he sits down, and he doesn't get into the game. Somehow he comes through as just a spirit. He doesn't get into the game.

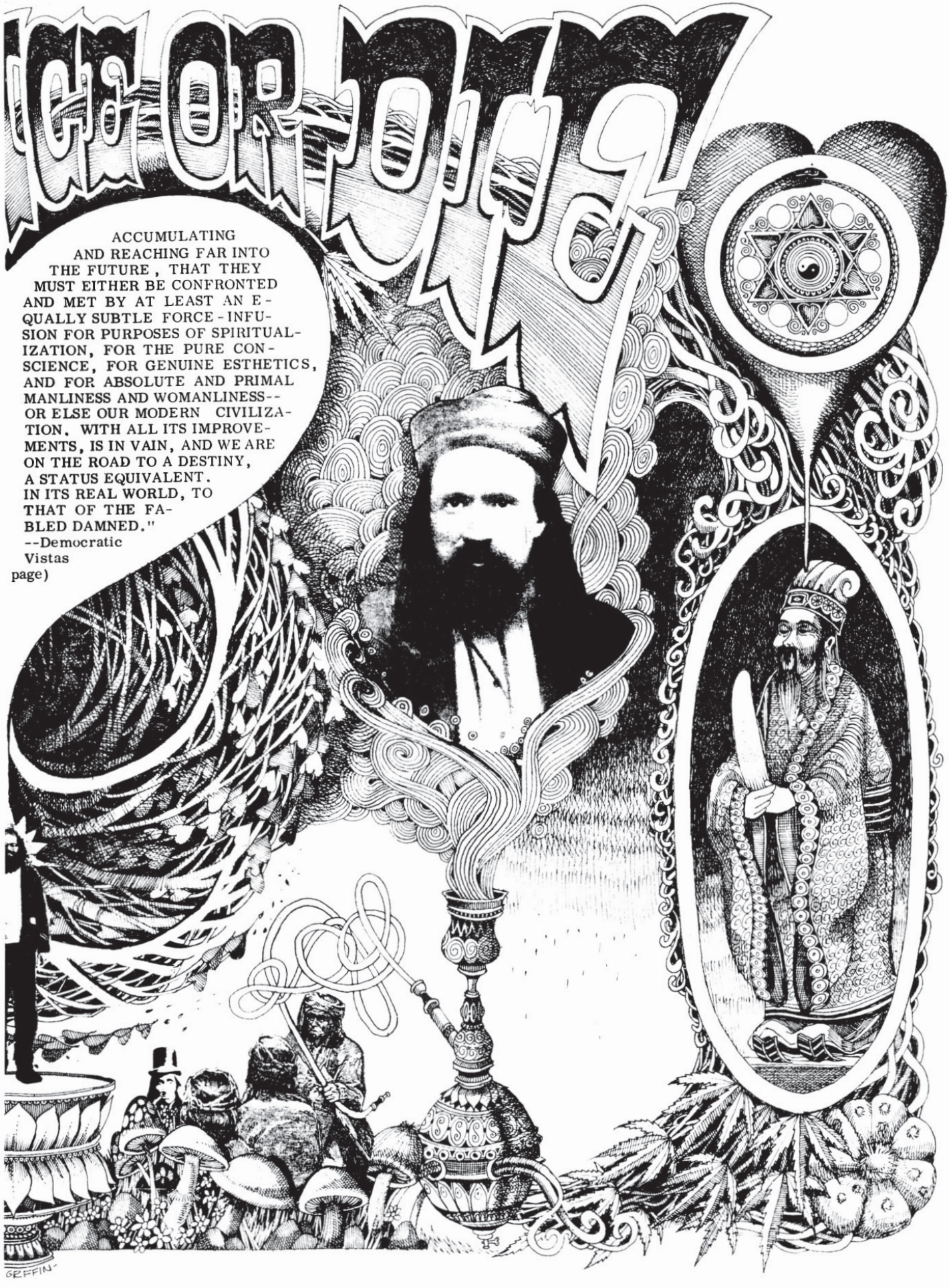
ALLEN GINSBERG FOR MAYOR.

O: We were talking about Allen his morning in relation to the numbers game. If we elected him in the next election for mayor, in '72 he could be elected Governor, and then in '76 President.
A: President, right. Allen is a very, very smart guy and Allen is a master politician. Which is beautiful in such a gentle person. And it is not fair to put on Allen the burden that he has to be a total holy man because everybody in human incarnation is all too human. And it's very hard, because we all want symbols. I mean, Tim is caught in the same bag, you know, and it's important for all of us to keep these people, you know, like, straight people too.
O: Do you think it's too far out to propose him for Mayor?

A: No, I don't think it's too far out at all. I think it's a very interesting move, if Allen would groove to do that. Because it's not going to be one of these things: "I will run if I'm drafted." He's just going to be there and say "Yeah, man, that's beautiful." Because he's got to have his whole heart and soul in the way he does every bit of that if he's going to do it. He's the guy that could do it, though. He could come very close to doing it...I think you ought to talk with Allen when he comes out in January, and no matter how soon, the ORACLE should start a major campaign, if that's going to be done...

Imagine what it would be like to have anybody in high political office within our understanding of the universe. I mean, let's just imagine that Bobby Kennedy had a fully expanded consciousness. Just imagine him in his position, what he would be able to do. And the fact of the matter is that any force in that direction can do fantastic things from within the institution. So my feeling is there are plenty of degrees of freedom to work in within the dance the way it's been concocted without creating a new dance. And it's not going to be an optimum thing, but there are 190,000,000 people we're playing with here.
O: That's what Allen used to say: "Dance with them; pretty soon they follow your step."
A: Yeah, sure. Like you take Bucky Fuller setting up that island off Greece, where he's starting a world citizenship center. It's a beautiful thing. For five years they've been cruising out there looking over land, they've got the money, they're building an absolutely beautiful dome...fantastic scene...and it's going to be the center for world citizenship. It's a groovy thing, right? I mean, that's like, not world government but world citizenship, which is much more reasonable. Well now, as each of these comes along, we'll all want to put our forces, our energies into, "yeah, that too, and that too..."
O: What is Bobby Kennedy's attitude to acid?

OBSESSION
I AM SPEAKING FROM THIS PULPIT CONSCIOUS OF HISTORY, OF MY ROLE AS POET, OF THE ADDRESSES AND ESSAYS IN PUBLIC CONSCIOUSNESS BY MY TRANSCENDENTAL PREDECESSORS IN THIS CITY, WITH ALL THE AWESOME PROPHECIES ABOUT THESE STATES PRONOUNCED BY THOREAU AND EMERSON, AND ELSEWHERE THE MORE NAKED WHITMAN: PROPHECIES THAT HAVE NOW COME TRUE.
"--I SAY OF ALL THIS TREMENDOUS AND DOMINANT PLAY OF SOLELY MATERIALISTIC BEARINGS UPON CURRENT LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES, WITH THE RESULT ALREADY SEEN, (next
BY ALLEN GINSBERG
-RICK


GROOVY
ACCUMULATING AND REACHING FAR INTO THE FUTURE, THAT THEY MUST EITHER BE CONFRONTED AND MET BY AT LEAST AN EQUALLY SUBTLE FORCE-INFUSION FOR PURPOSES OF SPIRITUALIZATION, FOR THE PURE CONSCIENCE, FOR GENUINE ESTHETICS, AND FOR ABSOLUTE AND PRIMAL MANLINESS AND WOMANLINESS--OR ELSE OUR MODERN CIVILIZATION, WITH ALL ITS IMPROVEMENTS, IS IN VAIN, AND WE ARE ON THE ROAD TO A DESTINY, A STATUS EQUIVALENT. IN ITS REAL WORLD, TO THAT OF THE FABLED DAMNED."
--Democratic Vistas
page)
GRIFFIN

Because our governors and polis have failed to perceive the obvious I wish to make some political suggestions to this community; I make them as Poet, & claim powers of Prophecy as did the good grey bards before me in this country, because one who looks in his heart and speaks frankly can claim to prophecy. And what is Prophecy? I can not propose right and wrong, or objective future events such as purple balloons on Jupiter in 1984: but I can have the confidence to trust my own fantasy and express my own private thought. All have this gift of prophecy, who dare assume it though?

The present condition of life for American Person is one of deathly public solitude. We've built a technological Tower of Babel around ourselves, and we are literally (as in Gemini) reaching into heaven to escape the planet. Now giant over--population depends on a vast metallic superstructure to feed and transport all the bodies here together. The stupendous machinery surrounding us conditions our "thoughts, feelings and apparent sensory impressions," and reinforces our mental slavery to the material universe we've invested in.

Yet according to Chuang Tzu 2,500 years ago, "The understanding of the men of ancient times went a long way. How far did it go? To the point where some of them believed that things have never existed--so far, to the end, where nothing can be added...Words like these will be labeled the Supreme Swindle. Yet, after ten thousand generations, a great sage may appear who will know their meaning, and it will still be as though he appeared with astonishing speed." Yeats appearing in Ireland this century declared:

> "This preposterous pig of a world, its farrow that so solid seem
> Must vanish on an instant, did the mind but change its theme."

How can we Americans make our minds change theme? For unless the theme changes--encrustation of the planet with machinery, inorganic metal smog violent outrage & mass murder will take place. We witness these horrors already.

Abruptly then, I will make a first proposal: on one level symbolic, but to be taken as literally as possible, it may shock some and delight others--That everybody who hears my voice, directly or indirectly, try the chemical LSD at least once; every man, woman, and child American in good health over the age of 14--that, if necessary, we have a mass emotional nervous breakdown in these States once and for all; that we see bankers laughing in their revolving doors with strange staring eyes. May everybody in America turn on, whatever the transient law--because individual soul development (as once declared by a poet in jail in this city) is our law transcending the illusions of the political state. Soul also transcends LSD, may I add, to reassure those like myself who would fear a chemical dictatorship. I propose, then, that everybody including the President and his and our vast hordes of generals, executives, judges and legislators of these States go to nature, find a kindly teacher or Indian peyote chief or guru guide, and assay their consciousness with LSD.

Then, I prophecy, we will all have seen some ray of glory or vastness beyond our conditioned social selves, beyond our government, beyond America even, that will unite us into a peaceable community.

The LSD I am proposing is literal. I hope it will be understood as not THE solution, but a, typical, & spiritually revolutionary catalyst, where many varieties of spiritual revolution are necessary to transcend specifically the political COLD WAR we are all involved in.

Anger and control of anger is our problem. Already we have enough insight into politics to be aware of one very simple thing: that we can judge all politics and all public speech and ideology by perceiving the measure of anger manifested therein. All present political parties propose violence to resolve our confusions, as in Vietnam. We might look for a third party, specifically named a Peace Party--referring to individual subjective peaceableness (such as we have not seen in our populace or our leaders) as well as consequent public peaceableness; a party founded on psychology not ideology. We obviously need to feed China and India not ignore, manipulate, or threaten to destroy them. The earth is yet to be saved from our aggression, and living organic life like unto our own nature be replaced on its surface which has been overgrown with cancerous inanimate matter, metal and asphalt. And tho many mammal species have been made extinct in this century there are many we can yet save including ourselves.

Driving out of NY or into Boston at night we see the transparent apparitional glitter of buildings walling the horizon, & we know that these are transient specters. In cold daylight we believe in their finality. But it is that half-dreaming insight of normal consciousness that may provide the direction for our imagination to manifest itself in the material world.

What can the young do with themselves faced with this American version of the planet? The most sensitive and among the "best minds" do drop out. They wander over the body of the nation looking into the faces of their elders, they wear long Adamic hair and form Keristan communities in the slums, they

pilgrimage to Big Sur and live naked in forests seeking natural vision and meditation, they dwell in the Lower East Side as if it were an hermetic forest. And they assemble thousands together as they have done this year in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, or Thompkins Park in New York to manifest their peaceableness in demonstrations of Fantasy that transcend protest against--or for--the hostilities of Vietnam. Young men and women in speckled clothes, minstrel's garb, jester's robes carrying balloons, signs, 'President Johnson we are praying for you,' gathered chanting Hindu and Buddhist mantras to calm their fellow citizens who are otherwise entrapped in a planetary barroom brawl.

But there has been no recognition of this insight on the part of the fathers and teachers (Father Zossima's famous cry) of these young. What's lacking in the great institutions of learning? The specific wisdom discipline that that young propose: search into inner space.

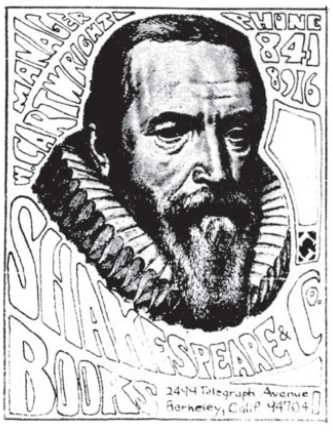
Children drop out of schools because there are no, or very few, Gurus. Those elders concerned with this practical problem might consider that there is an easy practical solution: the establishment within centers of learning of facilities for wisdom search which the ancients proposed as the true function of education in the first place: academies of self-awareness, classes in spiritual teaching, darshan with holymen of disciplined mind-consciousness. One might well, in fact, employ the drop-out beatniks as instructors in this department, and thereby officially recognize and proclaim the social validity of exploration of inner space, Tibetan monks, swamis yogins and yoginis, psychedelic guides, Amerindian peyote chiefs, even a few finished Zen Roshis & many profound poets are already present and available in our cities for such work, tho at present they battle immigration bureaucracies & scholarly heads of departments of Oriental Religion.

What I am proposing as policy, for us elders, for what community we have, is self--examination as Official Politics; an Official Politics of Control of Anger. With state propaganda reversed in that direction, and requests to the government for vast sums of money equal to the outer-space program; & consequent billboards on the highways: "Control Your Anger--Be Aware of Yourself."

There is a change of consciousness among the younger generations, in a direction always latent to Elder America, toward the most complete public frankness possible. As the Gloucester poet Charles Olson formulated it, "Private is public, and public is how we behave." This means revision of standards of public behavior to include indications of private manners heretofore excluded from public consciousness.

Thus, new social standards, more equivalent to private desire--as there is increased sexual illumination, new social codes may be found acceptable to rid ourselves of fear of our own nakedness, rejection of our own bodies.

Likely an enlarged family unit will emerge for many citizens; possibly, as the Zen Buddhist anarchist anthropologist Gary Snyder observed, with matrilineal descent as courtesy to those dakinis whose saddhana or holy path is the sexual liberation and teaching of Dharma to many frightened males (including myself) at once. Children may be held in



common, with the orgy an acceptable community sacrament--one that brings all people closer together. Certainly one might seduce the Birch Society to partake in naked orgy, and the police with their wives, together with Leroi Jones the brilliantly angry poet. America's political need is orgies in the parks, on Boston Common & in the Public Gardens, with naked bacchantes in our national forests.

I am not proposing idealistic fancies, I am acknowledging what is already happening among the young in fact and fantasy, and proposing official blessing for these breakthroughs of community spirit. Among the young we find a new breed of White Indians in California communing with illuminated desert redskins; we find our teenagers dancing Nigerian Yoruba dances & entering trance states to the electric vibration of the Beatles who have borrowed shamanism from Afric sources. We find communal religious use of ganja, the hemp sacred to Mahadev (Great Lord) Shiva. There's now heard the spread of mantra chanting in private and such public manifestations as peace marches, and soon we will have Mantra Rock over the airwaves. All the available traditions of U.S. Indian

vision-quest, peyote ritual, dancing, Oriental pranayama, east Indian ear music are becoming available to the U.S. unconscious through the spiritual search of the young. Simultaneously there is a new Diaspora of Tibetan Lamaist initiates; texts such as the Book of the Dead and the I Ching have found fair-cheeked and dark-browed Kansas devotees. And rumor from the West Coast this season brings the legendary Hevajra Tantra--a document central to Vajrayana Buddhism's Lightningbolt Illumination--into public light as a source book for the tantric community rules. LSD structured by ancient disciplines for meditation and community regulation.

Ideas I have dwelled on are mixed: there is some prescription for public utopia thru education in inner space. There is more prescription here for the individual: as always, the old command to free ourselves from social conditioning, laws and traditional mores.

And discover the Guru in your own hearts.--And set forth within the New Wilderness of machine America to explore open spaces of consciousness in Self and fellow Selves. If there be the necessary revolution in America it will come that way. It's up to us older hairs who still have relation with some of the joy of youth to encourage this revolutionary individual search.

But how can peaceful psychological politics succeed when $50 billion a year is spent to busy participation in armed conflict? "Vietnam War Brings Prosperity"--headline Lincoln Nebraska Star, February 1966. Certainly the awareness itself of this condition will help some of us: as did Ike's warning against the military-industrial complex running the mind of the nation.

As a side note: there are specific methods for combatting the mental dictatorship over "thoughts feelings and apparent sensory impressions" imposed on us by military industrial control of language and imagery in public media. W.S. Burroughs has provided a whole armamentarium of counter--brainwash techniques: cut-up of newspapers and ads, collage of political and entertainment news to reveal the secret intention of the Senders, observation of TV imagery with sound off and simultaneous apperception of noises on the radio or street. These methods are effective in jolting the soft machine of the brain out of its conditioned hypnosis.

Cutting out, or dropping out, of the culture will not lead to a chaos of individuality: what it will mean, for the young, is training in meditation and art (and perhaps neolitic lore), and responsibility of a new order, to the community of the heart, not to our heart-less society wherein we have read the headline in the Omaha World Herald: "Rusk Says Toughness Essential for Peace."

The "oversoul" to be discovered is a pragmatic reality. We can all tell signs of an illuminated man in business or the church--one who is open-hearted non-judging, empathetic, compassionate to the rejected and condemned. The tolerant one, the Observer, the Aware. And we see that these souls do influence action.

Finally, detachment comes naturally: we all know the war is camp, hate is camp, murder is camp, even love is camp, the universe is a grand camp according to Chuang Tzu and the

Prajnaparamita Sutra. This detachment is salvation. We have an international youth society of solitary children--stilyagi, provo, beat, mufada, nadaista, energumeno, mod and rocker--all aghast at the space age horror world they are born to, & not habituated to--and now questioning the nature of the universe itself as is proper in the space age.

There are many contradictions here, especially between proposed communal sex orgy and a contemplative choiceless awareness (as the sage Krishnamurti articulated it this fall in New York). Whitman noticed that too: "Do I contradict myself? Very well, I contradict myself." A dialogue between these contradictions is a good healthy way of life, one correcting the other. Indulgence in sexuality and sensational ecstasy may well lead to contemplative awareness of desire and cessation of desire.

"I know although when
looks meet
I tremble to the bone,
The more I leave the
door unlatched,
The sooner love is gone."

What satisfaction is now possible for the young? Only the satisfaction of their Desire--love, the body, and orgy: the satisfaction of a peaceful natural community where they can circulate and explore Persons, cities, and the nature of the planet--the satisfaction of encouraged self-awareness, and the satiety and cessation of desire, anger, grasping & craving.

Respect for the old? Yea, when the old are tranquil and not nervous, & respect the sport of the young. Holymen do inspire respect. One conservative Vaishnavite Swami Bhaktivedanta moved into the Lower East Side this year and immediately dozens of young LSD freak-outs flocked to sing the Harekrishna Mahamantra with him--chant for the preservation of the planet.

But a nation of olders convinced that spiritual search is immaturity, and that national war and metallic communication is maturity, cannot ask for respect from the young. For the present conduct of the elders in America is a reflection of lack of Self-respect.

cont. on pg. 17

THE DIRTY BIRD
TUESDAY MOVIES
BLACK SWAN at the DIRTY BIRD.
FRI. SAT. SUN.
Balboa at 4th Ave.

LOVES YOU
261 Columbus

A: Oh well, as long as it's politically uncool, he's gonna be its worst foe.
O: Do you know if he takes it?
A: Oh no, he's not taking it...Unfortunately, the Kennedy scene is like one step back and the game is just like the Mellons about money, it's the Kennedys about politics. And politics involves that whole level of, you know, "rurr, rurrr, rurrrr." I mean, Allen Ginsberg's campaign would never be to take on Mayor Shelley. That would not be the game. The game would be: What is Man all about, and what government is all about, you know...I don't know that he can win, because don't underestimate the power of the Establishment when it's riled. And it's not gonna let Allen Ginsberg get in and take over the real estate in the financial district without protesting. But the statement that can be made through it...I mean, I don't think win and lose is what the issue is at all, man, it's the way the game is being played every moment. And the question is, which platforms does one want to dance on. Is the platform the newspapers? Is the platform an auditorium? Is it a political debate?...

And it may be that Allen may be outside of the Establishment and it may well be that the whole power of the thing builds up completely outside the Establishment...

All it is is that it gets you lots of free publicity, it gets you lots of free TV and radio and public platforms. Hundreds of people -- straight people -- invite him to speak: The Women's Republican Club, the unions invite him to speak. So the message is suddenly, like, you know...you see, and that's the game... The inroads into the middle class is where you loosen all the bricks. See, and then, when Johnson turns around to his big middle class and says, "Look at this!" they've already been looking, see, and that's the game.

So, I like talking to engineers' societies and all these really straight groups, psychiatrists and stuff like that. They may say, "I don't want to take it myself, and a lot of the stuff that's going on is irresponsible, but it certainly is interesting!" It's just that crumbly enough that it will have to be when the time comes, when the vigilante committees are formed...

There's always the incentive of, you know, "You can make it in the straight world. You don't have to do this." The incentive systems in the straight world are money and power. And if Allen Ginsberg wants money and power, that's where Allen Ginsberg is at, but he doesn't, you know that. And it's very hard for us, even to understand ourselves when we're playing powerful political games, without really wanting the power that they lead to. Or, what does that power mean? It's like, because we've all been reading Eastern literature and we know goddam well that when you get to the fourth level, if you use your occult powers, you destroy your spiritual journey. And that's what we also know, and that's the "uplevel" of politics, you know.

LEAGUE FOR SPIRITUAL DISCOVERY

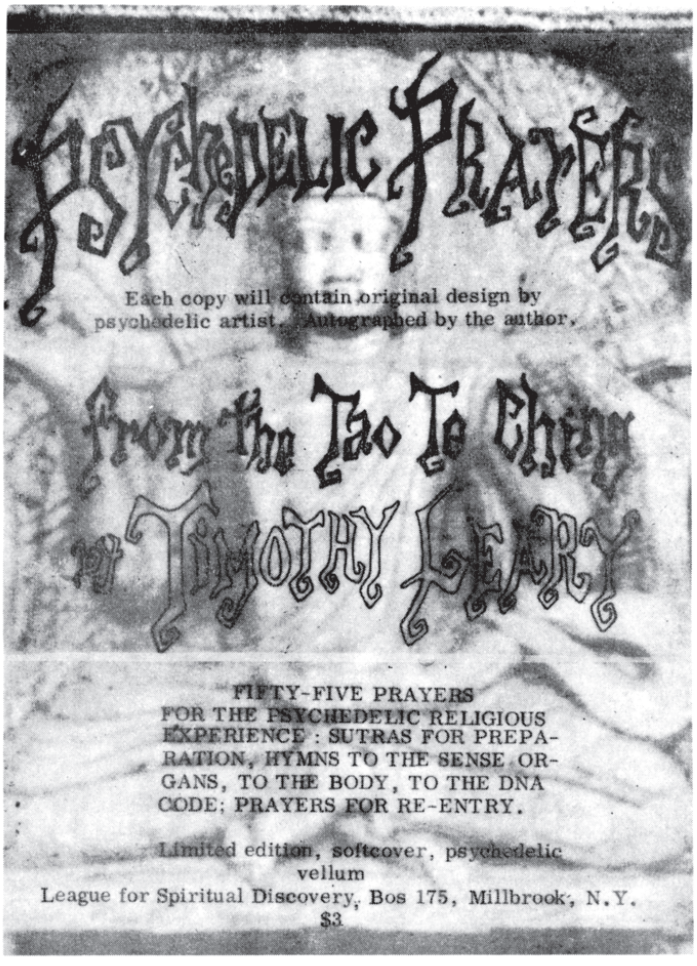
O: With the League thing, and Tim's switch on that, that it was just a Millbrook venture and everyone should get together with six people and a lawyer and do it themselves, was that a legal maneuver designed by the lawyers? Why wasn't it an open kind of thing, where there would be many thousands of members, the only token of which would be a card?
A: That was an idea that was created by Michael Bowen, as far as I know. It wasn't created by Tim at all. It makes a major difference, because Tim never had the plan, because Tim is against institutions and he didn't want to be a party to the starting of another big institution. Because then you've got administration and secretaries and offices and mailing and correspondence and you build a bigger and bigger game until it's just like way out of control.

And his idea was, how could it revert most to the small community individual and be a statement made by all of us personally, you know, the way we make it. And that got by the idea of, "What are you trying to do, start a new religion?" which is the putdown of a new institution. And Tim's always said that things should be organic and sort of cellular, and a cell builds and it creates an entity unto itself and then it merges with another cell and so on.

See, the model of the League, really, is out of Herman Hesse's League. In Herman Hesse's League, nobody knows who belongs to it. You belong to it if you feel you belong to it. Nobody's saying they can't all be called the League for Spiritual Discovery.
O: Why formally organize it?
A: Well, you only formally organize it in order to give unto Caesar what is Caesar's. In other words, you work with the laws of the land. In order to be able to take LSD in your own home for religious purposes you've got to be part of an organized religious structure. You've got to advise them that you're doing it. The Charter says, "I will use it in my own home for religious purposes." And then Tim says, "If you get caught out in the street, man, that's your problem."

H-BOMB AS TOTAL ENLIGHTENMENT?

O: Tim said, I think last summer in L.A., that within the year there'll probably be some changes in the laws regarding marijuana, and he got a standing ovation. Is there anything happening in that area?
A: Well, I'll tell you. I've just been floored by what's been going on because more and more of the straight media are defecting from the party line, faster and faster, at an extraordinary rate. I'm now picking up places like the Boston Herald which are saying "clearly the marijuana laws are unreasonable and they should be replaced," so I have a feeling somebody has taken the lid off and said "Okay, let's go." Even though, I was in the meeting a few weeks ago when the Treasury Department General Counsel stood up, and he said, "In my lifetime these laws will not be changed," and I couldn't decide whether he was just predicting...writing his own death warrant.
O: What about Vietnam?
A: I think the answer is in the spirit that is involved in this kind of a movement, and that spirit moves through a society and up and out and up and out and up and out until it gets to the point where the President can say (whoever he happens to be at that point), "Let's reason together about it in human terms," and mean it. And say, "All right we've done enough about fighting our economic battles, this is insane, we're much too conscious for this, let's get on with it." But that has to come out of a welling of people whose values don't place nationalism or ego extensions above their humanity. And that reorganization of values certainly isn't found in the churches today. Johnson can go every Sunday to the church and he will hear just what every feudal lord heard who went out to do battle saying, "We wish the men luck in the battles ahead," as if they were battles for God...



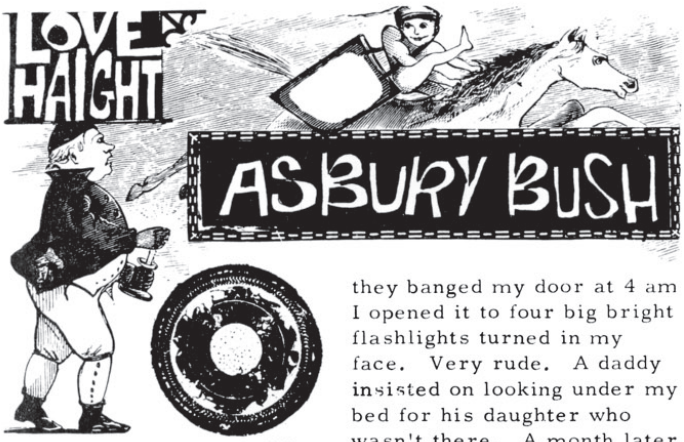
There are going to be a lot of new faces on the political scene in the next few years that are going to reflect these other values because there is kind of a stalemate in the scene, I mean, Johnson's trapped, there's nothing much he can do about it, there's nobody, you know...And the most interesting thing going in the world today is China, and where their spiritual level is at. And there's a movement afoot in New York to start our activities in China.
O: That's what scares me, that we don't have time to save this country before our government reacts to China with a nuclear kind of thing and tries to destroy China, because I see that happening in a couple of years...
A: Well, nothing in anticipation affects what you do with them. I mean, you do today what you do, and if indeed we get enlightened one way we get enlightened that way. If we get enlightened another way, I mean it's not convincing to me that in the bigger warp and woof of consciousness, at the cosmic level, that the bomb isn't total enlightenment for everybody, you know, at the same moment, and that takes care of that earth as everybody saw the great white light and that was it...

You see it's the same thing about whether you decide to do a dance at the level at which the dance is being done and whether if you don't you're being immoral or irresponsible. I mean, if you don't fight against the war in Vietnam actively...well, can you, for example say "Well, I'm going to go out and make my life humanly beautiful," at the same time when that's going on outside, and my feeling is the only... You see, I used to ask the question of every Holy Man I'd meet, "Would you explain to me about the Buddha Bodhisattva question?" And here I am climbing a mountain on my spiritual journey, and yet I see that one of the games is you're supposed to leave firewood in the store ready for the guys who are going to come behind. That's part of the game of climbing the mountain.

Well now how much time do you spend building the camp for the next people and how much of the time do you spend climbing?

We had the same issue at Harvard. Do we stop til everybody understands what we're doing or do we keep going? And everybody always said, that's a phony question. And I never understood it as a phony question. And then I understood that Buddha was right, that you teach by being. And finally that I could start chains of actions by getting myself into such a beautiful state, as well as I knew how to do, and then just being with people, and I could start vibrations happening that were much more effective. Like, for example, I can do more of a therapeutic nature in the old model of therapy standing up in front of 500 people and talking for two hours than I used to be doing in all of the hours I sat with patients, hour after hour, year after year. Then I was feeling my social responsibility: I'm a trained therapist, I've gotta use my training, people need my help, the guy is suffering, he may commit suicide. Don't I have a responsibility? How can I go read that book when that guy's there suffering, right? But I also dug that the further out I got the more I was there for more people. And I understand this force that's happening as people getting their own houses in order. We aren't fit to take on any political issues, literally, because we get caught in them on such ugly levels...

I did the show on the steps at Sproul Hall a few weeks ago. And because there was a scene set up, a political thing, I had the last 17 minutes following the Beat the Draft movement. And I was standing in line, I was the fourth speaker, and the first three speakers were perfectly calm and relaxed, and they suddenly got the microphone, and suddenly they were madmen, and I got first the Hitler hit, you know...and I got the "and we've gotta go after them!" and I was thinking, "How can I follow this?" What do you do at that point? I got up and I said, "Well, now we've finished with our concern with external freedom, now we can turn our minds to the matter of internal freedom." And they felt put down. I mean, that was like a hostile statement to them, in their book. And I felt, man, where do I come off when this beautiful thing is happening in Berkeley with the power and the forces and all, because



Kosmon Era 118
Agni Yoga
Year of the
Fire Horse
Isle de Mujeres
Dic. 25, 19 666

Oracles:

Baba Avatar God-Man Healer of the Lepers and Saint among the high masts--God intoxicated--Baba speaks in 1967 as the asteroid Icarus one codex year to follow approaches the earth. Maya-Mu, 13,000 years sleeping in the birth fold of the earth approaches certain tombs and hollow Oaxacan-Mazatecan mountain caves--beckon new age mutants forth. To listen with the space ear from Yucatan for the plasma ultraviolet energy source. Also Hare Rama Krishna Aum sounds to end the age of warblast darkness! The sea is home!

"The first man to undertake a thing is like a star that lights the way. Once the watermill has been built in the fields even a little girl can move the wheel."

"The deeds of a fool are like signs written on water. He who leaves a work behind --a drawing on stone, though small--it will endure."

Tibetan Proverbs

In Buddha, Baba, Duke Chou and our brothers of the Street Revolution,

Ted Berk

*See poem "Manifesto for Mutants" by Ted Berk in this issue, page 20

Dec. 23,

To you, ORACLE EDITOR:

Comments on the latest Oracle, pg. 16, re police harrassment. I have no specific data, but recently, they did. The first time they banged my door at 4 am I opened it to four big bright flashlights turned in my face. Very rude. A daddy insisted on looking under my bed for his daughter who wasn't there. A month later they banged in the night and I said no. They said they had a warrant for someone's arrest--was he there? I said no. They said, "Open the door or we'll knock it down."

Also, pg. 19, col. 3, "say anything about getting together and not letting the situation that happened in Germany happen here where the intellectuals became alienated." Where besides Haight St. do police and hippy meet? At the "Hall of Justice." The Hall of Justice is sponsoring a 4-part competition, purchasing things to "enhance" the building. No doubt meaningless "art" will win.

But wouldn't it be wild and marvelous if you all showed up with ideas and creations of what you really would like to have as the environment of the Hall of Justice. At least we would confront them, with a chance of communicating.

Perhaps we could "arrest" them, make our "charges" and "judge" them--all on their territory. Go after them harrass them!

How about wall hangings or banners by Wes Wilson and his ilk?

for a dime dispensed a recording of Lenore Kandel's "Love Book." Combination incense burner-ashtrays, sculptures emitting light shows, an "enlightenment" booth of neon and stained glass, a floor covering of that ribbed plastic that seems to move, or poems to be incised in the marble in gold, beside the lists already there. How about a barrage of toasters emitting different heat wave patterns to enliven and warm up a corner? How about potted marijuana bushes (glassed in, of course)? Or slipping marijuana fudge bars to the blind man who sells "legal" junk? Please enter. You can get complete information by writing: Art Commission, Room 281, City Hall, San Francisco.

Carol Lind
1090 Page

GINSBERG (cont. from pg. 15)

I am in effect setting up moral codes and standards which include drugs, orgy, music and primitive magic as worship rituals--educational tools which are supposedly contrary to our cultural mores; and I am proposing these standards to you respectable ministers, once and for all, that you endorse publically the private desire and knowledge of mankind in America, so to inspire the young.

It may appear from this address that I find myself increasingly alienated from the feeling-tone, ideology & conduct of the supposed majority of my fellow citizens: thus the title Public Solitude. But I do not feel myself alienated from all our inmost private desire, which the prophet Walt Whitman articulated in his second preface to his life work 90 years ago, passionately expressive of our hearts in Space-age America:

> "Something more may be added--for, while I am about it, I would make a full confession. I also sent out "Leaves of Grass" to arouse and set flowing in man's and women's hearts, young and old, endless streams of living, pulsating love and friendship, directly from them to myself, now and ever. To this terrible, irrepressible yearning (surely more or less down underneath in most human souls)--this never-satisfied appetite for sympathy, and this boundless offering of sympathy--this universal democratic comradeship--this old, eternal, yet ever-new interchange of adhesiveness, so fitly emblematic of America--I have given in that book, undisguisedly, declaredly, the openest expression. Besides, important as they are in my purpose as emotional experience for humanity, the special meaning of the "Calamus" cluster of "Leaves of Grass" (and more or less running through the book, and cropping out in "Drum-Taps") mainly resides in its political significance. In my opinion it is by a fervent, accepted development of comradeship the beautiful and sane affection of man for man, latent in all the young fellows, north and south, east and west,--it is by this, I say, and by what goes directly and indirectly along with it, that the United States of the future (I cannot too often repeat,) are to be most effectually welded together, intercalated, anneal'd into a living union."
>
> --Allen Ginsberg
> Nov. 11, 1966

Public Solitude: Address delivered at Arlington Street Church, Boston, November 12, 1966 on occasion of Unitarian-Universalist Laymen's League Center for Research and Development -- First Convocation

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear Editor,

You'ens got good Nuspaper. I put your ORACLE in my outhouse and shit LOVE & HAPPINESS all over hillside, felt lightnin shoot thru my heart strings and couldunt bring myself to wipe. Me and Mama like you people. You R 'God' people, Your friend,

Momma & Sparky

WHERE CLOTHES ARE..

GRIPS Free & not so free

ALWAYS CONTINUING
Diggers: 520 Frederick, Free food etc. 4 pm, bring bowl&spoon
Provos: Civic Center Park, Berk. Free food, 4 pm
MONDAY Jan 9
Cedar Alley Coffee House, 40 Cedar Alley: meeting, Artists Liberation Front, 8:30 pm
UC Med Center: free film, Kontiki, part 1; science aud., noon
TUESDAY Jan 10
Cedar Alley Coffee House: Shaw, Songs&Empiricisms (pro&amateur acting) w/Norman Sturges, 75¢, 8:30 pm
Print Mint, 1542 Haight, The New Age (flute, drum, guitar &voice) $1, 9 pm
UC Med Center: film, Kontiki, part 2, science aud., noon
WEDNESDAY Jan 11
Coffee Gallery: Poetry Reading, Mark Linenthal, Allen Cohen, John Bartel, Heiner Bastian, Don Hutton 50¢, 9&11 pm, 1353 Grant
Blue Unicorn, 1927 Hayes: Poetry reading open to all who want to read or listen. Free, 8:30 pm
1090 Page: Jam session, Freedom High-Way, Flying Circus, 50¢, 7-11 pm
Cedar Alley Coffee House: Smoky Grass Boys & others. $1, 9 pm
Intersection, 150 Ellis: reHEARsal, experimental theater happening, audience takes part. $1, 8 pm
San Mateo High School aud.: Film, The Acid Test, made by police & sup't of schools. Free, 7:30 pm
SF Museum of Art: cocktail party & open house
THURSDAY Jan 12
The Hearth, Howard Presbyterian Church, Oak&Baker, Straight Theater Dance Workshop, Experiment in Dance, improvisations Free, 8 pm
Coffee Gallery: experimental films, 75¢, 9 & 11 pm
Cedar Alley Coffee House: "What's Good for the Goose," satire, $2, 8:30 pm
I-Thou Coffee House: Jerry Lewis, Richard Tappan, pop&folk, 35¢, students 50¢, 9-11 pm, 1738 Hght.
Intersection 150 Ellis: Poetry reading, Steve Mindel & Janice Mirikitani, $1, 8:30 pm
Pooh Coffee House, 120 Julian, Music & whatever happens, refreshments 5¢ & 10¢
UC Med Center: "Satire of Our Times," Gary Goodrow, free, noon
FRIDAY Jan 13
Symposium on Civil Liberties & Book Burning, Golden Gate Park, Hall of Flowers, 9th & Lincoln. Lenore Kandel, Max Scherr, Ron Thelin, Jeff Berner, Richard Wertheimer. $1, 8 pm
YWCA, 620 Sutter, Rm 700, films on Dylan Thomas, $1, 7:30 pm
Finnish Brotherhood Hall, Berk.: Country Joe & the Fish, John Fahey & The Wildflower, Lite show by Bill Ham, $1.75 adv., $2 at door, 8
Cedar Alley Coffee House: "What's Good for the Goose" See Jan 12
Pooh Coffee House: Pitchell Players in "Lyndon's Banes," Happening in 3 acts w/experimental music during intermission, coffee house atmos. with 5¢ coffee
UC Med Center: Movies, "Golden Age of Comedy," Science aud. 50¢ students, 75¢ general
Intersection: Dance workshop conducted by Bill Couser, free, 3-4:30 Also The Party, primitive jazz dance program directed by Bill Couser, aud. partic., $2.50 adults, $1.50 students, 8:30 pm, Reservations call Wed-Sun after 7:30
Fillmore Auditorium: Junior Wells, The Grateful Dead, The Doors (LA), 9-2, $2.50
Avalon Ballroom: The Charlatans, The Sparrow, Moby Grape, $2.50
Berk. Community Theater: The Mamas & the Papas, 8 pm, $2.75, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50
SATURDAY Jan 14
Fillmore Auditorium: see Jan 13
Avalon Ballroom: see Jan 13
Finnish Brotherhood Hall: Country Joe & The Fish, see Jan 13
Cedar Alley Coffee House: drama. See Jan 12
Pooh Coffee House: The Pitchell Players, see Jan 13
The Hearth, Howard Presbyterian Church, "Self Expression Night" for those who want to get together with poetry, instruments, singing. Free
Gathering of the Tribes: Human Be-In, Polo Field, Golden Gate Park: Leary, Alpert, Ginsberg, Gregory, Kandel, McClure, Snyder & many others; all rock bands of the area. Bring flowers, blankets, bells, feathers, flags, costumes -- symbols! 1-5, Free, free
Intersection: reading of Robinson Jeffers' Dear Judas by Labyrinth Theater Club, 8:15pm, $1.50
SUNDAY Jan 15
SF Museum of Art: talk on abstract expressionistic ceramics exhibit 3 pm, free
Contemporary Theater: Underground films, "Eclipse" by Antonioni, 1725 Washington $2 gen., $1.50 students (prior stub good for 50¢ discount), 8:30 pm
Moe's Books: Michael McClure plays his autoharp with friends accompanying, 2476 Telegraph, Berk. 9 pm, free
Coffee Gallery: Hootenany, 1353 Grant Ave, 8 pm, free
Cedar Alley Coffee House: Auditions and Hoot w/Michael Hunt, 9:30 pm, 75¢, entertainers & auditioners free
Also: "What's Good for the Goose" 3 pm
I-Thou Coffee House: Hoot, 8-10 pm, free
SF State College: Bartok String Quartet, Auditorium, free
Intersection: Films by Berkeley film makers Herbert de Grasse & Ira Fabricant
Ferlinghetti reading: Florence Schwinley Theatre, Allston Way & Grove, Berkeley. $1.75, students $1.25, tickets at City Lights, Moe's, Cody's
MONDAY Jan 16
U C Medical Center: Film, "A Memorandum," Nazi concentration camps revisited by former inmates; Science Aud., noon, free
TUESDAY Jan 17
Cedar Alley Coffee House: Shaw, Songs & Empiricisms, see Jan 10
S F Museum of Art: Clay medium and image discussion with Peter Voulkos 8 pm, free
WEDNESDAY Jan 18
I-Thou Coffee House: Poetry reading w/Tim Holt, Joe Stroud, Paul Mariah, 8 pm, 50¢ students, gen. 75¢
1090 Page: Jam session, see Jan 11
Blue Unicorn: Poetry reading, see Jan 11
Coffee Gallery: Poets' names unavailable, see Jan 11
Cedar Alley Coffee House: Blue Grass music, see Jan 11
Intersection: reHEARsal, experimental theater happening, audience takes part. $1, 8 pm
THURSDAY Jan 19
Coffee Gallery: Experimental films, see Jan 12
Pooh Coffee House: see Jan 12
Cedar Alley Coffee House: "What's Good for the Goose", see Jan 12
I-Thou Coffee House: Folk songs--Dave Barnes (modern ballads), Avoteja Ackerman (pop-folk songs), 9-11 pm, 35¢students, 50¢ gen.
Intersection: Poetry reading, Katherine Russell; see Jan 12
FRIDAY Jan 20
Avalon Ballroom: Steve Miller Blues Band, others. 9-2, $2.50
Fillmore Auditorium: Paul Butterfield, The Charles Lloyd Quintet $3, 9-2
Cedar Alley Coffee House: see Jan 12
Pooh Coffee House: see Jan 13
Intersection: see Jan 13
YWCA: International films, Citizen Kane, Orson Welles classic 7:30 pm, $1, 620 Sutter, rm 700
SATURDAY Jan 21
Avalon Ballroom: see Jan 20
Fillmore Auditorium: see Jan 20
Cedar Alley Coffee House: see Jan 12: "What's Good for the Goose"
Pooh Coffee House: see Jan 13
SUNDAY Jan 22
Contemporary Theater: underground films--"The Doll"& Wm. Burroughs "Naked Lunch" & Towers Open Fire," 1725 Washington at Van Ness. adm. $2, students $1.50 (prior stub good for 50¢) 8:30 pm
S F Museum of Art: Ray Parker (painter) gives a talk; 3 pm, free
Coffee Gallery: Hoot, 8 pm, free
Cedar Alley Coffee House: "Whats Good for the Goose," 3 pm
Cedar Alley Coffee House: Auditions and Hoot w/Michael Hunt at 9:30 pm, 75¢, auditioners & entertainers free
Cow Palace: The Monkees presented by KFRC at usual exorbitant prices
I-Thou Coffee House: Hoot, 8-10 pm, 1738 Haight
Intersection: "Lurk" by Rudy Buckhardt & other films

FRIDAY Jan 27
Bears' Lair student union - Cal: Carl Tjader, 9:30 pm & 11:15 pm $1 students, $1.50 gen.
Fillmore Auditorium: Paul Butterfield, etc., see Jan 20
Avalon Ballroom: Quick Silver Messenger Service, Grateful Dead $2.50, 9-2
Psychedelic Religious Celebration: Dr. Timothy Leary -- a re-enactment of a great religious myth -- "A Death of the Mind" Berkeley Community Theater, 8 pm, $2.25 $3.00, 3.75, 4.75
Pooh Coffee House: see Jan 13
Cedar Alley Coffee House: "Whats Good for the Goose," see Jan 12
Actors Lab: theater of the absurd: Albee's "American Dream," 8 pm, 620 Sutter St., $1.50
SATURDAY Jan 28
Psychedelic Religious Celebration: Winterland, S.F., 8 pm, see Jan 27
Fillmore Auditorium: see Jan 27
Avalon Ballroom: see Jan 27
Pooh Coffee House: see Jan 13
Cedar Alley Coffee House: "Whats Good for the Goose," see Jan 12
Intersection: Dance program open only to those who attended one of the Nov or Dec AA Leath Takes You Toppless programs. Adm. by reservation only: 751-5785
SUNDAY Jan 29
S F Museum of Art: Ray Parker & Phillip Pavia, 3 pm, art discussion free
Contemporary Theater: underground films: Les Abysses, People, & Bruce Connor's "A Movie," 1725 Washington, 8:30 pm, $2 gen., $1.50 student (prior stub good for 50¢ off)
I-Thou Coffee House: see Jan 22, Hoot & Auditioners
Krishna Consciousness comes West! Swami Bhaktivedanta Allen Ginsberg, Mantra-rock festival dance, 8 pm Avalon Ballroom
ALWAYS CONTINUING
Diggers: free food in Pan Handle 4 pm
Port Chicago Vigil, Vietnam War Protest. Volunteers needed. Food, lodging, love and...? Call for info at Martinez, Calif. 228-7707

WHERE TO SCORE

Girl singer new to SF wants to work with group or guitarist. Also would like to meet people. Call Sharon after 6 pm at 661-1556

Freelance artist needs work, illustration, fashion, lettering, signs, etc. Reasonable, reliable. Jim, 861-9553

61 Austin-Healy for sale, needs body work but motor perfect, $400, hardtop, overdrive wire wheels. Mary McClain, 326-6374

Blues vocalist blows flute, sax, & unusual wind axes. Looking for group interested in making weird & colorful sounds. Contact Karl at 548-1072 (Berk)

Anyone interested in attending a meeting on Jan. 25 about Zen macrobiotic diet, call 564-3360 for further information.

A PLEA FROM A HOMELESS RESCUE MISSION

Music is Food, & so is Rest. It is not enough to listen to Donovan, or to the Blues Project, or any of the other new religious groups of our time & be paused & rested. The food we eat excites, the words we use create hope, and the drugs we use take us into a peace well past our understanding.

Besides the obvious necessity of a food and Rescue Mission, there is another, obvious enough to those who have taken methedrine or who have seen its effects It is the necessity of backstepping the meth user towards accepting food and rest. Beginning with the experience of inward commonness, after much backstepping we can look into each other's eyes again, turn within, eat in common. No longer shunning boredom, the feeling of nothingmuch will be accepted as Real Workings, as the watering and pruning of our lives by the holy spirit.

LET YOURSELF BE

If you cannot rest you cannot let yourself be. If you cannot go to sleep you cannot stay awake.

Many of us have forgotten that ego-consciousness is so traumatic that the nervous system can't stand more than eighteen hours of it. If you desire more hours of wakefulness than your system can stand you have forgotten that you are your system.

The hands typing this copy once knew no rest. These eyes once saw mail box, fire plug and lamp-post as one mass of clay.

The mission is having a hard time finding a PLACE. If you know of a storefront or large flat please contact:

Kent Chapman
Ramakrishna Rescue Mission
c/o I & Thou Coffee House
1736 Haight St. San Francisco

paid political advertisement

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NOW...NOW...NOW...

The Oracle is gathering a portfolio of reports of alleged police harrassments, illegal searches and seizures and police brutality in the Haight-Ashbury. Written reports with dates, names, and badges of police, court results, as well as incidents of harrassment will be collected. Let's lay it down.

ANYONE INTERESTED IN BUYING ORIGINAL WORK BY ORACLE ARTISTS COME TO 1542 HAIGHT

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OPEN! EVERY DAY 849-2087 2476 TELEGRAPH AVE.
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA. FOR THOSE WHO'VE WONDERED, WE'RE FILING FOR COURT AROUND THE FIRST OF THE YEAR. I WANT TO THANK EVERYONE FOR THEIR SUPPORT.

MOE

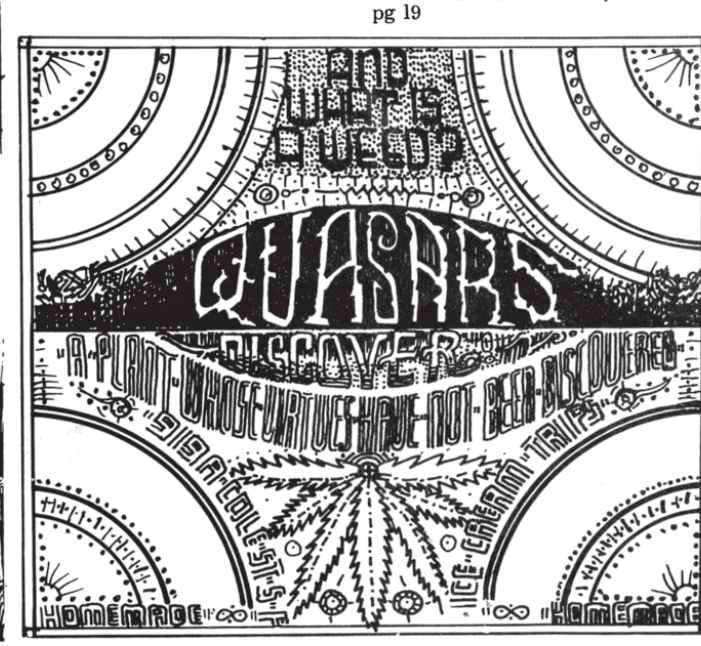
Hairy Henry Kot is in jail. He was arrested on the evening of December 17 with the sun falling into the earth. He was charged with a traffic violation: carrying an illegal passenger. He was cited. The cops weren't satisfied, so they ran a check. Henry stood and smiled while the blue protectors licked their chops at the news: Kot had spent eight years in San Quentin for an outrageous folly and was given a three year parole. Parolees are easy pickings for the police. They told him to come down to the station and they'd return his license. Henry told them they could keep it and walked over to his bike. He was arrested for resisting arrest. And his parole board wants to send him back to Q for three years.

They want to lock him back up in a cage because Hairy Henry Kot is one of the only people. The mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who never yawn or say a common place thing, but burn, burn, burn like fabulous roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars and in the middle you see the blue center light pop and everybody goes 'awww!'

Write: HENRY KOT
c/o City Prison
850 Bryant Street
San Francisco, Calif.

Brian Rohan (his lawyer)
345 Franklin Street
San Francisco, Calif.

Adult Parole
Regional Office
69-11th Street
San Francisco, Calif.



TENDING BAR AT THE FILLMORE AUDITORIUM ON ARTISTS LIBERATION FRONT BENEFIT NIGHT

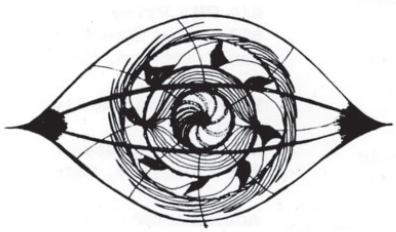
(for Bill and Sharon)

"What is there to drink?"
they ask,--"coke, seven up, & near beer"
forming each syllable with lips tongue
throat cheek eyes toss of the head
shoulders spine
--body--
being charged by each contact:
all these lovely peoplecoming upto me
&asking & I can give them everything:
tenderness, chuckles, even information
like where can they get cigarettes SEE how they hop
up on my bar & wiggle to the end of it,
they can SEE better
perched on my fence rail eagle cliff peaked roof
to watch the parade go by

--I wish I was a deep well
of azure you could drink from,
& lick me from your fingers
--you're like a dowser's wand,
harlequin, dipping
your lips into my shoulder,
sucking, tasting
with your fingers pressed into mine
--a clasp:
finger around finger on bone--
each press knitting strength the connection in deeper--
we have joined hands, to bring love into the world.

And with you,
with your voice like jade brocade
braided thru your hands flowing towards me
--I drink lightly from
your shy animal eyes,

And though we have merely glanced,
it is a signal for the dance,
like the skin
you carry your nakedness in,--
.. you lordly thunder being ..
...Geoff Brown



Don Lewis -- Big Sur

LIGHT
In Essence Is Perfection

Be now aware of that which is important
and necessary

Freedom is a continuing process
Flux is harmony and has scale and order
Everything happens simultaneously

Responsibility Love Infinity Consciousness
Corelate Now

Direction Hunger Nothingness Life
Determine Being

Continuity Virtue Creativity Self
Require Effort

Laud empathy dissolve viciousness
Live ethically disregard morals
Cultivate judgement distain bias

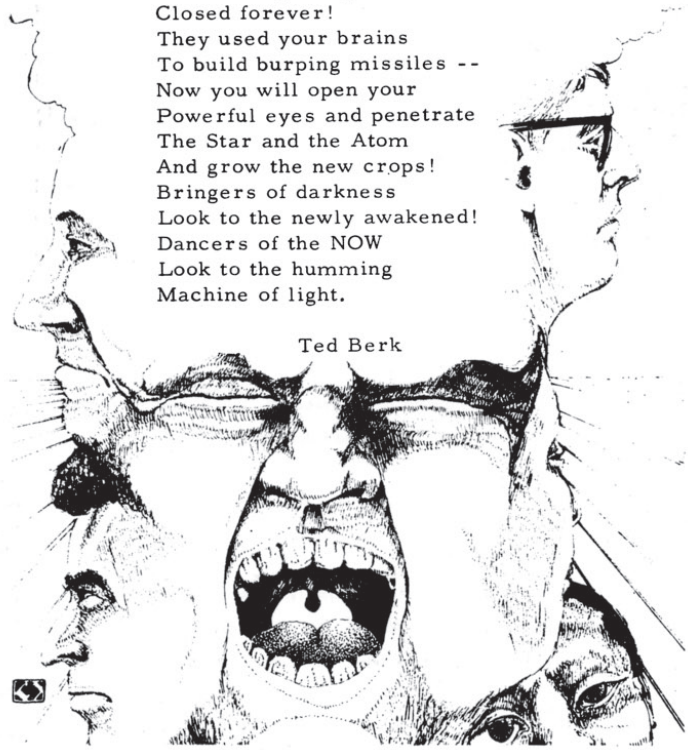
Realize unhappiness is a bad habit
Understand time is the finite
Know that Beauty Truth and All are One

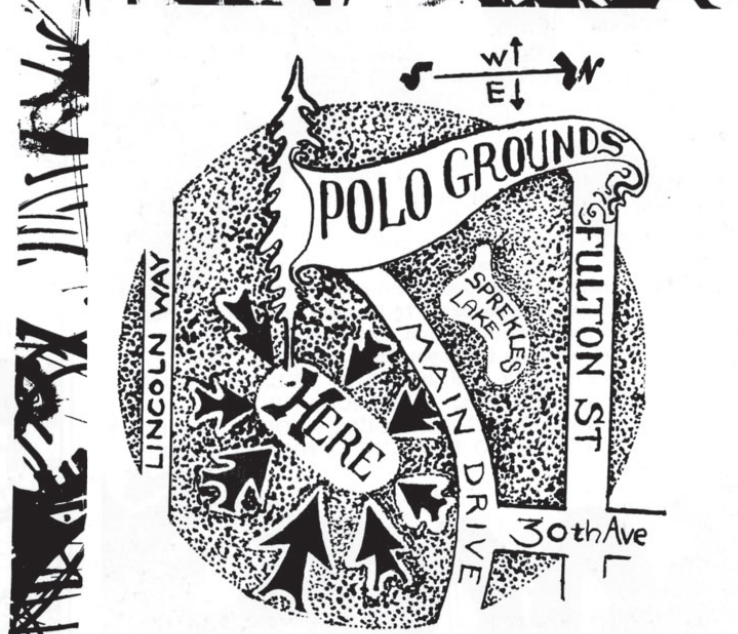
In Breath Is Peace
and
LOVE

MANIFESTO FOR MUTANTS

Mutants! Know now that you Exist!
They have hid you in cities
And clothed you in fools' clothes.
Know now that you are free!
Their graves have time payment
Opened for you for centuries.
Now you will show them
How to keep the graves
Closed forever!
They used your brains
To build burping missiles --
Now you will open your
Powerful eyes and penetrate
The Star and the Atom
And grow the new crops!
Bringers of darkness
Look to the newly awakened!
Dancers of the NOW
Look to the humming
Machine of light.

Ted Berk





A gathering of the tribes for the Human Be-In can be reached by taking the Fell St. exit of the Bay Shore Freeway to the main drive in Golden Gate Park.

DROPOUTS DELIGHT

Once upon a time there lived a great King of Babylon, King Nebuchadnezzar, and all the glory of the world was unto him. He controlled the rich rugged mountain range north to Caucasus and the fertile valleys south to the Persian Gulf, and the towers he built within the white-walled cities reached into the cloudless heavens, disappearing in the mist.

As King Nebuchadnezzar stood on his shaded veranda overlooking his jewelled garden he said unto himself, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of MY power?" For it was Nebuchadnezzar's desire to be a greater king than all the kings before or after him.

"But while he was speaking so grandly, 'there fell a voice from heaven saying... .. The kingdom is departed from thee, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field; you shall eat grass as oxen....' and thus it befell him.

He was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, til his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws."

Nebuchadnezzar was a drop-out.

For seven years Nebuchadnezzar forgot his Kingdom and lived like a beast in the fields compelled by a voice that was stronger than his. It was not said that he was unhappy during this period but simply that he was insane.

At the end of seven years Nebuchadnezzar lifted up his eyes to heaven and his understanding and reason returned to him. His counsellors sought him out and he returned to the throne transformed and ruled with a new brightness and psychic balance that he had never had before.

Buddha, Christ, Mohammed, and Gandhi were also drop-outs. Buddha was the son of a King, but dropped out of courtly life to become a naked Samana in the woods; Christ dropped out of Jerusalem and disappeared for twelve years. It is said that he travelled to India and studied with the fakirs of Persia and lived with the Essenes.

Mohammed was a rich merchant but dropped out of the money manipulating game to become a religious leader. And Gandhi, one of the ten best-dressed men of pre-Mod London, was a successful lawyer and dropped out in order to fulfill his true God-given nature.

A drop-out is a retrogression; the psychologists call it "positive disintegration." You drop out of the ego-addicting symbol attachment into the billion year old flow of electrical energy. You relinquish the I, Me and Mine of existence and expand into the selfless void of essence, not Mine, but thine. This is the message of all the great masters. Nebuchadnezzar returned transformed and refreshed, greater than ever before, as did the Buddhas of all time.

Each man is his own Buddha, on his own trip. Find your way of dropping out. Use any method that works for you. Seek out friends, chant together, and remember, everything is progress.

ALPERT (cont. from pg. 18)

power and success are terribly corrupting and they catch you back, and if you're corruptible, man, occult powers of the fourth level will do you in. They really will do you in...

In fact, we all have extraordinary power already, and I think it's like how much do you check back to your calm center and to where you're at in the way you use the power. And to deny power is as phony as anything else. The argument is that the misuse of occult power, which is black magic (literally, as opposed to white magic), is really where the downfall is...if you use it for an ego game or to limit someone else's freedom or make the world ugly or whatever.

O: Tim said, maybe it was in the Playboy interview, "Yes, I would like to be the most enlightened person," but he also said, "that should be your goal too."

That's like Meher Baba saying, "I am God," see. And then saying, "You are God," and then the third line is, "The difference between us is, I know it and you don't." Which is the only thing that saves his statement of "I am God" from feeling like, well, "Who says you're God? Well, at least I'm St. Paul."

O: What about Meher Baba's statements about the use of LSD, that it doesn't really bring about spiritual...

Well, that's really an important statement, to be thought about. I stopped taking LSD for about six months to explore that question in correspondence with him and his line was that it is illusory. And of course my answer back to him was "Well, the only reason I ever read your stuff and am writing to you and even think of you as somebody significant is because of LSD." And then he wrote back and said, well, a few serious students such as yourself may be able to profit." And I wrote back and said, man, the few of us are all the millions of people on the earth." So where's that at? So I finally put him down for doing that, in my head, and went on with LSD, and I did that on my guts.

This is the interesting question: whether we Westerners can ever take on a Master...See, Tim's being cast into the Master role. But Master roles really don't fit into Western culture, particularly. And in the East it's very appropriate to go to a guy and say "You know, I don't. I lay my life down before you. You do anything you want." Baba says, "Love me, turn your whole consciousness over to me, and you'll get enlightened." And the whole history of Eastern thought is using a Master to gain enlightenment. Through the guide at the seventh level you will make it. But that's not gonna work here, and Tim doesn't take on Masters. I don't take on Masters, I mean I can't do it, just constitutionally at point in my development I can't do it...

A guide is a guy who's been there before and will help you, but he's not somebody you turn over your spiritual development to. You're still doing it yourself. You're just making use of the guide, or the manual or so on. Each guy is on his own trip, and it's really Luther, you know, each man is a priest.

...To the extent that we can conceive of the fact that our community is a group of individuals in the sense that each guy's spiritual journey is where it's at, and don't lose sight of that, we have it made, because each guy is constantly thrown back on himself.

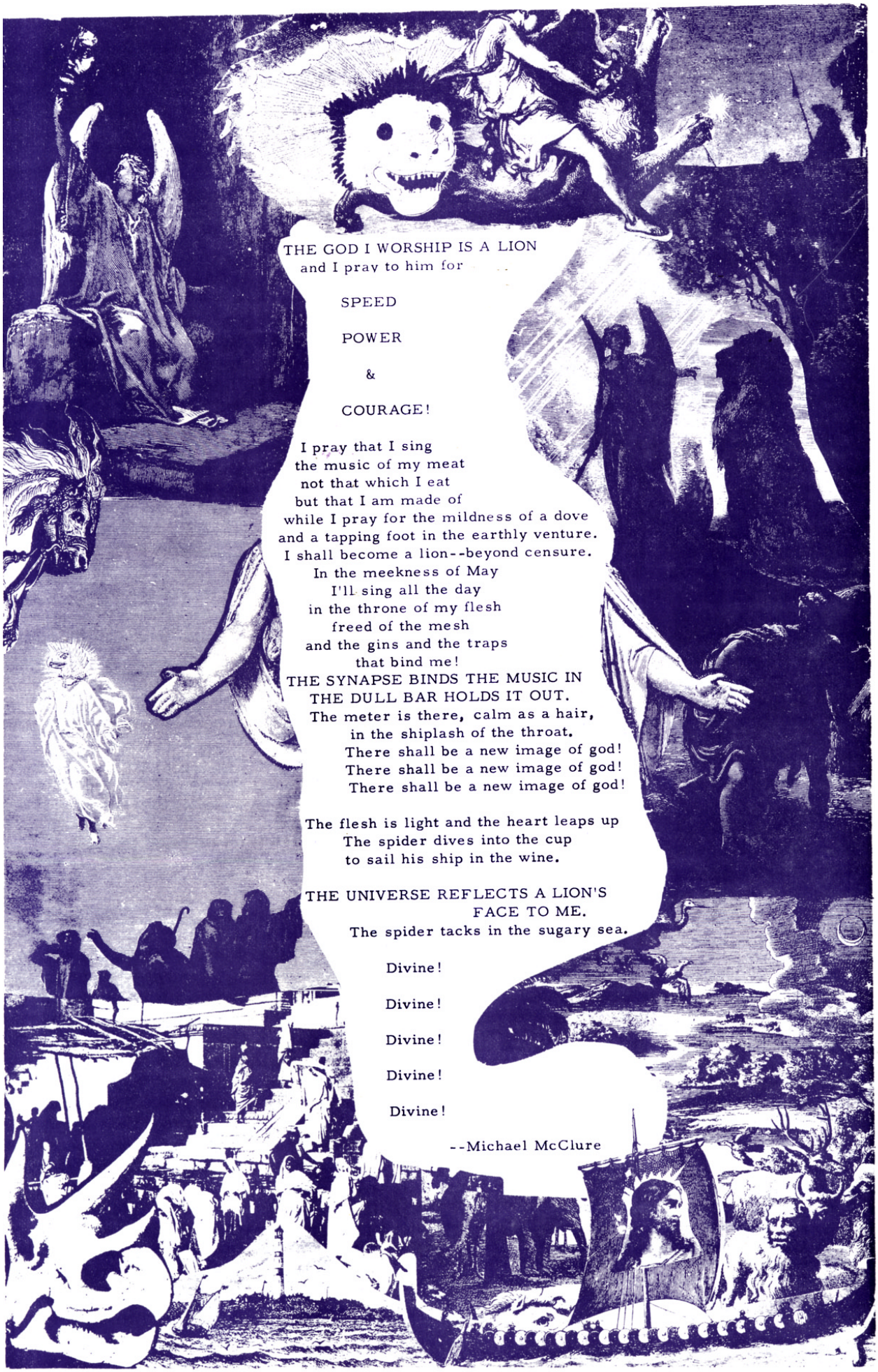
At the religious celebration in New York, Allen and Tim and I were sitting up on the stage and it was a great scene, I mean, a very far out scene. And a guy said, "Dr. Leary, you've told us about all this religion. Where do we begin?" You know, like, "Lead us... where do we begin?" And I said to the guy, "You begin by asking the question where do we begin? Then you decide how you're going to answer it, and go do it." People come up -- hundreds of people -- and they say: "Your words have inspired me! Lead me!" You know, "What do I do next? Tell me what to do." And I say, "How the fuck do I know what you should do, man. It's your trip."

I think that everybody in the Haight Ashbury should be encouraged to have meditation every day. I mean, that's my belief. I think that we should set up shops here that are called Calm Centers...a place where people just come and sit. They don't turn on, there's no hippy game, it's just softness and thereness The thing should be represented by going back into yourself. And there should be institutions for that, because all our institutions are external game institutions.

O: Abeautiful cat named Luther just came back to that Straight Theater organization, and he's very turned on, and that's exactly what he wants to do at the Straight Theater now: make it non profit, he's going to make it into a temple.

A Right. That's beautiful. I've got a group in Philadelphia doing that too. There's a nice hippy community in Philadelphia...

A: Steve Durkee wanted to have a major Human Be-In this summer, like at Grand Canyon or someplace like that. It could be here; it could be anywhere. But it should be announced by January or February so people can organize their lives, so that they can come with food and bedding. But it should be a place where a lot of people could live out, for nothing. Fifty or a hundred thousand people would come, just to be there. There'd be no "games," no organization, no meetings, no nothing. Just people being together.



THE GOD I WORSHIP IS A LION
and I pray to him for

SPEED

POWER

&

COURAGE!

I pray that I sing
the music of my meat
not that which I eat
but that I am made of
while I pray for the mildness of a dove
and a tapping foot in the earthly venture.
I shall become a lion--beyond censure.
In the meekness of May
I'll sing all the day
in the throne of my flesh
freed of the mesh
and the gins and the traps
that bind me!
THE SYNAPSE BINDS THE MUSIC IN
THE DULL BAR HOLDS IT OUT.
The meter is there, calm as a hair,
in the shiplash of the throat.
There shall be a new image of god!
There shall be a new image of god!
There shall be a new image of god!

The flesh is light and the heart leaps up
The spider dives into the cup
to sail his ship in the wine.

THE UNIVERSE REFLECTS A LION'S
FACE TO ME.
The spider tacks in the sugary sea.

Divine!

Divine!

Divine!

Divine!

Divine!

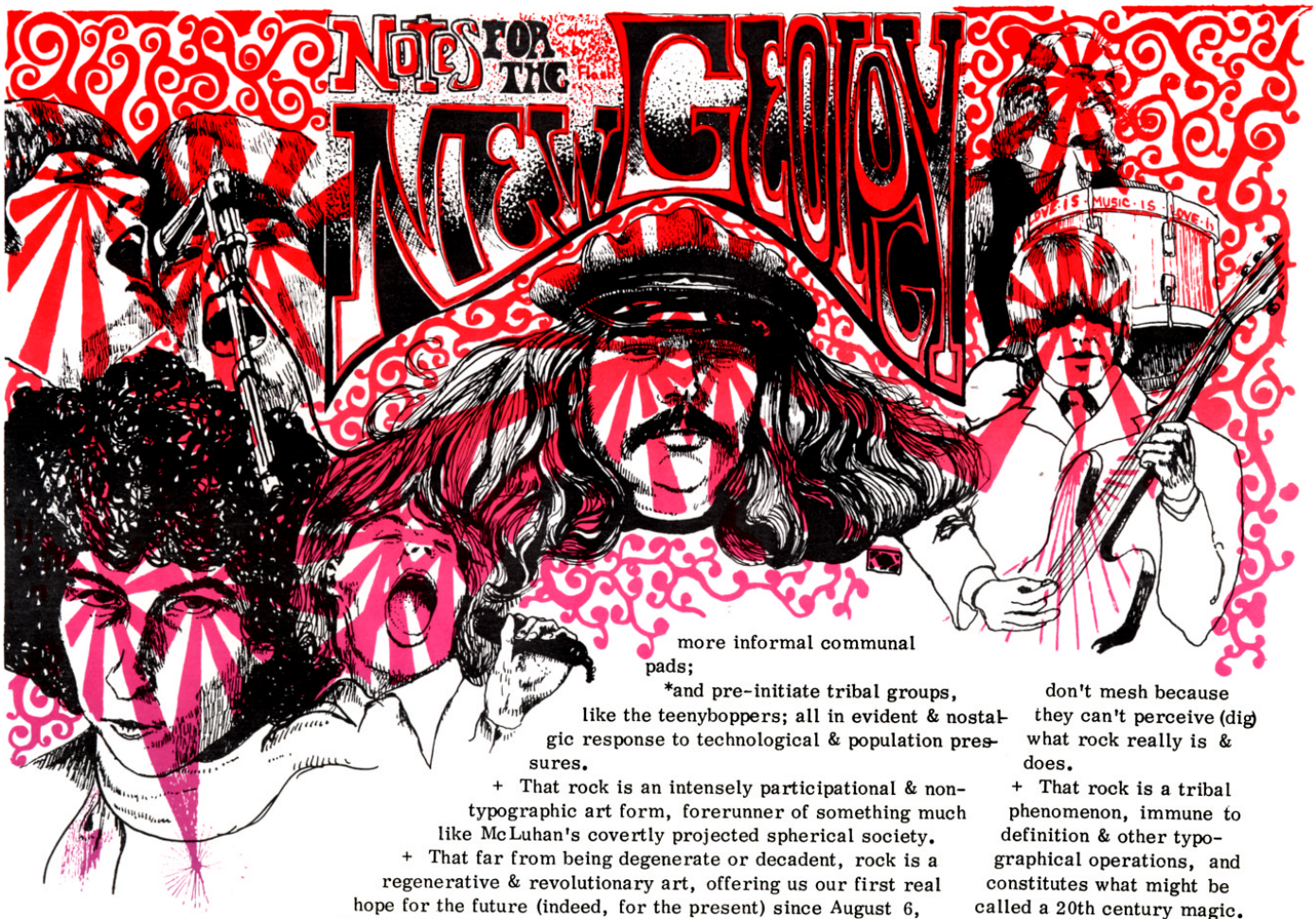
--Michael McClure

LIGHT IMAGES

LIGHT IMAGES ARE DONE BY EXPOSING LIGHT-SENSITIVE PAPER TO AN INTERPLAY OF LIGHT AND SHADOW BY RECORDING SHAPES, FLASHES, REFLECTIONS, AND THE ENERGY OF THE SUN UPON PAPER. SHADOWS RECORD YOUR MOVEMENT AND THE MOVEMENT OF TIME. THE NOON SUN, BEATING STRAIGHT DOWN, THE LONG SHADOWS OF LATE AFTERNOON, THE REFLECTION OF LIGHT THROUGH A GLASS, ATE THE ENERGY SOURCES FOR THESE LIGHT PRINTS. THEY ARE WITNESS TO THE SPIRIT OR INCANTATIONS OF LIGHT.

Dan Thomas

THE
RACE
—RICK GRIFFIN—



by Chester Anderson

I

Rock's the first head music we've had since the end of the baroque. By itself, without the aid of strobe lights, day-glo paints & other subimaginative copouts, it engages the entire sensorium, appealing to the intelligence with no interference from the intellect. Extremely typographic people are unable to experience it, which--because TV didn't approach universality till 1950--is why the rock folk are so young, generally. (Most of the astounding exceptions are people, like the poet Walter Lowenfels, who have lived a long time but have not become old.)

II

SOME PRINCIPLES:

+ That rock is essentially head (or even psychedelic) music.

+ That rock is a legitimate avant garde art form, with deep roots in the music of the past (especially the baroque & before), great vitality, and vast potential for growth & development, adaptation, experiment, etcetera.

+ That rock shares most of its formal/structural principles with baroque music (wherein lie its most recent cultural roots), and that it & baroque can be judged by the same broad standards (the governing principles being that of mosaic structure of tonal & textural contrast: tactility, collage).

+ That rock is evolving Sturgeonesque homo gestalt configurations:

*the groups themselves, far more intimately interrelated & integrated than any comparable ensembles in the past;

*super-families, like Kerista & the more informal communal pads;

*and pre-initiate tribal groups, like the teenyboppers; all in evident & nostalgic response to technological & population pressures.

+ That rock is an intensely participational & non-typographic art form, forerunner of something much like McLuhan's covertly projected spherical society.

+ That far from being degenerate or decadent, rock is a regenerative & revolutionary art, offering us our first real hope for the future (indeed, for the present) since August 6, 1945; and that its effects on the younger population, especially those effects most deplored by typeheads, have all been essentially good & healthy so far.

+ That rock principles are not limited to music, and that much of the shape of the future can be seen in its aspirations today (these being mainly total freedom, total experience, total love, peace & mutual affection).

+ That today's teenyboppers will be voting tomorrow and running for office the day after.

+ That rock is an intensely synthesizing art, an art of amazing relationships (collage is rock & roll), able to absorb (maybe) all of society into itself as an organizing force, transmuting & reintegrating what it absorbs (as it has so far); and that its practitioners & audience are learning to perceive & manipulate reality in wholly new ways, quite alien to typeheads.

+ That rock has reinstated the ancient truth that art is fun.

+ That rock is a way of life, international & verging in this decade on universal; and can't be stopped, retarded, put down, muted, modified or successfully controlled by typeheads, whose arguments don't apply & whose machinations don't mesh because they can't perceive (dig) what rock really is & does.

+ That rock is a tribal phenomenon, immune to definition & other typographical operations, and constitutes what might be called a 20th century magic.

+ That rock seems to have synthesized most of the intellectual & artistic movements of our time & culture, cross-fertilizing them & forcing them rapidly toward fruition & function.

+ That rock is a vital agent in breaking down absolute & arbitrary distinctions.

+ That any artistic activity not allied to rock is doomed to preciousness & sterility.

+ That group participation, total experience & complete involvement are rock's minimal desiderata and those as well of a world that has too many people.

+ That rock is creating the social rituals of the future.

+ That the medium is indeed the message, & rock knows what that means.

+ That no arbitrary limitations of rock are valid (i.e., that a rock symphony or opera, for example, is possible).

+ That rock is handmade, and only the fakes are standardized.

+ That rock presents an aesthetic of discovery.

III

Marshall McLuhan makes no sense at all, not as I was taught to define sense in my inadequately cynical youth. He's plainly no Aquinas. And yet, somehow, he embarrassingly manages to explain to perfection an overwhelming array of things that used to make even less sense than he does and were somewhat threatening as well: things like pop, op & camp (which sounds like a breakfast food); the psychedelic revolution, the pot & acid explosion; the Haight-Ashbury community, and especially

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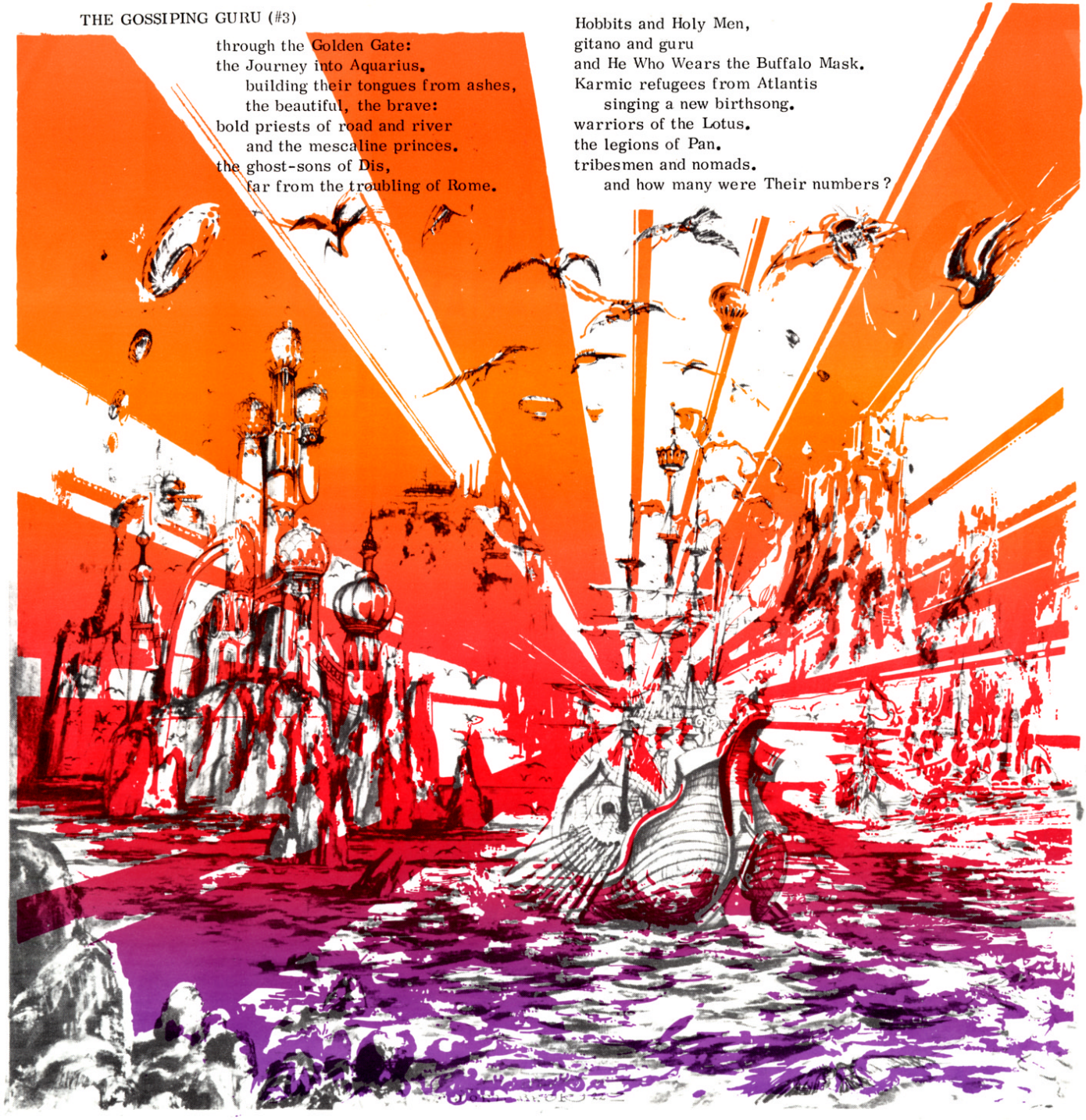
through the Golden Gate:
the Journey into Aquarius.
building their tongues from ashes,
the beautiful, the brave:
bold priests of road and river
and the mescaline princes.
the ghost-sons of Dis,
far from the troubling of Rome.

Hobbits and Holy Men,
gitano and guru
and He Who Wears the Buffalo Mask.
Karmic refugees from Atlantis
singing a new birthsong.
warriors of the Lotus.
the legions of Pan.
tribesmen and nomads.
and how many were Their numbers?



Far beyond the American dominions of money, and their tomb-shadowed, history-haunted walls, we listened and dreamed, and how far did we reach out with that vast gypsy Smile?

666

And this week, from the Collective Cortex, a welcome new voice speaks of the wonders unfolding before the eager eyes of the Children of Aquarius:

"Dear Gossiping Guru:

"In the Leary issue you asked 'Who can tell us further of Him who was born on February 5th, 1962, when seven planets were in Aquarius?'

"I didn't suppose anyone cared, as He'll have to make His way without a long white nightie. Most any publication in the country would smile and tap their heads knowingly at anyone who purported to have tuned in on that scene. I'm pleased Jeanne Dixon got through.

"I can tell you a little about some of the preparation for that great event on the inner planes...are you willing to listen?

"On August 3rd, 1961, there was a convocation of spiritual adepts -- a great number of them -- in fact all those having attained a certain degree of adeptship on the planet. This meeting took place on the inner planes, but there was nothing nebulous about it. It was as dynamic an event as it is possible for one to imagine.

"For the first few hours, the work was the gathering of inner power, which was accompanied by a sort of precipitation from the akashic records of the emotional history and progress toward enlightenment of humankind. Lump all the filmed tear-jerkers you've ever seen into one and you have only a faint inkling of the collective woe of the human race. Again and again a surge of aspiration and a new ideal would come forth. Great hope would swell in the hearts of mankind. Like a huge wave of enthusiasm human hopes would mount to a mighty historical crescendo. Too high. Too high. Then a slight falling out and underhandedness would begin at the base of the structure of hope. Just a little. But it would pull the foundation out a little more, a little more, until in great despair the whole scene would come crashing down.

"As a culmination of the pageant of the planet, the time came for the collected adepts to focus an appeal to a spiritual center outside our solar system for an avatar, the carrier of a new vibration of spiritual energy.

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THE AQUARIAN AGE

GAVIN ARTHUR

From an ORACLE tape recording, February 1967:

ORACLE: It is said that in 1927 Uranus was in Aquarius, and a new generation was to be born. One person wrote that this was like the beginning of the Aquarian Age. You see, the reason why everyone is so interested in the Aquarian Age is that we keep getting "hits" on it. People keep writing: "The Aquarian Age is here."

GAVIN ARTHUR: Well, actually the Aquarian Age hasn't started yet. It won't be here until 2660... So we have, from 1967, 693 more years before the Aquarian Age can take place.

Now, I think the Aquarian Age is the coming age of mankind. When I was 19 years old my mother gave me a book in French called Les Grands Initiés (The Great Initiates), with a forward by the greatest doctor of medicine France ever produced, Claude Bernard. And he said in the fly leaf: "Until religion and science and philosophy are one and the same thing, Man will not have reached his coming of age, his majority."

And, I don't see how this has come or is even in sight as long as Roman Catholic and the Orthodox churches are telling kids in Sunday School that Jonah was swallowed by the whale or that Joshua made the sun stand still and all kinds of things about the virgin birth and impossible things which are driving these kids to be complete atheists because they say, "Well, hell! The scientists tell us that there is no God, there is no future to life, and therefore let's eat, drink, and be merry the way the Romans did."

Now this is contrary to this age of culture that we entered in 1940, because we're beginning to see the same flying saucers that each age of culture has seen; we're beginning to bridge the gap between the life of the dead and the life of the living, and the whole move toward LSD and so on is to break the barriers between the worlds that are caused by different wave lengths.

I met Oppenheimer at a party in 1938, at a time when television was more or less new-- and I said to him, "With your great knowledge of the nature of the atom... we know now that we can have cowboys and Indians on the same flat surfaces of the TV and then by changing the wave length of frequency we can have socialites in Paris; and we go back to the cowboys and they're still there... and isn't it a question of frequency which could be carried into a three-dimensional world? And couldn't there be other people walking through us and unbeknownst to us, whose molecular structures are on a different wave length from ours?"

And he grinned from ear to ear and said to me, "That's not only possible, but very probable."

And we are beginning to discover that this age of culture is going to open the way for the great Aquarian age to come and it will be like the Roman period in which Christianity was nurtured.

The Piscean age was started 500 years after Christ and was the Christian era and will be until 600-odd years from now. But that doesn't mean that it is yet the Aquarian Age, just as the Roman Empire was the forerunner of the Christian.

O: Would you say that the people in the Aquarian Age then would be more tuned in to what's going on, to the sound and the wave lengths?

A: There won't be any difference between science and religion but they'll be the same united.

O: Physics and metaphysics will be one.

A: Yes. And it won't be metaphysics any more because it'll be understood as physics.

O: It will be the end of duality.

A: Exactly, yes. And I believe that people will not expect everybody to be supermasculine or superfeminine; they'll see sex more as a color wheel, like my book, The Circle of Sex. The fashions are getting so that men will look more like women and vice versa. And then, you have the concept that races of mankind are also like a a color wheel where the white light of the whole human race is split up into the different colors based on

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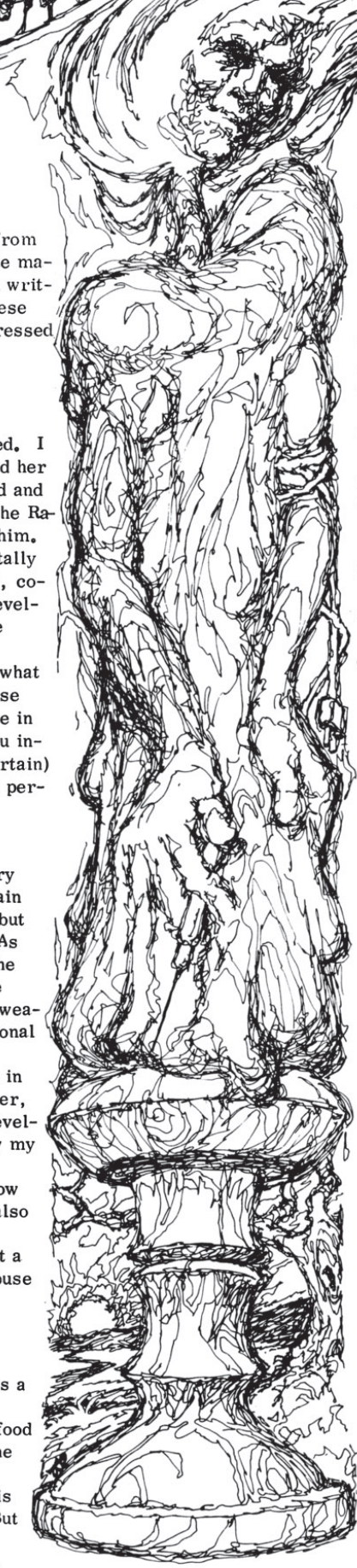
ECSTATIC ISOLATION & INCARNATION

a letter from Kent Chapman
to Michael Murphy



Dear Michael,

I hope you don't mind receiving letters from me so frequently. In the hermitage I wrote many letters. Solitude seems rightly used in writing to a friend, & the more I am alone, these few hours alone, I think thoughts best addressed to you.

BEGINNING TO LEARN

When I stopped taking amphetamine two months ago the process of thinking resumed. I first went to the mother of a friend & asked her to give me a place to rest for one day: food and left alone. Then I went to an ex-monk of the Ramakrishna Order & asked four days from him.

I understood that I was three years mentally retarded. That is, in the last three years, coinciding with S.F., Subud & drawing, & developing my dependency on stimulants, I have come to a karmic standstill.

This is the way I am forced to describe what I feel now, that: though in these years, these past three, I have learned more than I have in my entire life (in fact, began to learn, thru indigence & strangers, certain things for certain) I have been at a standstill in my flesh as a person incarnated.

STOLEN GNOSIS

This is harsh, & as description, not very sound. Yet, continuing: I acquired a certain power, psychic poise & empathy for life, but in the manner of a person who steals it. As things went on I could no longer tolerate the indecencies of boredom, the commonplace ideas & feelings I discovered inside when weary & alone, & the other claptrap of a personal psyche.

Finally, after that experience of prayer in the hermitage, the one experience of prayer, the dying & gratitude for being, I began developing an awayness & could no longer allow my human person to exist.

In prayer I knew that my soul could know only God, & after prayer I came to know also that I was flesh & weary.

My return to S.F. & methedrine was not a revolt against God, but a deep personal abuse of what the soul knew to be true.

REFLECTION & ROT

Under methedrine I experienced daily, as a psychic commonplace, what I had experienced under LSD. Five, six days without food or sleep, or desire for either, brings to the psyche's attention a heaven-reflection.

One thing is needful, & if that one thing is methedrine, the psyche lives in heaven. But with methedrine heaven does not live on earth, & the person rots as the psyche enjoys.

FLASHING

I have tasted more ecstasy than is allowed. I've never injected crystal without flashing, & never flashed without experiencing the sudden moebius weightlessness of my mind--& I injected four or five times a day.

Sometimes I didn't know if I was awake or asleep. I had no more human remembrance & forgot what things were. I sat for hours drawing. The hot water heater was all I heard clearly. In the next room human beings were conversing, & I could make out only whispering shards of what they said.

DONNA, DONNA

The last object I drew was a girl who sat hour after hour as I tried to draw her, tried to understand, fathom, touch her by drawing.

The drawings became unrecognizable.

She was young, one of the summer runaways, & finally she returned home, to Arizona.

But the night before she left it got to me that I was falling in love with a human being.

It got to me that I cherished Donna, loved her, cared for her, wanted her to be happy.

But I was the One Who Drew Without Stopping.

Friends passed by. I couldn't talk.

HELL & INCARNATION

For me hell was the ecstasy that rots teeth & person. I didn't live in the seasons of the sun, but in the changes of my metabolism. Hell has seasons, all ecstatic, even its winter. In none of them is there the blessedness of the commonplace, & all were therefore ecstatic.

The existence I've returned to is what I call human incarnation. Somehow I feel released from the terror of my personal existence. But from its limitations, no.

HUMAN WARMTH

My body is a wreck.

My body wants to knot up in one crying Gordian knot, & only tricks & makeshift devices I discovered for my own condition relax me.

There is no spiritual way to quiet an abused body. Only the care of a nurse, oneself in this case, can do it.

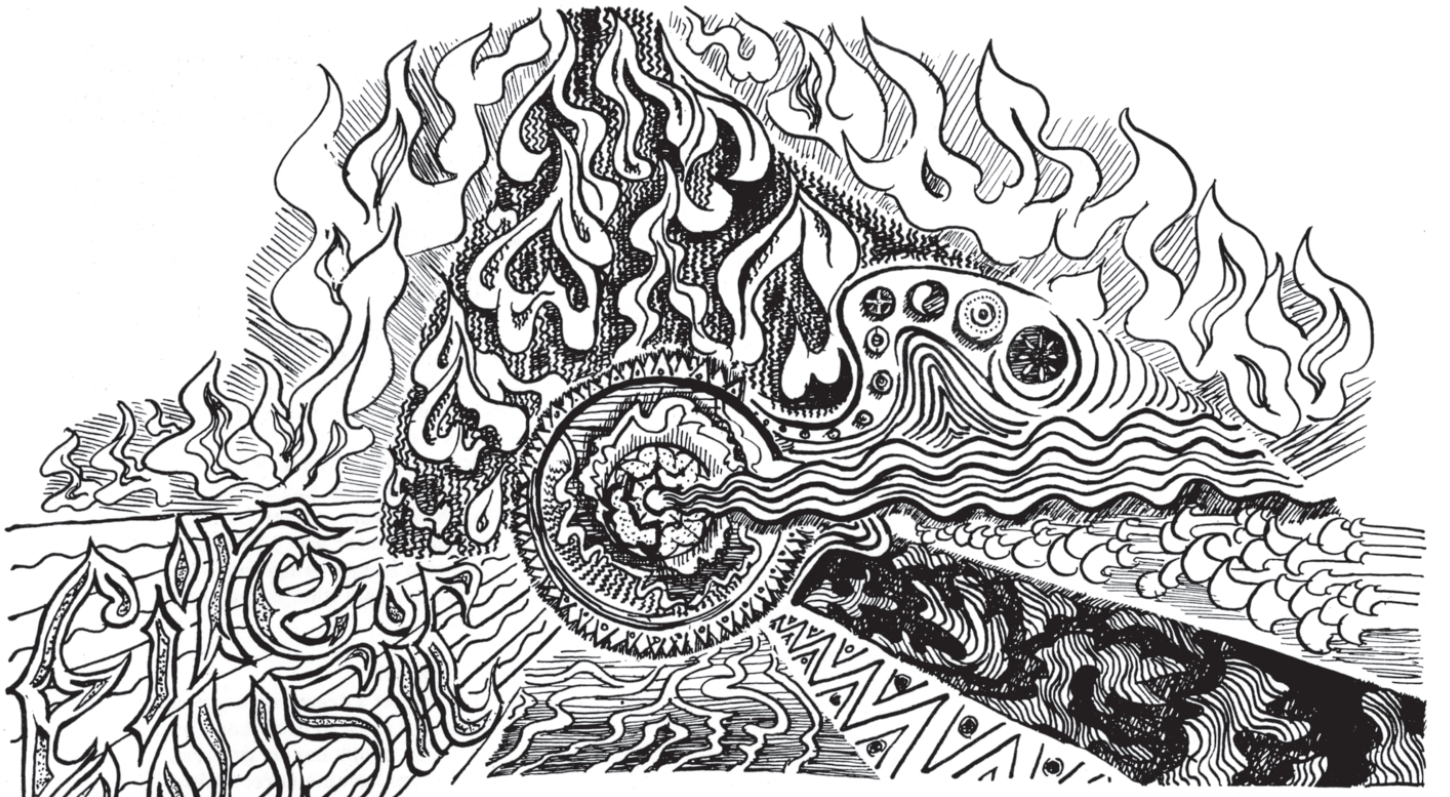
I've discovered what it is to have the courtesy to make my own existence comfortable: & its not the pathologist's vedantic understanding, but the warm, human understanding of the self-abused.

How does one live who has come off ecstasy?

How does one walk honorably in the flux of necessity?

CHOOSING TO BE

When I said to myself, "I must commit myself to Napa," & was instantly relaxed & free for the first time in three years, really free of amphetamine, I began to appreciate that I had chosen to be human, & gradually I could recall the whole methedrine experience, see it all as horrified malingering, not bearing being torn from heaven, being human. Cont. on page 19



by John Sinclair

Well it is a new year, it's not hard to tell, & the spirit is with us now. People are not going to believe all the beautiful living artifacts this new year will produce, but the life will be there anyway. Yes. The music of the Jefferson Airplane sings to us here in Detroit from across the continent, via RCA Victor, and brings us new life. And we are happy with it. Soon our music will be coming to you there, hopefully, through the energy-movement of the MC-5, a band that will prepare us all for the bomb when it comes, and we will have exposed ourselves to the strength of this band's energy-flashes enough so that we will be strong, too, strong enough to absorb and turn into love the energies men would use to destroy us with. I mean we have no idea yet how much human love energy we can generate, and when we do finally test our strength we will feel its power. The forces of destruction are weak because they are negative, and when enough creative energy is generated, by enough people, the world will move as we move, straight ahead. "Love is real, real, real, Robin Tyner sings, and he is right. The MC-5 is love, and it is real as love is.

Sad news for friends there: the Detroit Contemporary 4 is no more, since pianist Stanley Cowell moved to New York City in August of last year. Leader Charles Moore has assembled a new group with pianist Kirk Lightsey, trombonist George Bohanon, bassist John Dana and drummer Ronnie Johnson, and the "Contemporary has been dropped from the band's name--rightly so, I'm afraid. Stanley can soon be heard on two Marion Brown lps tho, and you will know what a band the DC4 was when you hear those records--THE PSYCHEDELIC SOUNDS OF MARION BROWN, on the new Galliant label (1619 Broadway, NYC), with Norris Jones and Rashied Ali, and on an as yet untitled date for Impulse, which should be available in a couple of months.

SUN RA, the master of modern music, has released 15 albums on his own label, SATURN* (P.O. Box 7124, Chicago, Illinois 60607), some of which are classics of western music--I mean music created by western men. One of these Saturn sides, THE MAGIC CITY, is the most beautiful single record I've ever heard, and others like WHEN ANGELS SPEAK OF LOVE (they say: Sun Ra!), WHEN SUN COMES OUT, OTHER PLANETS OF THERE, and SECRETS OF THE SUN, are records everyone should hear. The problem is that they have to be sent for, at $5.00 apiece, from Saturn Records at the above address. But that should not stop you--nothing has stopped Sun Ra all these years from getting his music to you, and you should pick up on it. And if you've heard either volume of the HELIOCENTRIC WORLDS OF SUN RA on ESP, you'll know what I mean. If you haven't, please do it right now.

Pharaoh Sanders recorded for Impulse this winter also, with a guitar player I haven't heard yet who is the talk of New York--Sonny Sherock. Pharaoh Sanders sings pure electricity. You can hear him best on MEDITATIONS with John Coltrane, and on the COLTRANE LIVE AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD AGAIN record with Trane and Rashied. Pharaoh Sanders is 1000 micrograms plugged into the wall. His music is the sound of meat energy screaming to come out, through the body, to you. And you will feel him, and love him, when you hear him.

Great musical activity in New York City to take 1966 out, including two concerts by Sun Ra and his Astro-Infinity Arkestra at the Jazz Art Music Society in Newark, a SNCC benefit with the gands of Marion Brown, Jackie McLean, and Archie Shepp, and a combined concert with John Coltrane's and Ornette Coleman's bands the day after Christmas. Albert Ayler was in Cleveland, Ohio, for a concert the 22nd of January, and the Coltrane band was in Detroit that day to take part in a George Wein money festival. Andrew Hill & quartet performed in concert in Ann Arbor the 21st, following the performance the 15th of January of a piece written for a Double Sextet by Stanley Cowell performed by the Charles Moore Ensemble at Ann Arbor.

The Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians in Chicago continues its concert series, having presented the groups of Joseph Jarman, Roscoe Mitchell, Troy Robinson, Richard Abrams, the Artistic Heritage Ensemble, and Anthony Braxton this fall. Roscoe's first record SOUND should be ready from Delmark Records (7 West Grand, Chicago 60610) by the time you read this, and it's a killer! Likewise JoJar's first Delmark side, which features his quartet, quintet, and ensemble. Hear these, man--they love you.

Readers of our magazine CHANGE will want to know that GUERRILLA is for them, as it incorporates CHANGE and is Change. GUERRILLA the first, which is ready for you now, has a 12-page music section, including a statement by Albert Ayler, an interview with Marion Brown, and reviews of records & concerts by Trane, Roscoe Mitchell, Burton Greene, Cecil Taylor (a beautiful review of UNIT STRUCTURES written by Woody Haut of ST), Ayler, Sonny Rollins, & a lot of

cont. on pg. 24

We sat on a green ridge in the Saturday sunlite and watched as a great flower opened on the meadow before us. All the day long it opened and grew from an early morning bud into a mighty afternoon full blown lotus-rose...

Not since the vast empire-armies of old Persia has there been such an exotic massing for a common purpose. Not since the last day of the Christ has the purpose been so gentle and so strong. Not in twenty-six thousand years have the aborigines of a new mankind gathered in recognition of their heritage and their gig.

It didn't matter that few were up-front-hip to either the great humility or the unspeakable splendor of the significance of the day. The point was we were there and it was happening. In a few other cities a few people also gathered on that day but the vitality, the matrix, was right here.

***

Late in the spring of 1927 the planet Uranus entered the first degree of Aries, the first sign of the zodiac. To those who pay esoteric attention to the evolution of man this marked the arrival of the first-born of a new mankind. For eighty-four years they would continue to arrive in twelve waves of seven years each as Uranus, the initiator, passes through the houses of heaven. Then for the next twenty-six thousand years man will work to perfect himself in the patterns set by this primitive prototype generation.

All of science is hip to the fact that life evolves in rising expanding cycles. This has been called the spiral of evolution or wheel of necessity. Consistent rhythm is necessary for a wheel to turn without wobbling. Rhythm is marked or measured by what is called the cadence or the beat. For each new cycle or the spiral, the beat or its new rhythm is established. In terms of human evolution, the new cadence is set by a first-born or prototype generation. Esoteric teaching tells us that such a generation is called, in the language of its time, the beat generation.

To be one of a beat generation is an ordeal and a responsibility. The ordeal is that of being different and new, the responsibility is that of selfless service.

To be new and different is to be resisted, ridiculed, put down, suspected and harassed. The ordeal, according to esoteric tradition, has to be met with joy and passed in loving understanding. This doesn't necessarily mean passively but it does include the natural law of forgiveness.

Serving is helping. It cannot be done with any feeling of pride or addiction to glamour. To serve selflessly is to serve everyone as your brother and put no one on a trip behind the fact that you are serving him. Part of the pursuit of happiness is the discovery of our own particular gig in life, or in other words, the service we were sent here (on earth) to render.

There is also a sort of "secret" ordeal that comes in the way of what some call temptation, the double temptation of pride and glamour. The resistance to progressive change (sometimes referred to as the enemy, the evil forces, the shadow) repeatedly flatters and flirts with the new people by implying some kind of elite scene or by offering quick ways or attaining enlightened consciousness which bypass the way of selfless service to mankind. This appeal to pride and far-out glamour is deadly dangerous. It's also hard to spot since the pitch is always spiced with pieces of impressive truth. Go for the pitch, and the inevitable result is a side trip followed by a breakdown. Then the task of turning on the world is passed on to someone else.

Man has been through this enough times that many are by now at least instinctively hip to the tricks and traps that are part of any method of enlightenment which is not based upon selfless service or which is offered as a short cut.

The purpose of an enlightened consciousness is not a personal

cont. on p. 21

LSD Revolution and God

PAUL KRASSNER: What we're doing here is we're talking about LSD as a tangible thing. Now I think of this as a catalyst to awareness. I have been fortunate because for a dozen solid years I have engaged in what I like to call satirical introspections. And I knew myself really well, all my games and my manipulations, and there were no surprises in terms of...there was nothing I was ashamed of.

You know, up to the age of fourteen I was in my mind going down on my mother, you know, and I only felt guilty because she didn't come very good.

So, with that, the LSD trip for me didn't have those kind of insights. But, it got me high for the first time in my life; you know, I was never high before I took LSD. So, I knew what it was like to be physically high and I learned some things about the subleties of paranoia.

The first trip wasn't a bad trip for me. It was different because, having never been high , I had all kinds of, sort of reverse paranoia. I thought people were doing nice things for me. I thought that they had planned this beautiful trip for me. And I called up my wife thanked her for it, and she didn't know what I was talking about (LAUGHTER).

But that wasn't a bad trip, it was just amusing. I went to telephone and the whole dial was just squiggly. And I thought "How am I going to make the call?" But then I noticed the dime was all squiggly, so I put it in and it fit.

The ORACLE meets The REALIST

So, ok...I was fortunate enough. There were other people who didn't... Let's use the word "awareness"... When Alpert lectures on the West Coast what he calls his lectures are "Journey into Awareness". Now you can't assume that people are necessarily going to like what they face about themselves. That's why there are so many bad trips.

So there may be a screening out process of the grooviness in this particular area, in this particular room, of we who kind of like ourselves to begin with and don't have that much to get away from. Whereas in the outside world that I'm talking about there are probably many more inner conflicts...

ORACLE: The outside world is becoming 25 years old or under 25...

K: I don't look upon youth as a panacea either, because at every demonstration I've been in, there've been lots of young counter-demonstrators, filled with hostility, filled with a kind of fierce patriotism. I don't look upon youth as necessarily a saintly factor.

O: What Alpert says...

K: Well, he talks about a serenity on the West Coast. I get that feeling. I don't know how influenced I've been by his preconception. Because I hear from people on the West Coast that they're imitatingthe East Coast, and I hear from the people on the East Coast that they're imitating the West Coast. And I begin occasionally to think that it's really happening in Denver. Like, you know, Colorado.

O: Well, we keep going back to Colorado because of Neal Cassidy. When the beat thing was going, Jack Gilbert came back and said: "You know the difference between the beat scene here and in New York? They believe it in New York." You know, where everybody was more relaxed about it here. I feel the same kind of thing is happening with what we call the new community. There is really a feeling of community effort here...a more relaxed type of thing.

K: I suppose if I had to come up with one word the feeling I get is that there is more relaxation here but it may just be the circles I'm traveling in. I can't ignore one point: it is hard for me to imagine two nuns walking into the office of the East Village Other in New York. (LAUGHTER)

(Two nuns had just entered and sat down. Ed. note)

O: They are poets, Paul.

K: It would still be hard to see two nun poetesses walking into the E.V.O. I think... maybe there is one difference which is that...we were talking before about commercial exploitation and I think that may exist much more in New York simply because New York is where the central point for all the mass media and the advertising agencies and all this is, so that there's much more hustle and bustle going on about this...so it's much more subconscious there.

O: Why has the mass media picked up on this, the psychedelic clothes and so forth?

K: It may just be something different. For them it may just be a fad. Obviously for the people around here it's not just a fad. But for the advertising people it may just be the "in" gimmick this year, and they may go on to something else next year.

O: There seems to be a vast difference now between New York, San Francisco, and L.A. ...I can't imagine taking acid in New York (I can't imagine going through those kinds of changes).

K: Yeah, but that's your subjectivity. The last time I took LSD was Friday, last week, and unlike all the other times, I took it in a very New York situation, a March thru the streets, with policemen all around, and from there I went and spoke at a college, and I took a subway to the college, a crowded subway.

O: I can't imagine being on a crowded subway in New York on acid.

K: I'm not trying to boast, saying, you know, "I can make the New York subway scene on LSD and you can't...(LAUGHTER)... That'll be the next generation wars: to have a new kind of competition as to who can go into the worst kind of LSD scenes...have contests.

O: You know, in California you don't even take it on a rainy day.

K: The whole point of LSD is that you should get to your kind of attitude, and that you should carry that attitude over with you. And so what you're saying is that if you can't make it under LSD in New York then in effect you can't make it without LSD.

O: It is very hard for me to imagine making LSD in New York, even though I know that you do it, and you have good trips, I'm trying to dramatize that set and setting is very important.

K: I must reiterate that set and setting

cont. on p. 22

photo: Brian Rybolt

BE-IN

A Gathering of the Tribes
The First American mehla A Baptism

Notes from the San Andreas Fault-Steve Levine

Nearly a century ago the last remaining heroes of the Indian Nations met on the "Great Plateau" in Pow-wow and in prayer to the spirits that the great muds might flow down and cover the "white epidemic" that had never passed as originally presumed, but had instead settled in devastation to their ways and Beings.

Now in this twentieth of recent centuries a generation, considered by many to be the reincarnation of the American Indian, has been born out of the ashes of World War Two, rising like a Phoenix, in celebration of the slightly psychedelic zeit-geist of this brand-new Aquarian Age.

On Saturday, January 14, coincident with a darshan of Holy Men in Nepal and a rugby game at the other end of the field, at least 25,000 people came together in "a Gathering of the tribes for a Human Be-in" on the Polo Grounds of Golden Gate Park in Pow-Wow and in Picnic. Seeking the return of this once voluptuous country; regaining the forests and the great herds to the chanting of mantras (Hindu-Buddhist song-changes) and the magic center chiming between the viewer and the viewed.

This Coming-Together was unlike the two previous miraculous meetings in the Panhandle: the first on October 6, the day of the Beast of Revelations, 666, the first day of the California LSD ban, and the second, the New Year's Day Celebration of the "Death of the Old and the Birth of the New."

This meeting was a Baptism, not a birthday party. It was a calm and peaceful approbation, a reaffirmation of the life spirit, a settling of the waters.

Fans, feathers, plumes and tusks; bells, drums, chimes and incense; pennants, banners, flags and talismans; beaded charms, oranges and carrots; balloons, flowers, animal robes and bamboo; flutes and baskets; folded hands, closed eyes, bright brow and smile; prayer cloth and shaman stick. Nearly everyone with something in their hands, except the many children darting at festival through the human forest.

Thousands eating of the free food provided by the increasing awareness of these times, and cooked via the Diggers--"It's free because it's yours." Seventy-five 10-pound turkeys, home-made bread, oranges, and a touch of the Wandering Jew in the donated delicatessen.

On the stage, gathered up in the Coming-Together, the poets and the priests. Allen Ginsberg and Gary Snyder chanting, perhaps to Radha, mantras for the gathering of the magic of the spirit and the new and better day that has already begun. The sound system wiring cut during the Quick Silver Messenger Service's first set; people turning to each other, sitting or wading about, neutralizing the Red Guard and the Fiendish Sprite dervishing on other planets of the Earth. And sound resumes, the Quicksilver turning-on with the generator, now fixed and spliced, guarded by the Hell's Angels, something between the collectiveness of the Centurion Guard and the individuality of the Samurai. And the Grateful Dead, prefaced by the Egyptian Book of the Dead, spreading sound on sound across the gathered tribes. And Leary, "The only way out is In," a bit off this day perhaps.

The paradox of a culture reincarnated by itself: that the "white-eye" who once annihilated the buffalo must now, in action-reacted, be "saved" from slaughtering himself by the Indian incarnate.

continued on page 24

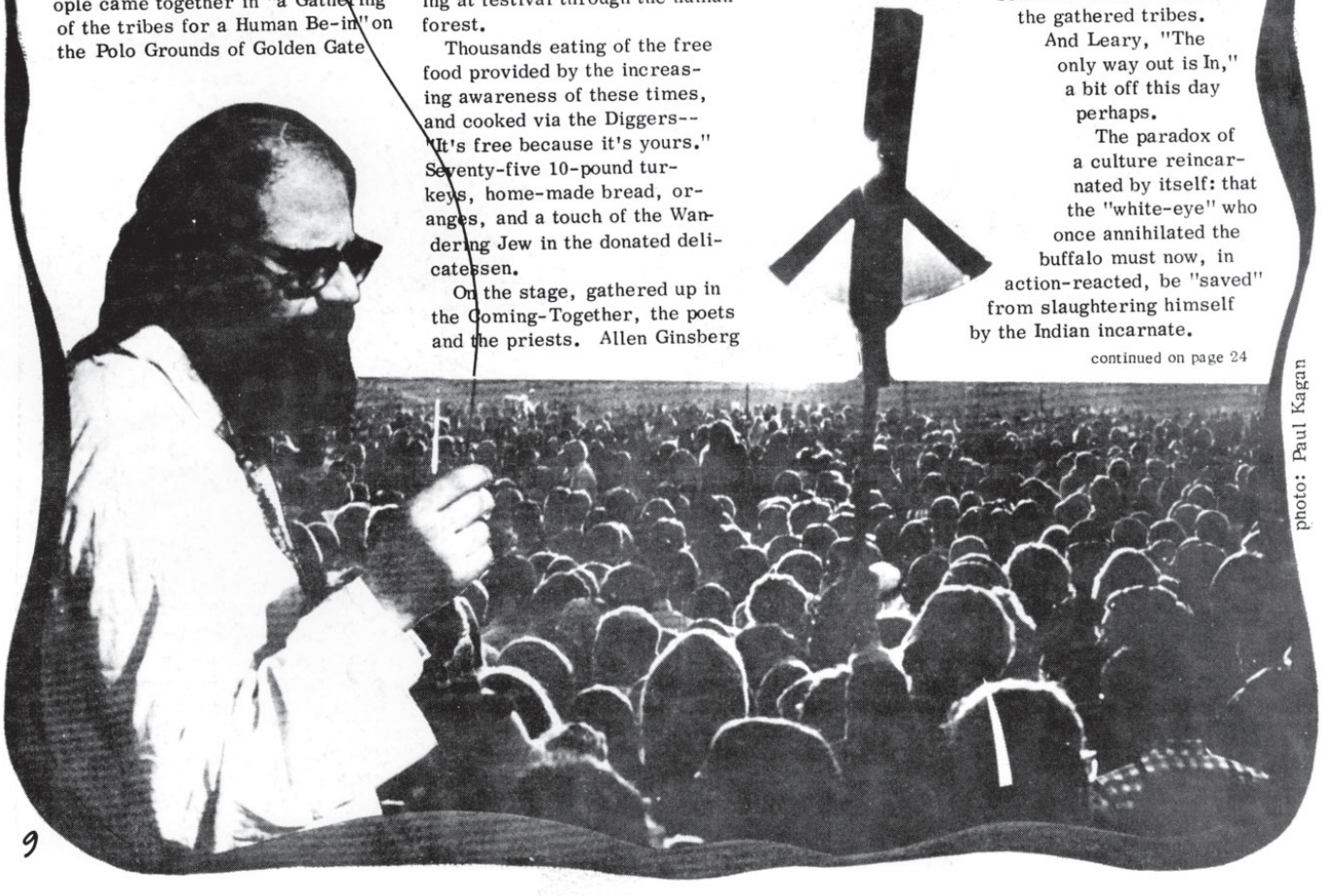


photo: Paul Kagan

ihimasho, ihimasho, ihimasho,
go, go,
ihimasho, go, go,
ihimasho, ihimasho

PHOTO BY PAUL KAGAN
also available in poster form

SOUNDS FROM THE SEEDPOWER SITAR

"Now you will open your
Powerful eyes and penetrate
The Star and the Atom
And grow the new crops!"
--from Manifesto for Mutants
by Ted Berk

***

The return to the land is happening. Organic farms & individual pioneer shots, country ashrams for meditation, farms for hot hard work growing the new crops, have begun, and more are coming.

Land is being made available at a time when many of us in the Haight-Ashbury and elsewhere are voicing our need to return to the soil, to straighten our heads in a natural environment, to straighten our bodies with healthier foods and Pan's work, toe to toe with the physical world, just doing what must be done...to perfection, because it's what we want to do.

We need now to pool our energies, ideas & resources, to bring together the diverse elements: people and spirit & land & love & labor & tools & music &&&&

We need now,under Western skies, the growing space for the healthy, organic, harmonious evolution of the Tribe.

***

If you are the one who is saying, "I want to be a man on the land, " let us know who and where you are, what you can do, what you want to do, the ideas that spark you in this direction, when you will be ready to go...

If you are running a farm or ranch, organic or otherwise, & want people to help you farm, or if you would dig to have artists & artisans & craftsmen living and working in and brightening your scene...

If you are a sandal-maker, bead-linker, cup-carver, and want to be part of a country community...

If you are wise in the ways of the soil & the green growin' things, are tuned into the cycle of seasons and the signs, especially in California and the Far West, and can teach others...

If you are hip to the wild edible plants, know what they look like, what they do & where they live...

If you have a shovel or hoe or tractor that would rust if it weren't used in this new growing year, the Year of the Ram...

If you know some good sources of organic material for composting...

If you have a truck, bus, horse, mule or bicycle and can help make the moves as we swing with the changes...

If you have mechanical skills, from tool-sharpening to auto repairing...

If you have had real experience, bitter or sweet, in co-op farming and communal living, and can communicate your experience ...

If you can donate money...

If you have the good seeds...

...then do your bit now, in groups of your own choosing. But if you want help or further information, you can share your ideas, visions, & materials with "Thee Exchange" (Diggers co-ordinator), 1333 Masonic, S.F., and with "Seedpower", c/o The ORACLE, 1371 Haight St., S.F.

***

IN THE WIND: a 130-acre ranch for use as combination farm, ashram, center for Human Be-In's, country fairs, dances.

an 80-acre farm in the foothills of the Mother-Loaded Country, for good, hard farm work. Hilly land. Terracing.

a co-operative marketplace in the Haight-Ashbury, to distribute farm products, crafts, health foods, etc.

the outright purchase of one or more "ghost towns."

an on-the-job training program to teach organic farming.

-- Esta Bien

Watch for the next issue of THE ORACLE

Round-table discussion with
Timothy Leary
Alan Watts
Allen Ginsberg
Gary Snyder

Cover by
Burt Shonberg

A DISPERSAL MANTRA FOR HIPPIES

At a recent confrontation of a group from the Haight Ashbury district and the police chief of San Francisco (the occasion was a press conference in Chief Cahill's office) there developed a possibility for the new community in the Haight Ashbury to test the power of love. The group found the chief intelligent, amiable, and receptive. They presented themselves in such manner as to elicit a favorable response from Cahill on a number of issues. One of the Chief's complaints (and one which he must and will in one manner or another resolve), is the problem of congested sidewalks and occasionally obstructed vehicular as well as pedestrian traffic along the extent of the 1500 block on Haight Street.

It was at this point that Ron Thelin broached an idea suggested to him by Allen Ginsberg. The idea: for the police to be equipped with the words and mind. A resident or a merchant has complained.) The police have not come upon a situation but have been sent for and upon their arrival are there in reaction to our foregathering and intend to do something mystique of an ancient mantra still used in India to disperse crowds and multitudes. And that so equipped the men whose job it is to police our neighborhood would have a workable method of effectively doing their job while at the same time eliciting the cooperative approval of us all and in a positive manner.

Let me rhapsodize briefly: suppose a group of us, a crowd, has foregathered in the course of an afternoon in front of either Tracy's or the Psychedelic Shop, ecstatic and unaware of ourselves an an obstruction to pedestrian traffic along the sidewalk upon which the merchants depend for a living and whom the merchants are most anxious about, depending as they do upon them for a livelihood, their peace of about it. The intention of the police--in all likelihood they are under direct orders--is to disperse us, and their power to do so is manifest. If instead of approaching our group with surly preliminaries: "Break it up, C'mon, move along" the police moved upon such a gathering chanting a dispersal mantra which we upon recognized readily enough as such obeyed, we should have set the stage and enacted a morality valuable primarily because of the unique beauty so novel a spectacle would be.

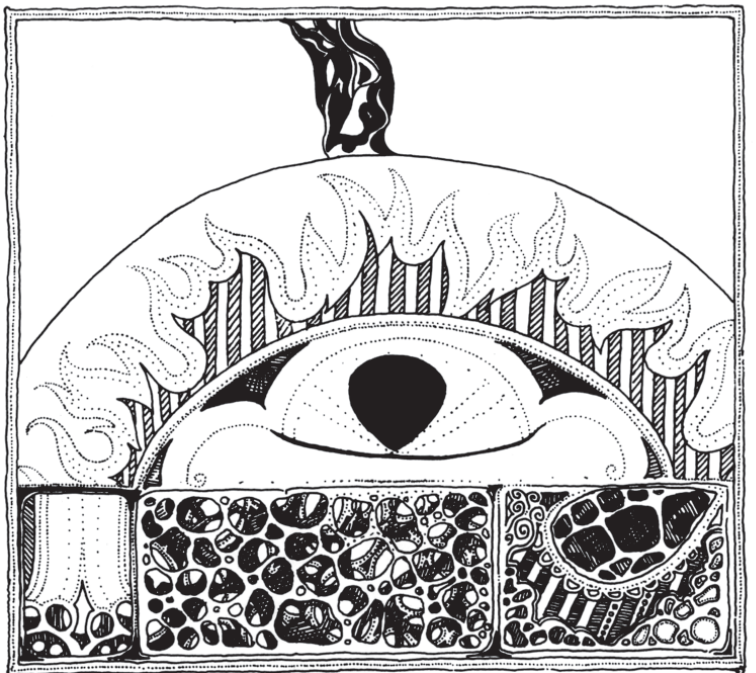
Think a moment of the effect such an episode would have upon all concerned: the police who with such sweet reason communicated to us their intentions and so peacefully accomplished an end that they always refer to as "doing their job." And we, spreading our joyous idleness over a greater area than that limited one which had become a "police problem," would be left to joyfully reflect upon the power of love.

Frequently, our people express a philosophy in the particular buttons they wear. What else would the LOVE A COP, TEACH A COP TO FUCK, HELLO OFFICER GERRANS, WE LOVE YOU, buttons be saying if it were not precisely what they say. I cannot see who would be a more obvious recipient of our love and joyousness than the very men who as police officers in the performance of their duties enter into a conflict with us and as such are cast in the role of our enemies. We who condone so much of our own behavior by allusive statements of love can have no enemies. Having them, we should be by our natures compelled to love our enemies.

Eornom Yrrah

An appropriate mantra might be this, the Japanese word IKIMASHO, which means "Let's go":

IKIMASHO, IKIMASHO, IKIMASHO, GO, GO, IKIMASHO, GO, GO, IKIMASHO, IKIMASHO



REFLECTIONS OF TRUTH

He comes with crooked movements...
A white stallion on his left
A fair maiden all golden wrapped in red velvet
walks silent at his right
He stops bending low before me as if to
catch a dying wind -- He looks about at my
children and weeps with the rain about their shoulders.
He rises speaking an ancient language; i do not know his name.
The wind stirs the maiden's hair, she is singing
of a star she found fallen in the desert
a flower grows at her feet moves about her
legs and dropping her garments she feeds my
children from her breast.
The heavens stir about us and the
stallion changes into a shepherd boy bearing
wine and dark bread.
The oldman hands me a cup which the boy fills
from his flask --
I become angry as I drink, for the wine leaves
me thirsty and my children wail and cry at the
woman's dry breast which they suckle and get naught
But the woman's sad music.
In a rage I curse their presence.
But the oldman just smiles and vanishes behind the rain
And when I turn around there is only a flower in the place
Where the young boy had stood with the maiden.
My children are quiet with sleep as they lie beside me.
The night is hung with dreams and in my confusion
I have forgotten the peace that follows war --

Patrick Armstrong

TODAY

Today hell overcame itself
and the soldiers gave up.
They destroyed their weapons and
felt love.
Today fear became an obsolete magician
scattered around by the wind,
Buried by the desire of the sun to
mate the sky --
Today is holy, the death of greed
wets the meadows and our
children are free to be innocent among
their laughter and games --
Today I wakened without dreaming,
walked the beach, drank the rain and
said I love you without feeling guilt.
Today I walked into the sky
and was happy to be naked and
feel the earth smile up at me -- Patrick Armstrong

Ho! Ye Sun, Moon, Stars, all ye that
move in the heavens,
I bid you hear me!
Into your midst has come a new life.
Consent ye, I implore!
Make its path smooth, that it may reach
the brow of the first hill!

Ho! Ye Winds, Clouds, Rain, Mist, all ye
that move in the air,
I bid you hear me!
Into your midst has come a new life,
Consent ye, I implore!
Make its path smooth, that it may reach
the brow of the second hill!

Ho! Ye Hills, Valleys, Rivers, Lakes,
Trees, Grasses, all ye of the earth,
I bid you hear me!
Into your midst has come a new life.
Consent ye, I implore!
Make its path smooth, that it may reach
the brow of the third hill!

Ho! Ye Birds, great and small, that fly
in the air,
Ho! Ye Animals, great and small, that
dwell in the forest,
Ho! Ye insects that creep among the
grasses and burrow in the ground--
I bid you hear me!
Into your midst has come a new life.
Consent ye, I implore!
Make its path smooth, that it may reach
the brow of the fourth hill!

Ho! All ye of the heavens, all ye of the
air, all ye of the earth:
I bid you all to hear me!
Into your midst has come a new life.
Consent ye, consent ye all, I implore!
Make its path smooth--then shall it travel
beyond the four hills!

from the Omaha ritual:
Introduction of the Child to the Cosmos

THE COMMUNITY OF THE TRIBE

In this phase of our organic growth we must all center, letting the forces and energies that are happening within us draw us together. By doing so we render impotent the cop without as well as the cop within.

We must then consciously enforce that centering to avoid the ugly games of power and prejudice which erode the community spirit, feeling, and effort. In times of decision this centering is the process of dipping, beyond images of the intellect, into the wellspring of the divine within every man and there finding the next natural step in the process of creating our new world. We thereby respect each other and the environment which we find ourselves creating for the Tribe. The Tribe then is. Without pushing or pointing it grows organically.

The organic growth of love and cooperation in us is the balancing factor of nature. To every facet of hate we must reflect love and to know this we must practice it unceasingly in all directions.

Guard carefully against feeling that we are a special, new or unique tribe. We are the ancient tribal consciousness of man in harmonious relationship with nature. The distended machine is the mutant.

We are all--squares and the psychedelically enlightened alike--involved in our world of now. To take up the call, to respond to the cosmic forces, we must <u>be</u> the hard-working, harmonious, respectful, honest, diligent, co-operative family of man. Our words are inspired. Our feeling is deep and complete. Our devotion is strong. The precious revelations which have come through us with increasing magnitude must be fathomed until we are one with each other and can extend our awareness beyond the tribe to our entire planet.

What is the natural karmic duty of a generation whose brothers, neighbors, and childhood friends now promote hate by killing innocent human beings around the world? It is to balance their jive and immature actions with the light of intelligent goodness; fearlessly to deal with the money-mad machine in order to release its hold on our bowels--the bowels of mankind.

Practically, this means that all excess profit is turned back into the community. That means all money, material things, food, etc., which are beyond the basic necessities of a happy, healthy, human existence: loyal to the turn-on. While profit is only to be made on those people led and fed by the machine.

By more and more of us approaching this new level of awareness within, and by giving to each other, we quite naturally are open to receive. We all become our creative selves, creating our society within this massive mess of victims of greed, indulgence, possessiveness, and hate. If our souls are mirrors, does not hate reflect hate?

So we must change the entire environment, dealing within and for the community which we create. <u>Do</u> that love with those who'll do love with you: the promoter, artist, editor, concessionaire, musician, shopkeeper, carpenter, plumber, dishwasher cook, monk and all the other masters of smoke, color, and the all-knowing center. Without offending the Plastic-Zip population, we can create our own communities and ashrams and love environments where we can turn on and tune into the real cosmic dream of awakening, once again, to nature; where we can live in health within our needs both practical and spiritual.

Let's make Haight Love together, and then move to the country where love is hanging out waiting. Love-Ashbury will then exist as our trade capital, our funnel to the world, and we can occasionally share a natural sunset together, steadying our lives with both the active and the passive changes.

-- Tom Law

LEARN how to live for love
and then give
give your body for love
sway with it (hare krishna? no,
not unless you want)
give yourself to the Jefferson
Airplane
pounding in you
and then find yourself
given
received, and cleansed.
but most of all
give yourself to people
and fear not
a bummer
but learn
that once you have given yourself
receiving
EVERYTHING
is the
next step.

Joan Alexander

AFTER THE INTERVIEW

Warm in the office
and the talk is heat with exploration
with feeling and finding
and with love

do you think people will <u>really</u> change

and he says yes
and he says I doubt
and I think we shall only intensify what we
are

and then we make a plea for
understanding
Santa Claus
Christ
and the other importances
of life

the irreverent worship
of beauty
and enlightenment
and we all wonder
what is enlightenment
and in that wondering perhaps we see
things as they really are

Sister Mary Norbert Korte, O. P.

This poem was written to Paul Krassner at the conclusion of the interview appearing here.

FOR ONE HONORED DEAD

Harvey Green died Saturday, January 21. He had an orthodox Jewish funeral. There were no florist flowers, no fancy casket, no suit and tie. A plain pine box, made like Harvey might have built himself, a linen shroud, the Hebrew prayers, the rabbi's remarks on becoming one with the eternal. At the cemetary the rabbi requested the men present to perform the mitzvah we cannot repay; each man took a shovel and the burial was performed by his friends and relatives. His best friend said Kaddish.

He was killed by a speeding drunk advertising man on the Bay Bridge. Harvey dug building things with wood, and taking walks, and seeing flowers and Hebrew prayers and Zen meditation and he laughed at the absurdity of the straight scene. He was at peace with God, himself and his wife. He would have become a father in two more months.

The Lord gives and the Lord takes away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

According to the Tradition of Ancient India

In the beginning--which was not long ago but nowever--is the Self. Everyone knows the Self, but no one can describe it, just as the eye sees but does not see itself. Moreover, the Self is what there is and all that there is, so that no name can be given to it. It is neither old nor new, great nor small, shaped nor shapeless. Having no opposite, it is what all opposites have in common: it is the reason why there is no white without black and no form apart from emptiness. However the Self has two sides, the inside and the outside. The inside is called nirguna, which is to say that it has no qualities and that nothing can be said or thought about it. The outside is called saguna, which is to say that it may be considered as eternal reality, consciousness, and delight. Thus the story which follows will be told of the saguna side.

Because of delight the Self is always at play, and its play, called lila, is like singing or dancing which are made of sound and silence, motion and rest. Thus the play of the Self is to lose itself and to find itself in a game of hide-and-seek without beginning or end. In losing itself it is dismembered: it forgets that it is the one and only reality, and plays that it is the vast multitude of beings and things which make up this world. In finding itself it is remembered: it discovers again that it is forever the one behind the many, the trunk within the branches, knowing that its seeming to be many is always maya, which is to say illusion, art, and magical power.

The playing of the Self is therefore like a drama in which the Self is both the actor and the audience. On entering the theater the audience knows that what it is about to see is only a play, but the skillful actor creates a maya, an illusion of reality which gives the audience delight or terror, laughter or tears. It is thus that in the joy and the sorrow of all beings the Self as audience is carried away by itself as actor.

One of the many images of the Self is the Hamsa, the Divine Bird which lays the world in the form of an egg. It is said also that with the syllable ham the Self breathes out, scattering all galaxies into the sky, and that with the syllable sa it breathes in, withdrawing all things to their original unity. Yet if one repeats the syllables ham-sa they may also be heard as sa-ham, or sa-aham, which is to say "I am that," or THAT (the Self) is what each and every being is. As breathing out the Self is called Brahma, the creator. As holding the breath out the Self is called Vishnu, the preserver of all these worlds. And as breathing in the Self is called Shiva, the destroyer of illusion.

This is, then, a story
the Self breathes out and
self, for always and always,
sometimes known as its
each night lasting for a
our years. The day, or
ded into four yuga, or
the throws in the game of
fect throw with a score of
score of three; third dvapara,
and fourth kali, the worst

Krita Yuga is the Golden
light in multiplicity and
sensuous world, enduring
ta Yuga is somewhat shorter,
years, and is like an apple
the core: things have just
ery pleasure contains a
Dvapara Yuga is shorter
years, and now the forces
and evil, pleasure and
the temporary end there
the Kali Yuga when the
ness and decay, and when
that all its delight appears
Finally, the Self is manifeste
ten-armed and blue-bodied
dance the terrible tandava
verse, incandescent with
nothingness. But as the
finds itself in its original

without beginning or end since
in, loses itself and finds it-
and these periods are
days and nights--each day and
kalpa, which is 4,320,000 of
manvantara, is further divi-
epochs, which are named after
dice: first krita, the per-
four; second treta, with a
with a score of two;
throw with a score of one.
Age, the era of total de-
form and every beauty of the
for 1,728,000 years. Tre-
lasting for 1,296,000
with a single maggot in
started to go amiss and ev-
slight shadow of anxiety.
still. Its time is 864,000
of light and darkness, good
pain, are evenly balanced. In
come the 432,000 years of
world is overwhelmed by dark-
the Self is so lost to itself
in the disguise of horror.
in the form of Shiva,
and wreathed in fire, to
-dance whereby the uni-
his heat, turns to ash and
illusion vanishes the Self
unity and bliss, and re-

mains for another kalpa of 4,320,000 years in the pralaya of total peace before losing itself again.

The worlds that are manifested when the Self breathes out are not just this one here and those that we see in the sky, for besides these there are worlds so small that ten thousand of them may be hidden in the tip of a butterfly's tongue, and so large that all our stars may be contained in the eye of a shrimp. There are also worlds within and around us that do not reverberate upon our five organs of sense, and all these worlds, great and small, visible and invisible, are in number as many as grains of sand in the Ganges.

Throughout these manifested worlds all sentient beings pass through the six paths or divisions of the Wheel of Becoming. These, counting clockwise from the top of the Wheel are, first, the realm of the deva, that is, of gods and angels at the summit of happiness and spiritual success. Second is the realm of the ashura, of dark angels who manifest the Self in the bliss of rage. Third is the realm of animals, of beasts, fish, birds, and insects. Fourth is the naraka realm, which is the depth of misery and spiritual failure, lying at the bottom of the Wheel and comprising the purgatories of ice and fire, manifesting the Self in the ecstasy of pain. Fifth is the realm of the preta, that is, of frustrated ghosts having immense bellies and tiny mouths. Sixth, and last, is the realm of mankind. Now all beings in the six paths are bound to the Wheel of Becoming by their karma, which is to say action motivated by desire for results--whether good or evil. Every being is desirous for the fruits of action so long as it remains ignorant of its true nature, thinking "I have come to be, and I shall cease to be," not realizing that there is no "I," no Self, except that which is one and original and beyond all time and space.

It is thus that anyone who, setting aside all ideas and theories, and looking earnestly and intently at the feeling of "I am," will--all of a sudden--awaken to the knowledge that there is no self but the Self. Such a one is called jivan-mukta, that is, liberated while still in his individual form, before the death of the body, and before the dissolution of all worlds at the end of the kalpa. For him there is no longer self-and-other, mine-and-yours, success-and-failure. On all sides, within and without, he sees all beings, all things, all events, only as the playing of the Self in its myriad forms.

Alan Watts

GOSSIPING GURU

Continued from page 3

"The way that this was done sounds like a miracle or something out of science fiction. From the 'third eye' of each adept present, an energy pattern like a snowflake was taken, (in reality a pattern relating to the adept's evolved horoscope and the living energies encompassed in his personal pattern). These energy discs were then fused, by white magic, into a tall column represented symbolically by the Unicorn. Then through this spiritual 'horn' masters of meditation focused their appeals to the group some call the Great White Brotherhood on Sirius--a center of spiritual energies for our own planet. With a mighty collective effort, a great plea for an avatar went forth.

"In a few moments, the adepts present were cautioned to prepare themselves to absorb the wave of energy about to descend, as well as possible, and danger of earthquake was indicated if these forces were not carefully controlled.

"The central theme of the following very complex revelation was the theme of RIGHT PURPOSE as the central purpose of the coming age. Included were also RIGHT SYNTHESIS of 'the best that has been thought and said,' or of existing systems of thought, and RIGHT HUMAN RELATIONS.

"The cosmic avatar could be seen psychically placing a 'divine thumbprint' on the Sambhogakya body which was to enter 'The Child' at the quickening. The heart chakra of the Sambhogakaya child was already rotating so radiantly it reminded one of the wings of a cherub.

"Incidentally, I know only of one other person who participated in the event described above...but there may be, among your readers, others that might have something to add. I know that there were other participants from the Bay Area--I could see their 'lights' though not their faces, forming a part of the huge chakra on a higher plane.

"My impression is that the Child is only one recipient, though the very important one, of the downpouring force, and that all those who are 'tuned in' are expressing some of the manifested energy of the cosmic avatar.

"An interesting detail...is that coins and metal objects which were nearby took on a sort of 'radioactivity' and were painful to touch for perhaps two months....

"A book called Treatise on Cosmic Fire, by Alice A. Bailey, Lucis Press, New York (and others of her books) are the only source material I have found to account for the foregoing event. She was an emanuensis for a Tibetan Master of the Wisdom.

"Incidentally, the Child's horoscope will encompass the collective wisdom of all adepts present at his 'quickening' as the 'horn of the Unicorn' will be a part of his consciousness.

"I haven't attempted to get any information on the Child's present circumstances but he should have his heart chakra affecting his life as early as 1971 and his head chakra by 1975. At that time, he can emerge as a young man of rare qualities--if the world is prepared for such an advent. Are we? Perhaps inner vision will be common enough by then to reveal his special nature and mission to the elect. May it be so.

Kitty McNeil
San Carlos

"P.S. This event involved the birth of other babies, too--possibly co-workers. The only one I have any specific psychic information on lives somewhere in the United States, according to my impressions. Born Dec. 8, 1961.

666

Thank you, Miss McNeil, and God Bless You.

666

To all of us who looked upon the Be-In as a spiritual event, the Guru came upon a piece of hopeful information from amid all those whispered rumors passing into our ears:

It has been heard in Certain Quarters that a group of Tibetan monks has applied for permission to enter the United States and to reside, for a time, in the Grand Canyon. Further, it is told, these holy men Know that the Western part of America is to be the scene of profound spiritual happenings.

Well, you were there in Golden Gate Park, and you took part in that public worship, and you tell me what you think.

666

And from the Collective Cortex, another rumor: Is it true that the Hell's Angels are thinking about ways and means to take a tour of Europe? And, if this is so, why shouldn't the Angels be the emissaries of the Haight-Ashbury Love Message?

666

...and the Past dies from gold by the rivers of Babylon: in Berkeley we are witness to the trembling of a great, if unwieldy, institution, and upon the face of Dr. Kerr there is written the profound sense of relief he must feel, now that he has been relieved of responsibilities no man was meant to carry for long.

Governor Reagan has attacked the Multiversity. California's two most powerful institutions are now locked in combat. We must suppose that they will inflict great damage upon each other, for which the Turned-On Community should have cause for celebration, because it is certain that the population of Aquarius will be swelled by dropouts from the clash of the giants.

It is to be hoped that the campus radicals will get the message and start singing. It has been apparent for quite a while that by entering the political arena against the Establishment one only succeeds in lowering his level of consciousness to that of his opponent. How about some suggestions as to how we can raise the level of that dreary game? Should we bother

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GOSSIPING GURU

to interfere with the Governor's Office and the Multiversity administration as they do battle unto each other? Or should we all celebrate the fact that they are performing a vital service to us by tearing down some of the old rigid institutional frameworks?

666

COMMUNE-ication, Los Angeles style:

"Meditation is action," is the by-word from a representative out of Southern California, spokesman for a Conscious Group there whose first actions will be an indoor "Be-In" (more information on this later) and a Los Angeles edition of the ORACLE. This venture in Higher Journalism has already been launched, and the cooperation and participation of all tribesmen, mutants, and creative individuals involved in the Evolutionary Movement in Southern California is requested.

The ORACLE staff, Northern Division, is already helping out on this project and is offering advice, prayers, and meditation for the smooth, organic development of this latest projected growth in our lines of COMMUNE-ication.

All concerned should contact Joe Dana, 840 N. Fairfax, Hollywood, Cal. or phone 651-0769. Joe and the group with which he is associated have many of the basic resources necessary to lay the foundation for this project, and now they are ready to get it moving. All that remains is for the members of the Conscious Community around Los Angeles to actively engage themselves in the creative work necessary to establish ORACLE South.

If Los Angeles is this far along, can New York City and Des Moines be too far behind?

Meditate on Organic Growth, and see what happens.

Waiting Is.

Meditation is action.

666

To Everyone Who Smiled at the Be-In: THANK YOU!

PSYCHEDELIC CHURCH

The American Council of Internal Divinity is starting to work on a non-profit/church charter. We have four lawyers who are willing to contribute their time. We are anxious to meet with any other groups or individuals who are interested in the religious implications of the psychedelic movement. We intend to form an organization whose main purpose will include the revamping of existing drug laws.

W.S. Jackson
L.W. Hanke
General Delivery
San Francisco

Watch the next issue of the Oracle for further information.

WOODWORKING TOOLS

WOULD THE ORACLE SUBSCRIBER, DROPPED OUT EX-REAL ESTATE MAN, NOW MANAGER OF HIS SON'S ROCK AND ROLL BAND, OFFERING HIS WOODWORKING EQUIPMENT FOR DONATION PLEASE CONTACT THE ORACLE OFFICES. WE NOW HAVE A PLACE AND DESPERATE NEED FOR SUCH TOOLS. YOUR NAME HAS BEEN LOST.

LOVE
San Francisco ORACLE

ECSTATIC ISOLATION Cont.

THE SADNESS from page 5

Imagine what an intense remembrance without detail of experience is like. During this time I seemed to remember the world of my psyche before incarnation & experienced the sadness of coming into being, the sadness of giving up the doll-like play of good & evil that transports heaven, & entering the profusion of things: bland, hard, without nature, lit from without.

BROTHER ASS APPARATUS

This is what I feel to be true: you can only go so far in what you think is a path towards understanding before a division must take place.

1) the psyche comes to see that its traveling companion, the object it stands in no relation to, but is, will never go, in the language of division, fast enough, & so, also in the language of division, is left behind.

Yet it's not left behind at all.

Thinking that it has left Brother Ass Apparatus behind, the psyche forgets that its breakthrough is through Brother Ass Apparatus et opia.

The psyche feels near home, then so surely there. And it is. It comes to remember, having lost personal recall, its timeless purity, its untarnished impersonal experience of self.

APPARATUS ET OPIA ET ETERNITAS

In this world of endless light the Great Fear is the coming of some other self.

Since, in that world of light, there is no self but your own, there is no fear greater than coming into contact with another self.

To have to deal with another self--this means that one has slipped back, & is again a person, & one remembers that he has left the person to rot.

THE COVETED ISOLATION

2) The second step is seeing, thru the eye that has been opened thru drugs, the selfing love that is in another self, the love sensed thru the rot, the love restlessly revealing itself, always waiting.

I saw the massacre of the regard & love others had for me.

The loss of their regard was no problem, because the cold this loss put me into was the cold I coveted--this cold meaning No Other Self, & that I wished.

Yet there were others, but not waiting. The others had fled. And I was alone.

When I saw that I was killing love I saw also that I was h human person among other human persons. They were gone, but I could not escape being a person among others.

So I went about as my own doctor & nurse, working for my convalescence.

THE SENSE OF THE APPROPRIATE

One protection against going back to crystal: & that is to act, to move about with an almost Confucian sense of the appropriate.

If I ever wish to do more than I am capable of doing (& that is always doing what I can) I exceed the grace given me & I fall out of grace.

"Do what thou canst, and God will be with thy good will." This, from the Imitation of Christ.

WEARINESS

By evening I am very tired, & if I can bend toward this, know that it is good that I am tired, then I am all right for that day.

I hope I haven't been a load to you in this letter. As far as I am concerned, part of the mission activity is for me to find out what I mean when I say to another, "It is good to be born, it is good to die. The sadness is in coming to be."

Regards,
Kent

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the three primaries and how you compare red to the pink race which is us, with yellow of the yellow race and the black with the blue-black congo-negro and between those are infinite varieties of races going from black to white to yellow to black to white to yellow, and that the races are split up just as the infinite colors are split up by the spectrum.

O: Regardless of race, doesn't everybody have their own astral color?

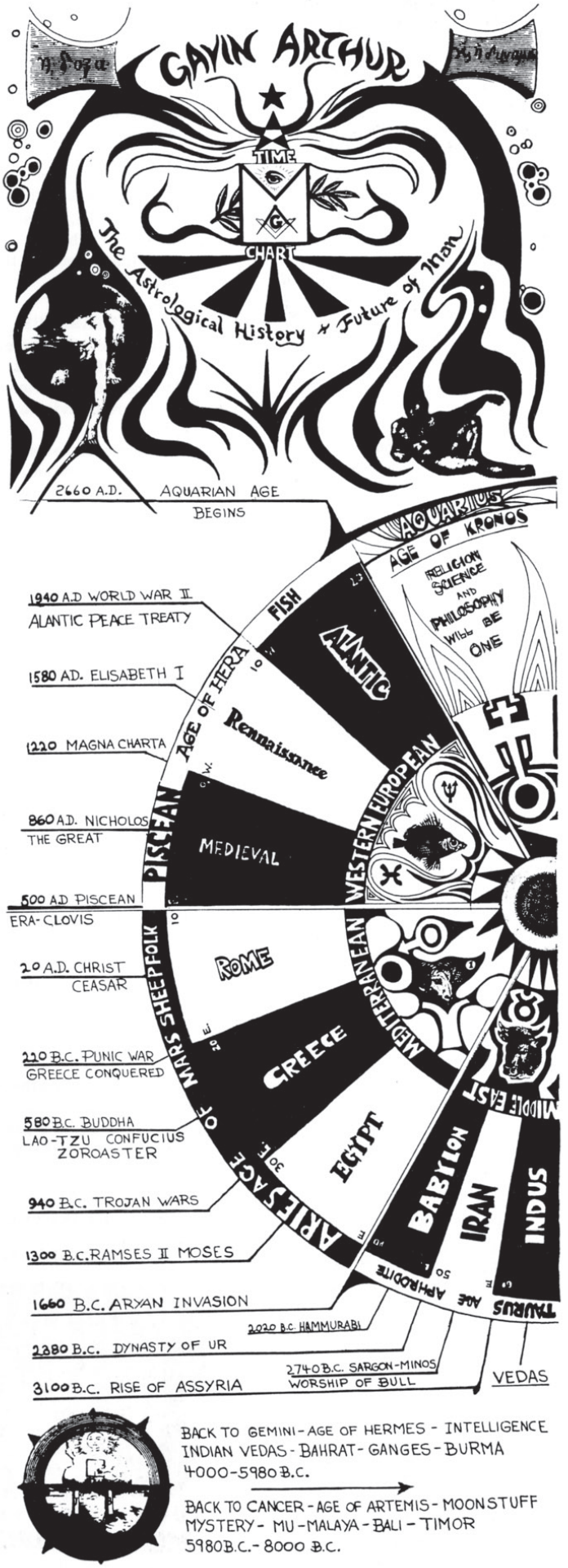
A: Yes, of course, but my point is I don't see any signs that the Aquarian age has been arrived at. The Aquarian age will be an age where everybody will be intelligent enough to have intellectual anarchy. It'll take at least 600 years to iron out racial battles, battles between the rich and poor, battles over economics, battles over whether we want dictatorships, or whether we can get along with co-operatives like the Scandinavians. All kinds of things have to be resolved before we can call ourselves emancipated, come-of-age human beings.

O: Well, people have been talking about the Aquarian Age because many of the things that you mentioned people are becoming aware of: the non-duality of life, the unity of life, the unity of the triad. And people are beginning to ritualize in Aquarian way, in terms of manifesting love, talking about love, in a way that they never did before. But people like Allen Ginsberg are very rare.

O: Well, would you say that people are precursors of the Aquarian Age?

A: Yes, just as the early Christians came 500 years before the Piscean Age. The last deconade of each age foreshadows the age to come. It doesn't mean that the age has come. You could, for instance, start the era at 220 B.C. That was about the time of the Essenes and if you started there then the Aquarian Age would be upon us in 1940.

But I don't think you will do that on account of the tremendousness of the Greek period around 580 B.C. and the Elizabethan period around 1580 A.D. which was such an obvious crest of the wave. And it's easy to imagine that because Christianity started 500 years before Clovis, that the Piscean Age started then, but I don't think it did. I think that the Roman period was anti-Pisces



...although there were Christians growing and growing, being fed to the lions & persecuted & growing by the very fact of persecution. And these people, like Allen, are going to be persecuted, don't mistake me.

O: Oh, you think there will be a persecution thing?

A: Oh my goodness! This Reagan business is the beginning of it right now. People are not going to be given free education, even though the Russians give their people free education. And they'll go way ahead of us & get to the moon before we do, if we're not going to educate these people the way they do.

O: This getting to the moon seems to be very symbolic of the Aquarian Age. People have very good meditation when the moon is full. And under the influence of an extremely strong power, evidently. So maybe getting to the moon is a part of this Aquarian...

A: Yes, but if we limit education to the rich we're not going to get to the moon as fast as people like the Russians who give everybody who can stand an education, an education. It gives them a tremendous advantage.

O: So the underground element could very easily be the Christians or the Jews of our time in terms of a persecution thing.

A: Yeah. Well, you read the diatribe against society today in the paper. He equates some of you who won't pay taxes with the communists, & they say that anybody who just doesn't approve of the war in Vietnam must necessarily be a communist, & a great many people are going to have to prison over this issue.

O: They're doing it today, evidently. There're a lot of people in prison.

A: Sure, & conscientious objectors are not listened to at all. So you're a traitor to your country if you don't approve of Mr. Johnson's war.

O: So, what's the way in, or the way out?

A: I think we should remember that we're immortal & have many lives ahead of us, & as Whitman said, "Here I stand with my robust soul," that we've climbed up from the amoeba that was formed by a stroke of lightning in the seawater billions of years ago, & now we're still on our way & there's plenty of time.

And I think it will be most in-

teresting -- I hope to have as many lives as I can cram into this 600 year period to watch the world become ready for the Aquarian Age. And I don't think that just because a very few people, a tiny minority of the world's population, have a glimpse of the Aquarian Age, is no more an indication that the Aquarian Age is here than the fact that Christians were preaching 500 years before the real age came in.

O: Don't you think that you can still attain enlightenment in this age?

A: Sure. People attained enlightenment in the Christian era too. So, although I don't approve of St. Paul's ideas about sex, I think he was a cosmic conscious person.

If you read Bucke's Cosmic Consciousness you will see Bucke describe him as a psychologist. He says that both to Buddha and to Paul goes the credit for putting perhaps more people into insane asylums than any other two people in history, because they refused to allow for the other levels of consciousness existing right along with the cosmic consciousness.

Paul was so overwhelmed by the cosmic consciousness that he thought all other levels, the animal level below and the vegetable levels should be put down into the cellars of the sub-conscious, and only the new consciousness should be allowed to exist. And this is very wrong.

This is where Whitman, I think, was way ahead. We don't know much about Christ, any more than we know much about Socrates, because he didn't write anything. But we do know about Buddha and we know about Paul. And both of them were very anti-body, anti-physical--what we call the Flesh. What is it one says in the catechism? "I renounce the world, the flesh and the devil."

...To me, Whitman is the Avatar of America. He is to America what Ramakrishna was to India. And Ramakrishna recognized it.

AQUARIAN BEAT (cont. from p. 7)

membership in a spiritually superior minority. The purpose of enlightenment is to get out chops for the liberation of our fellow man be he new race, old race, hip or square. The objective of the true and real esoteric or mystery schools is that of universal brotherhood. Ageless wisdom also tells us that only method of attaining lasting enlightenment is through labor in the cause of universal brotherhood. Ageless wisdom also tells us that the only force which can accomplish universal brotherhood is universal love (not to be confused with universal love-making). The way to universal love is through each individual's version of selfless service.

Compounding the turmoil of the times, the Great One whose physical body is this solar system, is at this time also going through a crisis of evolution. The Earth itself stands on the cusp of the ages. On the fourth day of February, five years ago, late in the afternoon here, the Moon passed before the Sun amid the noble company of five other planets and the lunar south node, all in the sign Aquarius.

This impressive assembly (called a stellium-eclipse) announced the beginning of the initiation of the Earth into a whole new order of things. A whole new scene for the planet itself (which is itself the physical body of a lesser Being than that of the Sun). The effective beginning of the Aquarian Age. "The day the sign of Man walks the Heavens." Aquarius is known as the sign of Man, and the Brotherhood of Man.

Every twenty-one hundred and sixty years the Sun enters another sign of the Zodiac on its orbit around the center of the galaxy. Of course the planets are always where the Sun is, each Planetary Being freaking out in His own way when this change goes down.

So the scene that's happening now is a double thing. Not only a new earth (Aquarian Age) but also a new man walking it (Sixth sub-race). No wonder the poet sings, "What goes on all around me? What goes on, I really wanna know!"

DIGGERS REOPEN

The Diggers have re-opened at 1775 Haight St. and it has been learned that another place may soon be obtained, but they desperately need furniture for these places & also help in the line of food, clothes, etc. would be warmly received.

The Diggers intend as a group to establish and operate

(1) A restaurant service to provide free food

(2) Productive farms for refuge and crops

(3) Hostels to shelter sleep within the city walls

(4) A garage to restore broken machines

(5) A tent-makers' assemblage to sew the rags of surplus into teepees for those who want to settle into Tamalpais or anywhere.

If you can help make these projects a reality, contact Thee Exchange, 1333 Masonic, 431-1655.

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PORTLAND CALLING

last tuesday, february 7th, the portland, oregon fuzz arrested 72 people in portland for possession of and/or being in a house where it was being smoked. as a result of this friends of the group and those out on bail have been carrying on a campaign protesting against such things, a campaign to culminate in a final, quiet demonstration and benefit the weekend of 24-25-26. the steering committee of this happening invites musicians, artists, and poets to come to portland and take part in this benefit, and offers to pay their fare to portland, to house and feed them while there, and pay their fare back to san francisco. the proceeds to go to the victims of law. groups presently in portland and taking part are: p. h. phactor jug band, tweedy brothers, the weeds, the family tree, gazebo, and great pumpkin. contact tony williams, 023 southwest whiteaker, portland, oregon, or call 227-2884 area code 503 in portland, or check with the staff of the Oracle.

is important, and it's true, but you also can't ignore the world, and it's true especially since artistry is so related to the psychedelic revolution. I was with the editor of EVO, at his house one day, and he said, "Should I lock the door?" I said, "Do what you usually do..." he said, "No, I mean on the WORLD"... (LAUGHTER.) I thought about that a moment and said, "Well, do what you usually do." And then we got into a whole thing about wanting to ignore the outside, this kind of hustle and bustle that New York is so typical of and all the people who want to use the underground and my feeling is that what Art is is reacting to one's environment because otherwise you're functioning in a vacuum. I'm not saying it's a virtue to be well-informed, to know what's going on in the world, but that you are limiting yourself if you have the kind of snobbery that says, "I wouldn't have a television set in my house," when there is some fantastic stuff on television sometimes. What you're really saying is, "I don't have the capacity to be selective, and I'm afraid that the machine will hypnotize me." So I just think...I forget the question.

O: The question was, how LSD affects your memory...(LAUGHTER)

K: We're talking about trends and revolution. Sure, there is a revolution going on, but there are small revolutions and there are large revolutions.

But you must avoid the trap of being caught in your own momentum. When I speak, for example, at a college before a protest group, I only speak to those that are involved and are really excited about it, and then I have to remember, as I fly back and sit by the plane window, I have to remember that there are so many of them that think the Ed Sullivan show is Fine Art. And I can't forget that, even tho there are so many of them, well it is true that there weren't so many up in the mountains with Fidel Castro but there was widespread support for what those men were trying to do. And I don't know how widespread a support there is for the psychedelic revolution, so it may be very much of a minority revolution.

O: Well, you have said that you don't know how widespread things can go. The basis of the ORACLE is the movement, especially out at Haight-Ashbury, and we wish to let other people know what's happening here, so they can learn from us and we can learn from them. From what you have seen of it, do you think that people in any way interested would buy the ORACLE?

K: Oh sure. When you say "in any way interested," of course. It doesn't mean that all those who read the Havana Times are necessarily part of the Cuban Revolution. It just means they are interested bystanders. You can't assume that (A) everyone who buys a paper is an acid head and (B) that they're even necessarily sympathetic.

O: We feel that what's happening in Haight-Ashbury, even though we don't want to be the preacher of it, is something that we feel is good enough, that we want others to know about, and learn the differences of what's happening on their scene. You pick up the EVO or the new London Paper, the L.A. Free Press, and there's a vast difference between what the Berkely Barb feels and the Haight-Ashbury climate.

What's different here is, I saw that picture of Leary on the front, and I don't know if it's total sincerity or partly put-on on the part of the artist.

O: The artist was sincere. The drawing was a compromise because he wanted more rays. (LAUGHTER) Whereas others didn't want rays at all. So we got semi-rays which came out pretty big rays after all.

K: See, here's my point. Before the tape went on we were comparing or contrasting Hitler and Leary. But I swear the last time I saw a picture like this, it was signed by George Lincoln Rockwell, the same pose, the same kind of aura around him. One difference is that Rockwell sent out that picture of himself, and the picture of Leary was done by you. Leary hasn't sent this out yet.

I do get the feeling, from the paper and the people around the paper, you are not wasting your time if you enjoy what you're doing and other people enjoy what you're doing.

O: Well, let's get back. You say you don't see LSD as a panacea.

K: Oh! I started to get into this before, I'm glad you reminded me...LSD is a catalyst to awareness, so what I'm really saying is "I don't see awareness, leave LSD out of it, forget the whole chemical thing altogether, I don't see awareness as a panacea. I don't believe in the biblical concept, 'Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make ye free;' because people have such a fantastic capacity to rationalize the truth."

O: That's what we're talking about, that there is an ultimate truth.

K: Yes, but it doesn't mean that people act on it in the most rational way.

O: Yet we're acting on it, and the kids are acting on it in the most rational way that they know how.

O #2: What do you mean by "IT?" I mean, they're acting, you're acting... what is "IT" just now?

K: An AWARENESS! An awareness of what one believes to be true or the TRUTH.

O: Or that God is. I mean one of us was an atheist for 36 years...now he has understanding and an awareness of what is meant by God instead of just putting it down.

Now wait, we are in this fantastic semantic thing, especially inherited from you as a former atheist, because I was an atheist all my life and still am and LSD didn't change that in any way. But I never put God down any more than I put Santa Claus down. (LAUGHTER) Thank you...So when you talk about God now, what does the word God mean to you, to him now, besides a word? That it didn't mean to him as an atheist? I mean you know; obviously there is a force, no atheist in the world before or after LSD is going to deny that there is a force, you know when you see grass growing, when you see babies, when you see a pin falling...there are forces, so nobody is going to deny these forces, and he was aware of them when he didn't believe in God, so what has changed?

O: Maybe it's not taking those things for granted that changes mostly... I think that what I've resented most was: well, you see, he had almost no religious background at all, his old man said "You know, it's all Bullshit, don't pay any attention." Excuse me. (To the two nuns.)

K: Well, we've already been blasphemous; what can apology do? (LAUGHTER) Do you know that there is a story in hotels, that prositutes fill in, that in the Gideon bible it says "If you are lonely look on page so and so"? They put their telephone numbers there. (LAUGHTER) That's a handy hint for travelers.

O: There is an absolute visual awareness that there is something else other than what I can perceive right now. There is an eternity.

K: Of what? Time and space? You knew that when you were an atheist or him or anyone...What I'm saying, is what is different now from when you called yourself an atheist?

O: Time and space and energy.

K: What I'm saying is, "What is different now from when he called himself an atheist? I'm not trying to turn the interview into this, but my questions are as responsive as my answers.

O: I'll bet I could answer that. In both cases the atheism which preceded taking LSD became irrelevant after you took LSD.

K: No. My atheism is the central factor of my life

O: But isn't it irrelevant?

K: No, it's not irrelevant because atheism to me implies the whole basis of my existentialism. It's a belief. I can't prove it one way or the other. I would answer that o.k. THE ULTIMATE TRUTH IS THAT..."WE'RE HERE" right?, then it became "WE'RE HERE NOW" then it has become "WE'RE HERE NOW ACCIDENTALLY." (LAUGHTER)

O: Did your atheism change after LSD in any qualitative way?

K: No, no, how could it change? There was a different God I didn't believe in. (LAUGHTER)

O: That was the most profound statement made thus far.

K: That's the point. People were very Christian before Christ ever existed, if he existed...People were very humanistic before humanism was ever organized... People were very loving before LSD was ever discovered.

Now, again, I have to relate this to me, simply because I was fortunate, simply because of my way of Life to have gone thru all this introspection. And I did all those things. I dug defecating before I ever knew it was a ZEN thing to do. So what I'm saying is that AWARENESS existed before LSD.

O: But LSD might bring it out for some, and what form of awareness, cultural or technological, that made LSD possible, that man made his magic formula to overcome whatever prevented awareness?

K: Not necessarily, I don't know.

O: Man gets the credit, whether it's all in the "cap" or all in the man.

K: My definition of religion is that it's a socially acceptable form of superstition. Again, it really boils down to semantics; this is where Lenny Bruce was really like a semantic philosopher. More than just a comedian. You talk about God, and you use the pronoun "He." Now you've got to either use the pronoun "She" or "It." But if you keep on using the pronoun "He" then you give God a personality. Now does God have a personality? We get hung up on symbols and symbol systems, "God," "Trips"; it is a semantic error to use these words. So let's avoid these symbols, these semantic hang-ups.

O: Speaking of God and atheists where is Madalyn Murray?

K: She is down in Texas. She married a renegade Catholic, and she is still running her tax-the-church suits.

O: Has she ever made any acid?

K: I doubt it. She's very much against it.

O: Paul, you said that Lenny Bruce had an effect on you. What is it that you think Lenny Bruce has affected you the most on? In what area of your personality do you feel he affected you the most? And also you might give me some indication as to how you affected Lenny.

K: What it basically was, was a sort of keeping each other honest, catching each other playing games, and being uncompromising in terms of irreverance. So the time we had most fun with each other in seeing who could go further than the other with valid irreverance.

For example...When Pope John was dying, before he died he was being fed intravenously, Lenny went on stage and started doing a whole bit (one of the techniques of humor is to take two unrelated and separate things and relate them) so Lenny started doing a bit about Pope John being fed intravenously and related that to someone taking narcotics with a hypodermic needle. And had a whole little dialogue between the police and Pope John, saying "Yeah, you know we're taking you down to the station house, Pope, I know, they all say they're being fed intravenously." And I was influenced by that kind of uncompromising irreverance in Lenny, which he carried on into his personal life, a kind of Odyssey with people. The straighter you are with people, it's really more loving than to hold back. I also learned some elements of paranoia from him. (LAUGHTER)

O: Let's talk about Revolution. Do you think there's any such thing as Revolution in America?

K: There are several: there is a Black Revolution; there is a Psychedelic Revolution; and there is a Technological Revolution, all going on simultaneously.

Some of them are related, so that the Psychedelic Revolution and the Technological Revolution are certainly related, so that people are going back to their animal instincts by dancing to electronic music. And I suppose the Black Revolution is related to the Technological Revolution because it means automation and this means more competition for jobs and more unemployment problems. And the Black Revolution is related to the Psychedelic Revolution, as for instance there are those who feel that the race problem can be alleviated by the use of LSD. So like it is all part of one big revolution.

O: And what kind of change do you see happening in the U.S. with all of these revolutions happening at the same time?

K: More arrests! (LAUGHTER) In all three areas: blacks, acid-heads, vagrants.

O: Will all these topple the establishment?

K: I don't know; the establishment includes the whole middle class, which is so fantastically large. I have the feeling that if there was ever a revolution in this country they would be fighting for the rights to televise it, and it would be treated like anything else that's happening. There would be men on the scene. It's already happening. Like in Watts, they had helicopters on the spot. There will be more arrests. I don't know if we'll topple the establishment.

O: Leary said in ten years there would be a psychedelic President.

K: Well, just because Bobby Kennedy takes dexedrine that doesn't mean that he's psychedelic.

O: Why do you come on with "You don't get high on grass"? I've seen you smoke.

K: I just don't get high on grass. I smoke it once in a while but I don't get high. The title of my novel will be, God Never Says You're Welcome.

what we'll keep on calling Rock & Roll until we can find some name more appropriate for it. (I nominate Head Music, but I don't expect it to catch on.)

Not that McLuhan mentions any of these things. He simply gives the clues. Synthesis & synaesthesia; non-typographic, non-linear, basically mosaic & mythic modes of perception; involvement of the whole sensorium; roles instead of jobs; participation in depth; extended awareness; preoccupation with textures, with tactility, with

multisensory experiences--put 'em all together & you have a weekend on Haight Street.

The electronic extension of the central nervous system, the evolutionary storm that's happening right now (which is having, slowly, exactly the same effect on the whole world as acid has had on us), makes everything else make sense, and McLuhan taught us how to see it. He doesn't have to make sense.

IV.

We're still so hooked on mainly visual perception that the possibilities of our other senses are almost unimaginable. We still interpret highs in visual terms, for instance: though acid is mainly tactile, spatial, visceral & integrative; whilst pot affects mostly hearing & touch. It's all a matter of conditioning: we'll learn.

The things a really imaginative engineer could accomplish by working on our many senses, singly & in orchestrated combinations, are staggering. Imagine: sensory counterpoint -- the senses registering contradictory stimuli & the brain having fun trying to integrate them. Imagine tasting G-minor! The incredible synaesthesiae!

Rock & roll is toying with this notion.

Though we've been brought up to think of music as a purely auditory art, we actually perceive it with the whole body in a complex pattern of sympathetic tensions & interacting stimuli.

Melodies, and especially vocal melodies or tunes in the vocal range, affect the larynx. It follows the tune, subvocalizing. As the line ascends, the larynx tightens, and as the line descends, it relaxes, responding sympathetically to the tension of the tones. (The larynx also tightens in response to strong emotion, just before the tears begin.) That's what makes an unexpected high note such an emotional event, because the part of the brain in charge of such things can't tell one kind of tension from the other. That's also much of what makes melodies work. Whether you want to or not, you participate.

Meanwhile, low notes--especially on the bass, and most acutely if it's plucked & amplified-- are experienced in the abdomen as localized vibrations, an amazingly private sensation impossible to resist. The deeper the note, furthermore, the lower down on the trunk it seems to be felt. A properly organized R&R bass line is experienced as a pattern of incredibly intimate caresses: still more unavoidable participation.

(The same visceral perception yields a sense of musical space.)

A steady bass line in scales induces something like confidence and/or well-being. A jagged, syncopated bass can range you from nervous exhiliration to utter frenzy. (Old Bach knew all about this.) The possibilities are next to endless.

Rhythms, meanwhile, affect the heart, skeletal muscles & motor nerves, and can be used to play games with these pretty much at will. Repeated patterns (ostinati) & drones induce an almost instant light hypnosis (just like grass), locking the mind on the music at hand & intensifying all the other reactions. Long, open chords lower the blood pressure: crisp, repeated chords raise it.

And this is only the beginning, the barest outline of our physical response to music, but data enough for me to make my point. An arranger/composer who knew all this, especially if he had electronic instruments to work with, could play a listener's body like a soft guitar. He could score the listener's body as part of the arrangement, creating an intensity of participation many people don't even achieve in sex. (So far this seems to have happened mainly by accident.) And there's no defense but flight: not even the deaf are completely immune.

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ORACULAR SCIENCE

In the effort to bring to the public news of important research going on at the frontier of science -- information which is now lost in professional journals or kept quiet by various agencies, -- the San Francisco Oracle is undertaking to present original manuscripts, articles, and abstracts written and interpreted by those who are actually involved in the process of experimentation and discovery.

It is necessary for all of us to know what is going to be affecting our world, technologically, chemically, politically, and socio-culturally. Thus we ask all researchers, or all who know of research in the natural and social sciences to submit papers and articles to the Oracle for publication.

Articles in chemistry, physics, astrophysics and the natural and biological sciences should be submitted to Armando. Works involving semantics, group dynamics, sociology and the psychological sciences should be sent to Ken Friedman.

Address: S.F. ORACLE, 1542 Haight Street, San Francisco, California or call 626-6554

FIREMUSIC

cont. from pg. 6

other people -- plus 5 pages of poetry (including work by John Wieners, Michael McClure, & some younger people), a scene from Joel Oppenheimer's new play, Malay Roy Choudhury on Obscenity, & pages of other goodies. You can cop at the Psychedelic Shop.

I know you know about it already, but if you don't please buy a copy of OR/2, THE magazine edited by Daivd Sandberg of your polis. It is huge and filled with love.

BE-IN

cont. from pg. 9

From the Master of Ceremonies, "Brotners, the spirit of the New Messiah may not be coming to us, but from us."

Bare foot girls in priest's cloaks, madras saris, and corduroy. Teenage braves stripped to the waist in a hot winter sun. Folksingers charting mountain ranges in their imaginations. Shamans and motorcyclists, lovers and voyeurs, mounted police and hippies, cowboys and Indians; blue tinted feathers, black and white ringed tails hanging to either side of her beatific glance. A Chinese-masked drum beater with two balloons rising red and blue, tethered to his yellow "coolie hat." A Hell & Damnation preacher ElmerGantrying through a bull-horn in electrified rebuttal to the speakers on stage, "NoNoNo! Man isn't smart enough to guide himself," baptised in bubbles by a bearded young brave to his left. A wild cloud of gold-yellow incense geysers from the stage.

And out of the sun, from what appears to be no-plane, a parachutist, much too small at first to be real, gliding down toward us all looking up at the miraculous descent, Daedalus in Paradise; reflecting, perhaps, on the mode of transportation for the Second Coming.

And the sun prepares to disappear. Dizzy Gillespie off into the crowd playing his horn to the "Melody of Coincidence," the Jefferson Airplane in flight on the stage. Lee Meyerzove stood nearby, involuntary cabalist and chronicler. Dr. Leary, looking a bit like a younger Gavin Arthur, a yellow flower behind his ear; Lenore Kandel, orange and red; Gary Snyder sitting at-humm on the edge of the platform; Master of Ceremonies, Buddha, raps with holy gusto; Allen Ginsberg, white-robed catalyst & distillate; Dick Gregory absent and on bail for attempting to aid the Puget Sound Indians with a "fish-in" in federally "re-zoned" (treaty-switch) waters.

And with the sun setting, Allen Ginsberg and Gary Snyder chant the night with the Om Sri Maitreya mantrum, turned toward the sun, double disks revolving in the red-gold glare, small groupings arms linked moving gently from side to side. She a beautiful Nubian princess, he a motorcycle wizard and warlock, and I poet and participant, swaying, good people, Om Sri Maitreya. The sun moving down behind the trees, heading for the Pacific Ocean just beyond the grove of trees on the horizon, Om Sri Maitreya. The sun coalescing in the trees, gently moving from side to side, the sun nearly gone, thickening and converging into itself, mandala-fire, Om Sri Maitreya Om.

And the day is over, and the last voice from the stage, Allen Ginsberg, "Now that you have looked up at the sun, look down at your feet and practice a little Kitchen Yoga after this first American Mehla. Please pick up any refuse you might see about you."

"Shanti."

WHO HAS VD

The graduate student from Cal
The fag from the Fillmore
The mechanic from the Marina
The hustler from the tenderloin
The blood donor at Irwin Memorial
The secretary from Montgomery Street
The stewardess of the Air Lines
The lover from Haight-Ashbury

WHO HAS VD?

Dear Mr. Cohen:

You may wonder why we have elected to submit this type of VD "article" to THE ORACLE. It has consistently been the policy of the San Francisco Health Department not to point the finger at any one segment of the population. Venereal Diseases are diseases of human beings. Therefore, the "Fillmore faggot" is not necessarily a negro since a number of gay Caucasianslive in this loosely defined area. The Tenderloin hustler could be male or female working the bars or streets, as well as the call girl working out of the major hotels.

In case we have overlooked the dowager from Pacific Heights or the young divorcee living on Russian Hill, she may be a donor at the Irwin Memorial Blood Bank. So also could be the policeman, fireman, or young stud executive on his way up.

Very truly yours,
JAMES ASH
Disease Control
Investigator

T.E. Lawrence on a ladder, and my woman's eyes blue shadow and speckled gold; carnivalers, hobbyists and Popes. Newsmen and infants, Mothers and chuckling mongrels, poets on and off the stage. A jester with a girl on either arm. Jerry Rubin and a plea for bail from the stage, "The police, like the soldiers in VietNam, are victims and agents!" Hosanna from the crowd! An adolescent princess wearing an Indian headdress of orange and

THE DRUGSTORE CAFE 1398 HAIGHT

ORACLE LETTERS

LOVE & HAIGHT

LOVE HAIGHT ASHBURY BUSH LOVE

HAIGHT ASHBURY WRITE HERE LOVES BEHOLD YOUR

To the Oracle:

Something is happening; it is Now; it is not the conventionally thought of group of "hippies" standing around in costumes, tripping out on drugs. For this happening and this group transcends all categorization, all limits and most preconceptions of life.

If all these "strangent" happenings of love and music and dancing are leading to a "revolution" -- it will be, it is then a revolution of emotions, of feelings, of the love and goodness innate in man. And there exists no power that can overcome it, stifle or still it -- Because it is man discovering and sharing his commonness, his sameness, his oneness (whatever term you like) with every other man.

Our society has slowly taken us away from our potential and love. All systems, politically, socially, and economically have slotted us into fixed patterns of acting and feeling in order most effectively to cater to societal needs. Many have professed that the systems will change as man and his needs change. But the essence of man, his real and essential needs, have been progressively suppressed and falsely directed away from impetus for change.

But now something is happening and a few are grabbing hold of the true feelings and needs which assuredly have always been there but have been too distorted and unrecognizable to be touched and thrown forth. Now they are being touched and shared.

On Saturday night, January 14, over one hundred people were gathered on Haight Street. It was happy, it was fun, it was good. Together enjoying music created by impromptu flutes and drums and guitars. What followed was ugly and essentially a message from an authority (the police force) of our society saying, "I deny your right to create music and love and joy."

People were arbitrarily confronted and arrested; those who protested were harassed and brutalized. Scores of similar and deeper experiences of intimidation and brutalization were related by those after arrest. It appears that a segment of the authority created to protect and enhance our lives are taking it upon themselves to tread upon our freedom to express sincere emotion along with the occurrances burgeoning from that expression. So what is being said in return and must be said continually, more openly and in greater number, is, "We reject your 'message,' your demands, your hate."

The authorities may have the laws behind them but certainly we possess something much more potent -- our laws of commitment, of love, of hope completely wash the others away. We stand committed to the essence within ourselves which shouts LOVE, FREEDOM, JOY no law can ever silence this.

"Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity" -- Horace Mann

Deeply,
Beverly Brown

•••

Dear Oracle,

Two weeks ago, I left my home and family in attempt to become independent, and to find a few answers that have been bothering me for quite some time. I am fifteen years of age, and, I feel, somewhat intelligent. I wandered into Haight-Ashbury after aimlessly drifting throughout the Bay Area, not knowing what to expect, what to look for, completely confused and in great despair. I was paranoid of everyone, and every cop seemed out to get me.

I was told my best bet was to ask around for help, and try to find a place to stay. Within two hours I had a place for the night, and had found a part-time job.

Within the last two weeks I have met many different and unusual people: poets, musicians, speedfreaks. I have lost interest in the outside world, or, you might say, dropped out of society's pliers.

It seems as though everything good must be abolished. "If you can't understand it... kill it." If the hippies come up with a good thing the cops try their best to put an end to it. I have experienced many things and learned much more than I would if I'd spent this time in school. Love is the thing that keeps the hippie movement rollin'. I achieved a great satisfaction knowing I've helped someone.

All these things and ideas have been saturating my brain, every cell anxious to receive the vibrations that make the world go 'round. I have been inspired to do many things; one of those things was to write, and write I did. I have learned not to believe every thing I read. The cops seem more and more like Hitler's storm troopers. Some of the weird changes that have been evolving within my mind are really going to surprise my parents if they ever see me again, but I feel the changes are for the better, and not for the worse.

This letter wasnt meant to encourage any minor to run away, but rather to inform someone on what's happening. I ran away because of my parents and because of school. There was too much expected of me. There were also too many games that I had to weave in and out of, and there was a line drawn everywhere I looked.

I went to Berkeley and found that everyone was hung up on something or other, and as soon as I set foot off the bus there were new lines drawn and laid down to be followed and respected. The so-called hippies of Berkeley enjoy labeling, classifying and filing people in their proper perspective. That's what I was running away from. So I split that ditch in hopes of finding a less corrupted place to stay. So far, Haight-Ashbury has PROVEN itself a utopia.

Thanks for listening,

???

P.S. Here's a poem:

I see the ocean as a blue orchard;
And the sky as a shroud, protecting the
the chosen flower, only to face as the
flower wilts.
The seashore is my castle,
The trees my domain;
Spring is the morning glory
that wedges its way through my window, caressing the ears of my plaster maiden, who guards the
valley's grass, only to wake
and find the elves have weeded
her garden, which is being
repossessed this week
by a disturbed roach.
The elves have been living
between the crevasses on the walls in
my castle, I've tried using insecticide
only to find them laying Angel Hair
in the crevasses as insulation;
To my dismay, I can no longer
see the ancient dining table that once
occupied
The front room, only an outline
formed of dust particles
Remains, they soon will be
removed by the same maiden
who once guarded the garden
until a conspiracy arose;
upsetting the standard
procedure, and
confusing the managements.
Personified virtues,
masquerading as serpents
applaud the works of
Dave van Ronk and P. F. Sloan,
and congratulating
the audience for a magnificent
performance, while
Sidney spots a fraud in the process...
"The meek will inherit the EARTH..."

•••

Dear Sir,

May we ask you to be so kind as to send us a sample-copy of your publication.

We thank you very much in advance.

THE LITERARY GAZETTE
Zvetnoi Bulvar 30
Moscow, USSR

To the Oracle:

We are the raindrops in the sunshine
in the park panhandle dawn,
the rainbows on the sprinkles
sparkling water on the lawn;
we are the mountains, the pastures,
pipings of the pawn running open urban
countryside in costumes of the faun.

Bob Garner
2707-A McAllister

ORACLE: Pranam:

Removed by the Red Guard from Hataman Street... busted by the White Fuzz on Haight Street. Chairman Mao approbates acupuncture... will Governor Reagan give a kind word for chiropractic? Hitler followed astrology. Shall we burn our horoscopes? Should we praise Nazism for its breadth of vision? The British Royal Family traditionally keeps a homeopath as "physician in ordinary." So? It proves homeopathy is bad? That monarchy is good? My comments are inspired by THE NEW SCIENCE, article by Mukundah Das Adhikary in the lavender ORACLE (beautiful layout, by the way). Tut tut, Mukundahjee. Did you know that the State of Texas recognizes astrology as a science -- or, if you prefer it so: SCIENCE -- ? Anybody for Texas? Not me. So, Bapu, let us by all means welcome Swami Bhaktivedanta to the Haight-Ashbury district. Let a thousand flowers bloom, and let a hundred schools of thought contend. What a shame that they were urged to bloom along the Great Wall only in order that 999 of them might be recognized and destroyed. Bloom forever, Mukundah Das, out of the dust of their bosoms.

OM MANI PADME HUM

•••

To the Editor:

I have searched Her velvet spawn
stuttering
Myglad God I love you
And the way, your stars
melt forever in Front mind you your
manners
Before what you say?
I say black stomachs like ice cubes melt.
Alan Cohen is a crybaby too
change
back
you.
Buy the Oracle Free
he muttered to his God
God God God
This here I Ching book
This splatter of behold
A man God sewn
For durability Grogan the
Free is built just right
to house two universes.
Free the Oracle Buyer
And who is Alpert the Apple
disguised as the
next fat pigs delight
(America is a Fat Pig)
Last Supper I kissed
No Digger

•••

Tu Feb 14

Cedar Alley Theater Lab: Improvisation and Great Play Excerpts with Norman Sturges. 9 pm, $1
State College: Encore Films "The Pearl" @ 4:15 & 7:30. Education Bldg. 117. Mexican film of Steinbeck book. 25¢

Wed 15

1090 Page: Jam session, 7 pm. 50¢
I-Thou: Poetry Reading
Intersection: Rehearsal--experiments in theater happenings & participation. 120 Ellis St., $1, 8:30-10:30
Cedar Alley Coffee House: Smokey Grass Boys, bluegrass music. 9 pm, $1, drinks 25¢
Coffee Gallery: Poetry reading w/ Stephen Schwartz, Ron Silliman, John Bartel, Ruth Weiss. 8 & 11 pm, 50¢
SF Museum of Art: Poetry reading by Michael Hamburger. $1.50 gen., 50¢ students.
State College Poetry Center: Michael Hamburger in the Gallery Lounge. 1 pm, free.
I-Thou Coffee House: Poetry Reading w/ Robert G. Wenter, Erik Kiviat & others. 50¢, 8 pm

Th 16

Coffee Gallery: Experimental movie at 9 & 11 pm. 75¢
Metaphysical Town Hall Book Shop: Classes on Tarot card readings. 435 Powell, free
I-Thou Coffee House: Toby Lighthizer & Carl Shager (folk guitar); Ellen Brandywine (ballads)
Intersection: Abstract dance with drums by Bill Couser; primitive jazz @ 8:30 & 10:30. $2.50 gen, $1.50 students
Pooh Coffee House: Pitchell Players in Lyndon's Banes -- Happening in 3 acts w/experimental music during intermission. 5¢ coffee. $1
International Films: "All the King's Men," 620 Sutter, rm. 700 7:30 pm, 25¢
State College motion pictures guild: "One-Eyed Jacks" w/Brando. Educ. Bldg. 117, 7 pm, 25¢
Cedar Alley Coffee House: Pat Kilroy & the "New Age" (way out Indian-type thing.) 9 pm, $1.25
Metaphysical Town Hall Book Shop: 435 Powell, 2nd floor. Astrology instruction, 7-8 pm--How to put up a horoscope; 8-10--How to read a horoscope. Free
Avalon Ballroom: Big Brother & the Holding Co., Quicksilver Messenger Service, Oxford Circle 9-2, $3.00
Fillmore: Blues Project, The Mothers. 9-2, $3.00

Fr 17

Mime Troupe: Sartre--"Condemned of Altona," Geary Temple, 1859 Geary. 7:30 pm. Buy tickets at Print Mint, $2 & $3
Transvaluations II: 8:30 pm, $2
Bears Lair, U of C: Denny Zeittin jazz. 9:30 & 11:15; stud. $1, gen. $1.50
Film Viewing Club: Man Ray--"Mystery of the Chateau of Dice," Peter Sellers--"Case of the Mukkinese Battle Horn," "Wisp," "The Shepard," "I Know an old lady who swallowed a fly." 6112 Geary

Sat 18

Avalon Ballroom: see Feb. 17
Fillmore: see Feb. 17
Pooh Coffee House: see Feb. 17
Cedar Alley: see Feb. 17
Metaphysical Town Hall Book Shop: Dr. Frambode, an Indian scholar, talks on ESP & your own spirituality. 8 pm, free
Transvaluations II: see Feb. 17
Mime Troupe: see Feb. 17
Film Viewing Club: see Feb. 17

Sun 19

SF Museum of Art: Gallery talk by Archie Pugh on Robert Motherwell 3 pm, free
Fillmore: 2 pm, see Feb. 17, $2
Coffee Gallery: Hootenany, 8 pm, free
Cedar Alley: Hoot
Mime Troupe: Condemned of Altona, see Feb. 17
I-Thou: free hoot, 8 pm
Underground films: "We'll Bury you," "Lot in Sodom," Bruce Connor's Cosmic Ray. 8:30, $2 gen., $1.50, students
Film Viewing Club: see Feb. 17

Mon 20

Class: Classic mime-pantomime & improvisations by Judy Goldhaft; 924 Howard, 10-12 am, $2.50. info. 421-1984
Free film: U.C. Medical Center, noon, S Auditorium--"Africa: the Hidden Frontiers"
Seventh level water brothers initiation rites will be cancelled because of rain. Grok?

Tue 21

Macrobiotic cooking classes: 7:15-pm, $1, call Sunset Health @ 564-3360 to find out where
State College Encore Film Series: "Intruder in the Dust" 1949 American film of Faulkner novel. Ed. Bldg. 117, 25¢, 4:14 & 7:30
Cedar Alley: Norman Sturges--theater lab--improvisation & great play excerpts, $1, 9 pm

Wed 22

1090 Page: jam session--where the dog became a family. 7-11 pm, 50¢
Cedar Alley Coffee House: Smokey Grass Boys; see Feb. 15
I-Thou: Poetry readings. For info. call 431-1440, Phillip Schultz. 50¢--stud., 75¢-gen.
Coffee Gallery: Poetry reading--Allen Cohen, Richard Krech, Brown Miller, Steve Levine. 50¢, 9 & 11 pm
State College: HLL 130 @ 3:45. Retrospective of American Experimental Cinema. 25¢ stud. 75¢ general
Intersection: Rehearsal, see 2-15
Blue Unicorn: Poetry reading, 8:30, free

Th 23

I-Thou: Larry Hanks (folk songs & ballads), Jerry Lewis (pop-folk) 9 & 11 pm, 35¢ students, 50¢ gen.
Intersection: Poetry reading w/ David Tanner, 8:30 pm, 75¢
Coffee Gallery: Experimental films, 9 & 11 pm, 50¢
Metaphysical Town Hall Book Shop: see Feb. 16

Fr 24

Avalon: Moby Grape, Charlatan, 3rd group undecided. 9-2, $3.00
Fillmore: Greatful Dead, Otis Rush Chicago Blues Band, 9-2, $3
Intersection: Abstract dance works with drums by Bill Couser. Primitive jazz 8:30-10:30. $2.50 gen., $1.50 students
Film-Viewing Club: 6112 Geary Blvd. Films by beginning film makers. Those wanting to enter call 387-1006
Artist Liberation Front: 72 continuous hours "Happening," poetry, light shows, bands, drama, discussions, etc. Glide Foundation Church, call 731-6300 NOW
Metaphysical Town Hall Book Shop: Astrology--how to put up a horoscope; how to read and progress a horoscope. Free
Mime Troupe: "Condemned of Altona" Geary Temple, 7:30 pm, $2, $2
State College - Motion Picture Guild: "Dead Birds," "The Colt" Ed. Bldg. 117, 7 pm, 25¢
International Films: 620 Sutter, rm. 700, "Notorious," Grant, Bergman 7:30 pm, $1
Pooh Coffee House: Lyndon's Banes by the Pitchell Players. Open 7 pm, 5¢ coffee. Atmosphere begins at 8. 120 Julian
Transvaluations II: see Feb. 16
Malcolm X's ideas still live: a memorial tribute on the 2nd anniversary of the assassination. Eldridge Cleaver, Hall of Flowers. G. Gate Park - $1, 8 pm

Sat 25

Avalon Ballroom: see Feb. 24
Fillmore: see Feb. 24
Intersection: Canyon Cinema presents 1st of 2 nights: films by Carl Linder, 8 pm, $1
Artists Liberation Front: see Feb. 24
Film-viewing Club: see Feb. 24
Mime Troupe: see Feb. 24
Pooh Coffee House: see Feb. 24
Transvaluations II: see Feb. 24

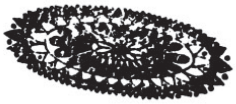
Sun 26

Fillmore: 2 pm, $2, see Feb. 24
Fillmore: 9 pm, $2.50, B.B. King
Intersection: Calm Center, 3-5 pm Time of quiet & calm w/light projections, candles, music, sitar playing. Contact Laird Sutton 826-1587
I-Thou: free hoot, 8 pm
S.F. Museum: Gallery talk--Virginia Robertson on Aaron Siskind 3 pm, free
Coffee Gallery: free hoot, 8 pm
Mime Troupe: see Feb. 24
Film-viewing Club: see Feb. 24

CONTINUING

Diggers in the Park
Astronomy show at Planetarium: 2 pm daily, Wed.-Sun. 8:30--"Auroras & other wonders."
Print Mint: Paintings by Roberto, open 10-10
Hatha Yoga classes: Tues. & Fri., 9:30-10:30 am, 1376 9th Ave. $1.50. Bring blanket or mat. 2 parts to class: first exercises, 2nd running & walking in G.G. Park
KFRC: Sun. nights 9:45-10:15--"The Transcendental, Multilingual, Two-ton Mustard Seed"
Mime Troupe: "The Minstrel Show," Geary Temple, 8:30, Feb. 20, 21, 27, 28 $2.25

BENEFIT FOR JOHN SINCLAIR
Poetry Reading
All Saints Episcopal
Waller and Ashbury
8:30 Fri. 17th
Michael McClure
Richard Brautigan
Lenore Kandel
Bill Frisch
Steve Mindel
other Bay Area poets



Be-In Film Takers

We would like to make a film of the Be-In to be distributed for free showings throughout the country and to T.V. networks; free. Commercial interests are trying to do the thing for money. People with film of the Be-In please contact Loren Sears at 346-9266 to contribute your film for printing for this purpose. ‡‡‡‡‡

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‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡ The Beard ‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡

In the endless unfolding of Blue Velvet Eternity one is graced occasionally with a glimpse of her lovelies.
†THE BEARD‡ has returned to San Francisco's California Hall beginning Wednesday, February 22, 8:30 p.m. The premier is a benefit for the ACLU with tickets available through The Psychedelic Shop, City Lights Books, and The Committee. ‡‡

WHERE TO SCORE

Transportation special: '52 GMC 29-passenger schoolbus. $900 as is. Contact Fred (Fritz) Cook through ORACLE
There are still openings for male and female performers seeking the combined experiences of movement with acting for an original play, "The Price," by Ralph Silver. The Play is the culmination of a journey that takes 5 travelers on an adventure through their earthly ties into their spiritual dimension. For info call 673-9356... Production helpers also needed.
Drums for sale. Ludwig equipment (hi hat speed King Pedal, A-Zildjian cymbals, 169 Downey. Ask for Ken. $250
Big Brother is returning to the city! Need rehearsal hall and places to live. Call 454-1408 or write B.B. & the H.C. at Box 94, Lagunitas

We are looking for people who would be interested in setting up concessions in a hip weekly Bizarre Bazaar dance. Concessions must have imagination. Sell anything legal: posters, buttons, jewelry, psychedelic flowers, antiques; tell fortunes. Imagine the ideas you can come up with. You will have your own booth & can make money. Reach into your psychedelic bag of tricks and come up with an idea. Circus Bazaar Dance Festival & Traveling Medicine Show. Sam Salvo 365-3164
BLACK SKETCHBOOK left at party on Cole Street. It's my self, I need it. Mary McClain, 362-6374
Summerhill School to be started. For info write Charles A. Freeman, P.O. Box 541, Mt. Shasta, Calif. 96067

MAKE BABIES DONT KILL THEM
For information on draft resistance, tax refusal, pacifism, write to: War Resisters League, Dept. T-1, 5 Beekman Street, NYC 10038. Send 10¢ for a copy of "Up Tight With the Draft?" In San Francisco, contact WRL, 584 Page Street, S.F.

Jo Ann Murray --
If you need Bread, call me--
"Aunt" Pat
Strictly Confidential

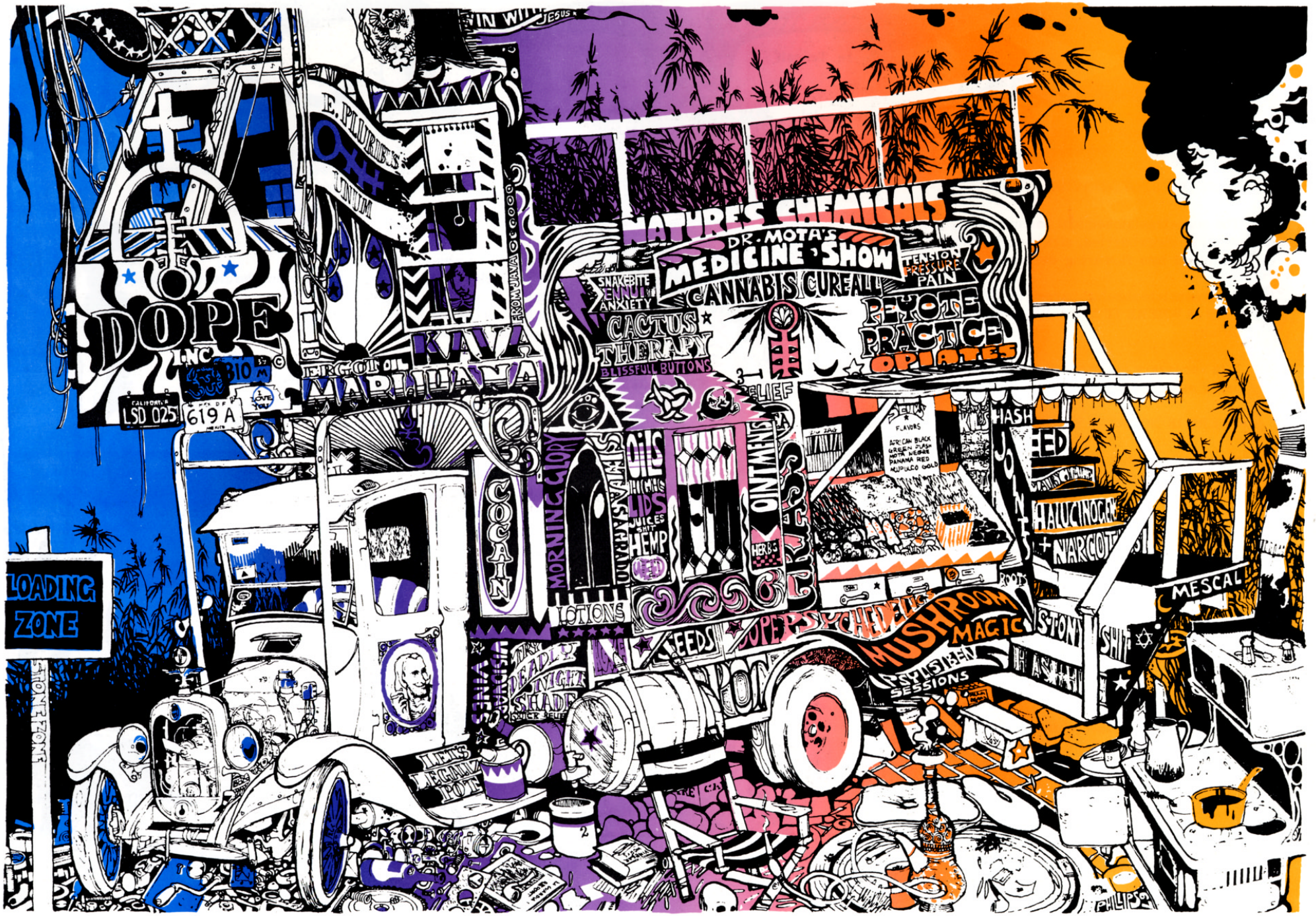
LOST:
If anyone knows the whereabouts of Julius Orlovsky, who has been lost for three weeks after wandering off from his brother, Peter, reading, at the Diggers, contact Lee Meyerzove at 552-2953 or leave message at the ORACLE.

Dr. Bode, Zoroastrian High Priest & former aide to Gandhi during India liberation movement will speak Thursday evening, 7:30 p.m. at the Print Mint. Dr. Bode, now connected with Philosophic Research Institute, will discuss spiritual matters pertinent to Haight Ashbury, this planet, & the universe. ‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡‡

PHOTO BY TOM WEIR

PHOTOGRAPH-GENE ANTHONY

RICK GRIFFIN



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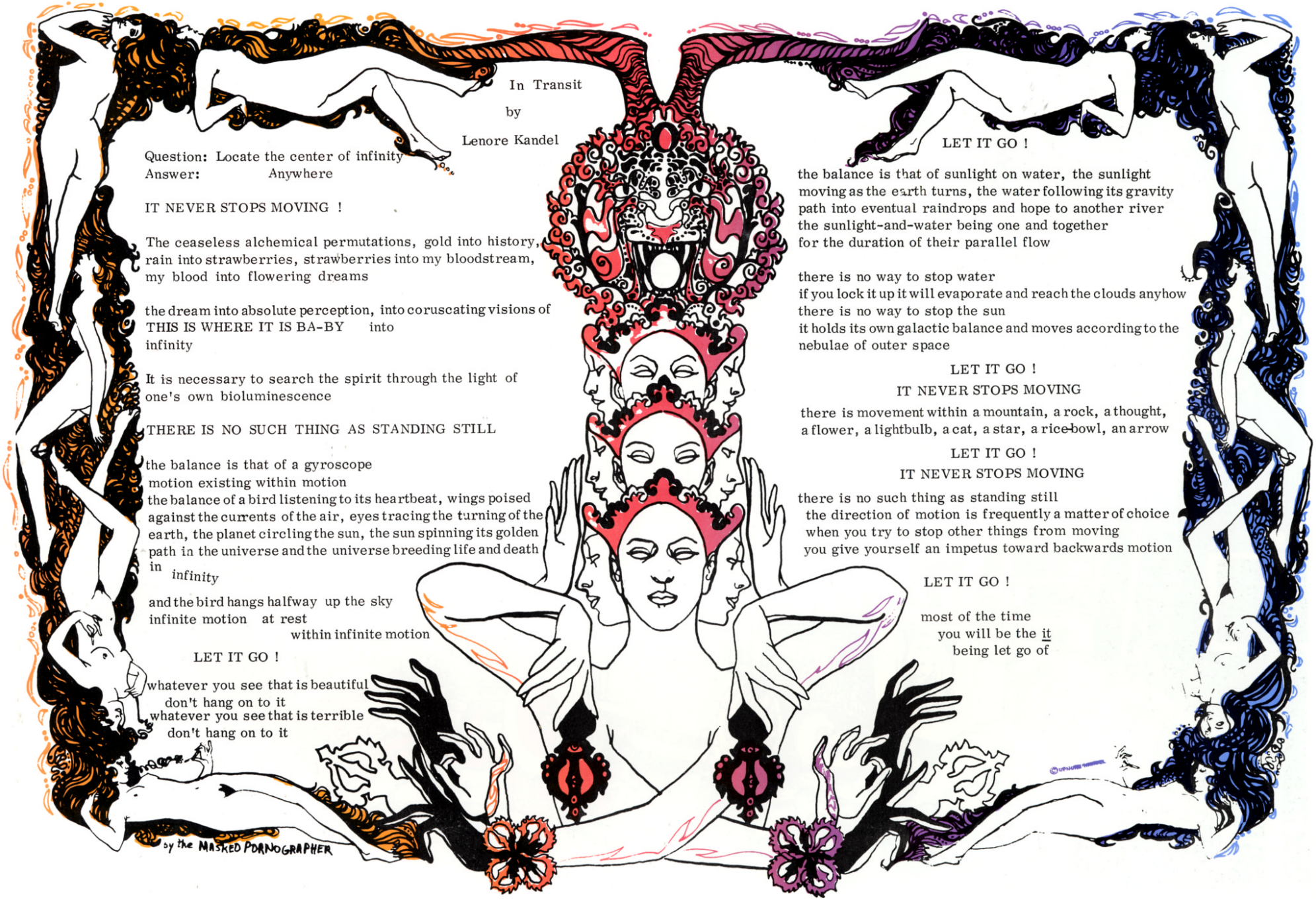

In Transit

by

Lenore Kandel

Question: Locate the center of infinity
Answer: Anywhere

IT NEVER STOPS MOVING !

The ceaseless alchemical permutations, gold into history, rain into strawberries, strawberries into my bloodstream, my blood into flowering dreams

the dream into absolute perception, into coruscating visions of THIS IS WHERE IT IS BA-BY into infinity

It is necessary to search the spirit through the light of one's own bioluminescence

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS STANDING STILL

the balance is that of a gyroscope
motion existing within motion
the balance of a bird listening to its heartbeat, wings poised against the currents of the air, eyes tracing the turning of the earth, the planet circling the sun, the sun spinning its golden path in the universe and the universe breeding life and death in infinity

and the bird hangs halfway up the sky
infinite motion at rest
within infinite motion

LET IT GO !

whatever you see that is beautiful
don't hang on to it
whatever you see that is terrible
don't hang on to it

LET IT GO !

the balance is that of sunlight on water, the sunlight moving as the earth turns, the water following its gravity path into eventual raindrops and hope to another river the sunlight-and-water being one and together for the duration of their parallel flow

there is no way to stop water
if you lock it up it will evaporate and reach the clouds anyhow
there is no way to stop the sun
it holds its own galactic balance and moves according to the nebulae of outer space

LET IT GO !

IT NEVER STOPS MOVING

there is movement within a mountain, a rock, a thought, a flower, a lightbulb, a cat, a star, a rice-bowl, an arrow

LET IT GO !

IT NEVER STOPS MOVING

there is no such thing as standing still
the direction of motion is frequently a matter of choice
when you try to stop other things from moving
you give yourself an impetus toward backwards motion

LET IT GO !

most of the time
you will be the <u>it</u>
being let go of

by the MASKED PORNOGRAPHER

by GAYLA,
astrologer

We are especially interested at this time in studying the meaning of the opposition of Leo and Aquarius. When the Moon is full, it is always in opposition to the Sun. When signs are in opposition, they are inextricably bound up with each other's nature, and one cannot be considered without the other. This is the Aquarian Age. Aquarius is a fixed air sign, the 11th sign of the zodiac, and its symbol is traditionally the Water-Bearer. But it has another symbol, which is the Angel.

The 11th sign has to do with the brotherhood of man and with universality. If Aquarius is the Water-Bearer, it is also the Light-Bringer. And under the influence of the Aquarian Age, all the various inventions have occurred--electricity, radio, telephone, the airplane, etc. Revolutions have also occurred under the Aquarian influence, or rather under the influence of Uranus, its ruler.

There is a new Angel, and it is this aspect of Aquarius, symbolically, that is bringing about a change in consciousness at this time. The new Angel is swift-moving and at once stern and compassionate. It is, in a sense, an Angel of Judgment. It might even be called an Angel of Death, since the new cannot be brought in without a death of the old. Under the influence of the Aquarian Angel there is a distinct invisible separation between the sheep and the goats. Only those able to respond to the new vibration or change in consciousness will be able to stand.

Those who cannot will fall away or be left behind.

But let us consider the nature of the opposite sign, Leo.

In every age, there have been the paired opposite symbols. In the Piscean Age, which we are just leaving, the opposite sign was Virgo, the Virgin. Christianity had the symbols of the fish and the Virgin. In the Aquarian Age, the symbols are the Angel (or Water-Bearer) and the Lion.

Leo is a fixed fire sign. It is the fifth sign of the Zodiac and has to do with expression. Creativity, as self-expression, comes under Leo. Kings are ruled by Leo and Leo is the royal sign.

The Lion is the king of the Beasts. But in Egypt there exists an ancient symbol, the Sphinx, with the body of a lion and the head of a human being, which has puzzled man for thousands of years.

The Sphinx existed long before Egypt did. It was placed there by those whom we call the Atlanteans, the people of the "lost continent." Whether Atlantis, as we call it, was a land-body on this earth or on another planet is a moot question among occultists. It was called, however, the Land of the Lion, and its highest expression was raja yoga, or the royal way. Leo rules the heart. The heart center (chakra) was the highest center developed at the time Atlantis was destroyed. The secrets of that land, as a line of force, were placed in the Sphinx by those who knew in advance of the coming destruction, to be stored for use in this time--to prevent a repetition of the ancient cataclysm. Consequently, we cannot consider Aquarius without considering Leo, the Lion, and the Sphinx.

A half cycle of the precession of the equinoxes has occurred since Atlantis went down and the Sphinx was placed. Now, at the opposition point, when we have entered the Aquarian Age, we will see a full flower of that force which was new at that time, even as it emerged from the gates of the death of the old land.

Consequently in the Aquarian Age we see a continuance and a flowering of an ancient force. Certain events have been timed to happen. They can be best studied at times when there is a full Moon in Leo opposing the Sun in Aquarius, at the time of the new Moon in Aquarius, or, conversely, when the Full Moon in Aquarius opposes the Leo sun or the Moon is new in Leo.

This year Leo New Moon will occur August 6, and Aquarius full Moon August 20. Special events are not necessarily to be looked for on those days, but from those things which occur to us at that time we may better understand the full tide of the times. In the personal sense, ventures started at the time of the new Moon reach their fruition at the time of the full Moon.

Incidentally, the color of Aquarius is purple, its gem the amethyst, for the new ray is the amethyst or 7th ray. Leo is gold, but its gem is the ruby, that being the color of the heart. Leo represents the fourth or heart chakra. Aquarius is between the head center, or third eye, and the Buddhic center, at the top of the head, but is closest to the Buddhic center or 7th center.

But Aquarius, at the other end of the scales, is close to Pisces, the feet; and thus is linked with kundalini, at the tip of the spine, by proximity. In the sign of Aquarius we are very close to the completion of all relationships between the chakras, in which, in completed man, kundalini or the serpent force will flow both up and down, activating all centers.

Many changes, both inward and outward, may therefore be expected to occur in the next few years.

The actual entry of the new force occurred in 1959. It will culminate in 1989, thirty years after its ingress. The flowering is meanwhile accelerating.

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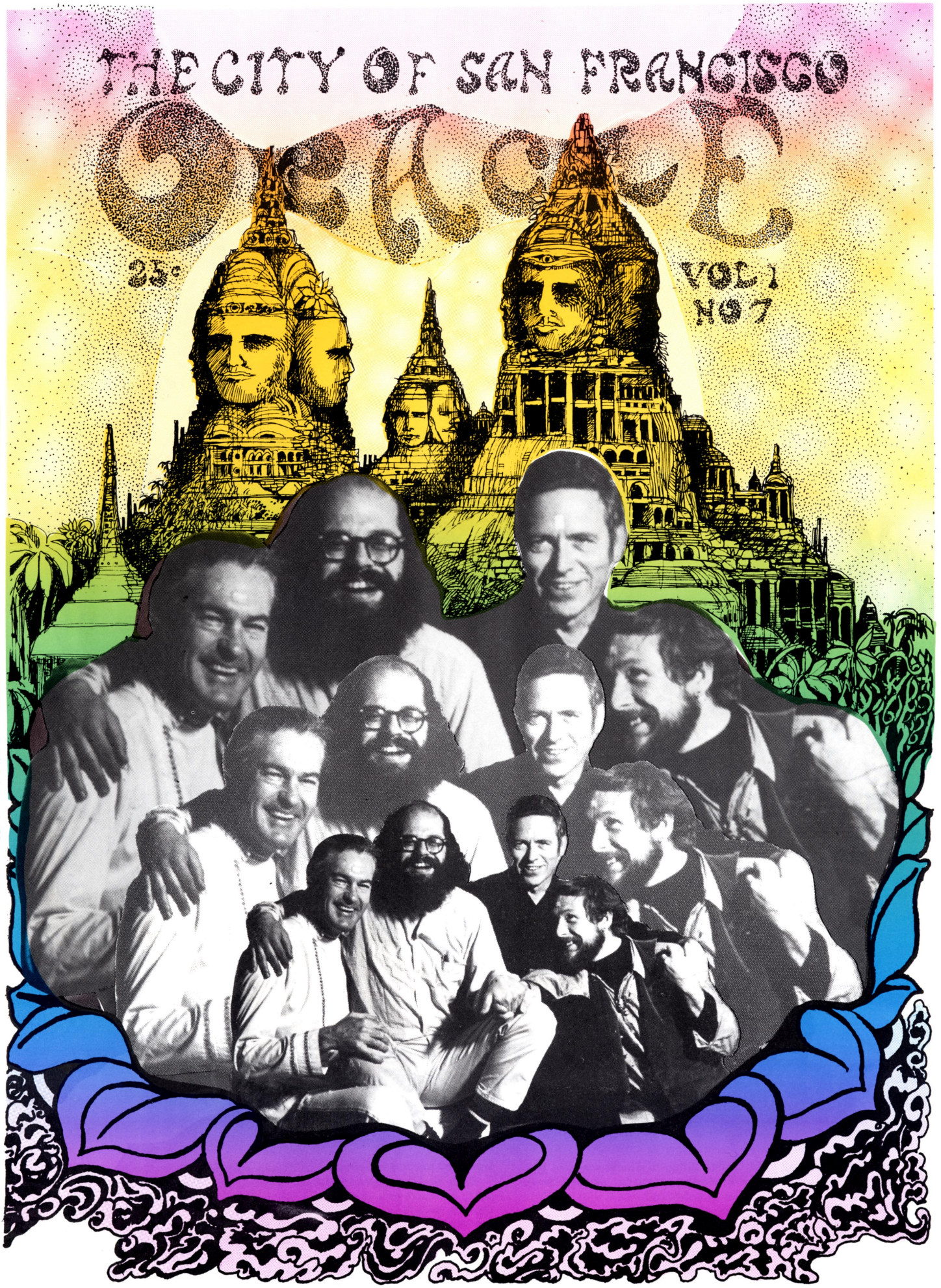

THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO
OBSERVER
25¢
VOL 1
NO 7

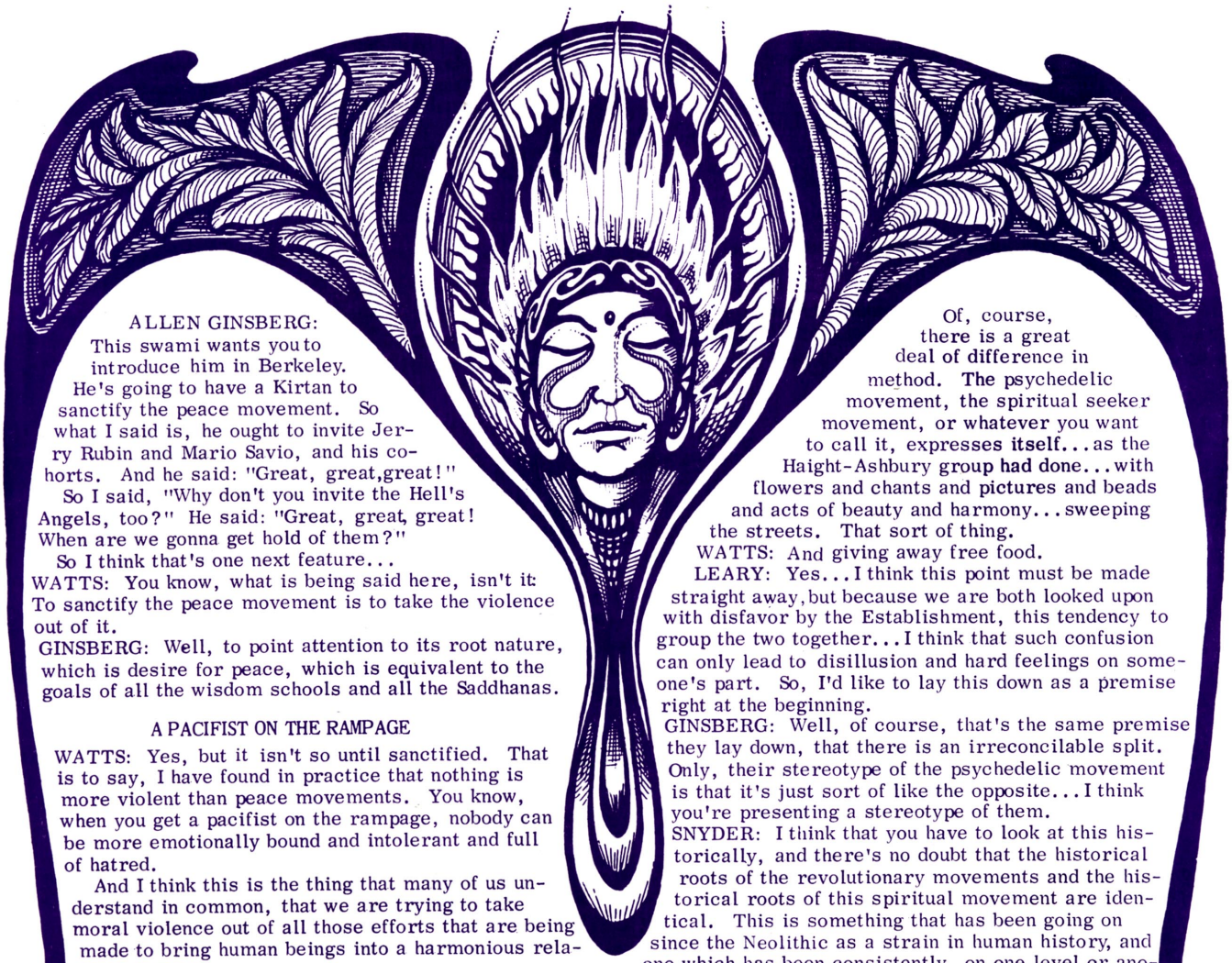
CHANGES

FEB. 1967 - SAUSALITO, CALIF.

PHOTO: PAUL KAGAN

ALAN WATTS:... Look then, we're going to discuss where it's going...the whole problem of whether to drop out or take over.
TIMOTHY LEARY: Or anything in between?
WATTS: Or anything in between, sure.
LEARY: Cop out...drop in...
GARY SNYDER: I see it as the problem about whether or not to throw all your energies to the subculture or try to maintain some communication network within the main culture.
WATTS: Yes. All right. Now look...I would like to make a preliminary announcement so that it has a certain coherence.

This is Alan Watts speaking, and I'm this evening, on my ferry boat, the host to a fascinating party sponsored by the San Francisco Oracle, which is our new underground paper, far-outer than any far-out that has yet been seen. And we have here, members of the staff of the Oracle. We have Allen Ginsberg, poet, and rabbinic saddhu. We have Timothy Leary, about whom nothing needs to be said. (laughs) And Gary Snyder, also poet, Zen monk, and old friend of many years.



ALLEN GINSBERG: This swami wants you to introduce him in Berkeley. He's going to have a Kirtan to sanctify the peace movement. So what I said is, he ought to invite Jerry Rubin and Mario Savio, and his cohorts. And he said: "Great, great, great!" So I said, "Why don't you invite the Hell's Angels, too?" He said: "Great, great, great! When are we gonna get hold of them?" So I think that's one next feature...

WATTS: You know, what is being said here, isn't it: To sanctify the peace movement is to take the violence out of it.

GINSBERG: Well, to point attention to its root nature, which is desire for peace, which is equivalent to the goals of all the wisdom schools and all the Saddhanas.

A PACIFIST ON THE RAMPAGE

WATTS: Yes, but it isn't so until sanctified. That is to say, I have found in practice that nothing is more violent than peace movements. You know, when you get a pacifist on the rampage, nobody can be more emotionally bound and intolerant and full of hatred.

And I think this is the thing that many of us understand in common, that we are trying to take moral violence out of all those efforts that are being made to bring human beings into a harmonious relationship.

GINSBERG: Now, how much of that did the peace movement people in Berkeley realize?

WATTS: I don't think they realize it at all. I think they're still working on the basis of moral violence, just as Gandhi was.

GINSBERG: Yeah... I went last night and turned on with Mario Savio. Two nights ago... After I finished and I was talking with him, and he doesn't turn on very much... This was maybe about the third or fourth time. He was describing his efforts in terms of the motive power for large mass movements. He felt one of the things that move large crowds was righteousness, moral outrage, and ANGER... Righteous anger.

MENOPAUSAL MINDS

LEARY: Well, let's stop right here. The implication of that statement is: we want a mass movement. Mass movements make no sense to me, and I want no part of mass movements. I think this is the error that the leftist activists are making. I see them as young men with menopausal minds.

They are repeating the same dreary quarrels and conflicts for power of the thirties and the forties, of the trade union movement, of Trotskyism and so forth. I think they should be sanctified, drop out, find their own center, turn on, and above all avoid mass movements, mass leadership, mass followers. I see that there is a great difference -- I say completely incompatible difference -- between the leftist activist movement and the psychedelic religious movement.

In the first place, the psychedelic movement, I think, is much more numerous. But it doesn't express itself as noisily. I think there are different goals. I think that the activists want power. They talk about student power. This shocks me, and alienates my spiritual sensitivities.

Of, course, there is a great deal of difference in method. The psychedelic movement, the spiritual seeker movement, or whatever you want to call it, expresses itself... as the Haight-Ashbury group had done... with flowers and chants and pictures and beads and acts of beauty and harmony... sweeping the streets. That sort of thing.

WATTS: And giving away free food.

LEARY: Yes... I think this point must be made straight away, but because we are both looked upon with disfavor by the Establishment, this tendency to group the two together... I think that such confusion can only lead to disillusion and hard feelings on someone's part. So, I'd like to lay this down as a premise right at the beginning.

GINSBERG: Well, of course, that's the same premise they lay down, that there is an irreconcilable split. Only, their stereotype of the psychedelic movement is that it's just sort of like the opposite... I think you're presenting a stereotype of them.

SNYDER: I think that you have to look at this historically, and there's no doubt that the historical roots of the revolutionary movements and the historical roots of this spiritual movement are identical. This is something that has been going on since the Neolithic as a strain in human history, and one which has been consistently, on one level or another, opposed to the collectivism of civilization toward the rigidities of the city states and city temples. Christian utopianism is behind Marxism.

LEARY: They're outs and they want in.

UTOPIAN, RELIGIOUS DRIVE

SNYDER: ...but historically it arrives from a utopian and essentially religious drive. The early revolutionary political movements in Europe have this utopian strain in them.

Then Marxism finally becomes a separate, non-religious movement, but only very late. That utopian strain runs right through it all along. So that we do share this...

GINSBERG: What are the early utopian texts? What are the early mystical utopian political texts?

SNYDER: Political?

GINSBERG: Yeah. Are you running your mind back through Bakunin or something?

SNYDER: I'm running it back to earlier people. To Fourier, and stuff...

WATTS: Well, it goes back to the seventeenth century and the movements in Flemish and German mysticism, which started up the whole idea of democracy in England in the seventeenth century. You have the Anabaptists, the Levellers, the Brothers of the Free Spirit...

SNYDER: The Diggers!

SECULAR MYSTICISM

WATTS: THE DIGGERS, and all those people, and then eventually the Quakers. This was the source. It was, in a way, a secularization of mysticism.

In other words, the mystical doctrine that all men are equal in the sight of God, for the simple reason that they ARE God. They're all God's incarnations.

CONT. on P. 6

GRIMSHAW '67

by Harry Monroe

"Bom bom mahadev!" the mantra yogis' cry as they raise the ganja pipe to inhale means "boom boom great god," according to Allen Ginsberg, who tells of having smoked it with Shaivite worshippers, devotees and yogis at Nimtallah ghat in Calcutta, where it is considered the beginning of the yogic path of Saddhana and, of course, is legal.

Ganja is a very superior grade of Indian hemp much stronger than the best marijuana available in the United States. Allen was in India for a long while, and his First Manifesto to End the Bringdown is perhaps the best source of reasons why marijuana smoking is one of the most beneficial things a person can do, and not a little holy.

A goodly number of us know this by the most directly convincing evidence possible.

Speaking for many who are friends and for myself, I have not the slightest reservation in saying that this much maligned plant has powers that elevate the human condition from a purely material plane to the spiritual.

If this is opinion, it is one shared with four hundred million others in the world.

AN EXPLORATION

I came across Allen's First Manifesto in David Solomon's definative study of the subject: THE MARIJUANA PAPERS, Bobbs-Merrill, 450 pages, $10.00. Really three books under one cover with appendix. It is well written, and I cannot think of any area of the subject that is not thoroughly and intelligently explored by leading authorities, and by such I do not mean the police or federal agents.

Put together by a savant and not a propagandizer, this book contains sufficient evidence to refute the specious arguments that fall under the heading: killer drug nonsense and propaganda.

Mr. Solomon has collated a massive volume of absolutely convincing evidence to support the statement that marijuana is good for you, good for your health, good for your mind, and good for your world.

It seems an understatement to say it is good for your soul when one has witnessed in self and others a development of soul and spiritual growth attributable to marijuana. This is an opinion shared with an

(cont. on p. 18

THE ADVENT OF THE WORLD-TEACHER

The significance of one of the great revelations of our time has been largely overlooked except by occultists. It has been twelve years since the newspaper announcement that on the evening of December 2, 1954, Pope Pius XII announced that he had experienced a divine vision with the words, "This morning I saw the Lord."

This event marked the descent of the Christos, the archetypal Christ to the astral plane, preparatory to manifesting in the world of men. During the following year, mystics working with the Spiritual Hierarchy of the planet quietly exchanged information about contacts similar to that reported by the Pope, contacts which served to raise the vibrations of the initiates concerned and to stimulate their capacity to meditate on behalf of the enlightenment of the planet, as mediators between humanity and Hierarchy.

This descent also marked an important step in preparation for manifestation in the world of men. A great Being such as this Bodhisattva can manifest in multiple forms through a sort of grace or spiritual seed, or through forming a temporary union or overshadowing of physical bodies already prepared for His use. Many have wondered whether the late President Kennedy may not have been thus divinely overshadowed during his last years, as his ideals served to inspire the entire world. By inspiring a succession of initiates or using a series of physical bodies prepared for his use, great Hierarchial Beings can dwell in their Sambhogakaya bodies of subtle matter and transfer from one physical body to another for active work. Mystics such as St. Teresa of Avila and Jacob Boehme experienced the Christos as an intimate spiritual experience and later as a component of their very selves.

It is only our own spiritual ignorance and lack entire enlightenment that does not recognize the latent spiritual process that brings forth the immanent Divinity within every man and woman. In Evelyn Underhill's book, Mysticism, she says, "The Incarnation, which is for traditional Christianity synonymous with the historical birth and earthly life of Christ, is for mystics of a certain type, not only this but also a perpetual Cosmic and personal process.

"It is an everlasting bringing forth, in the universe, and also in the individual ascending soul, of the divine and perfect Life, the pure character of God...as the soul, of which (Christ) dramatized the essential constituents,...resumes in its upward progress the spiritual life-history of the race.

Jacob Boehme pointed out that the secret of the alchemists, the finding of the formula for the Philosopher's Stone and the bringing to birth of the indwelling divinity were one and the same process, and could be brought to manifestation. Whether we call this manifestation and Incarnation of Christ, Vishnu, Ishvara or Krishna, it is the indwelling Divinity made manifest in flesh.

If the rays of manifesting energy are of several types we have the mystic with a special talent for the mystic art. But, as the Tibetan Master of the Wisdom Djwhal Khul points out, in Alice A. Bailey's book, Treatise on Cosmic Fire, when the rays of divine energy ensouling the form are of a specific and concentrated form, we have a Messiah or an avatar.

The coming forth of such avatars is done in accordance with astrological cycles of divine energy, and therefore the present coming forth of the Messiah and the externalization of the Spiritual Hierarchy that will aid Him in His work has been long awaited throughout the world.

Some wait for Krishna, some for the Lord Maitreya, some for the second coming of the Christ. But when He comes he will have none of these names. He may go unrecognized, as men are blinded by glamours of the past.

(cont. on p.35

(CONT. from p. 3)

When that doctrine is secularized, it becomes a parody...that all men are equally inferior. And therefore may be evil-treated by the bureaucrats and the police, with no manners.

The whole tendency of this equalization of man in the nineteenth century is a result, in a way, of the work of Freud. But the absolute recipe for writing a best seller biography was to take some person who was renowned for his virtue and probity, and to show, after all, that everything was scurrilous and low down.

You see? This became the parody. Be cause the point that I am making -- this may seem to be a little bit of a diversion, but the actual point is this:

Whenever the insights one derives from mystical vision become politically active, they always create their own opposite. They create a parody.

Wouldn't you agree with that, Tim? I mean, this is the point I think you're saying: that when we try to force a vision upon the world, and say that everybody ought to have this, and it's GOOD for you, then a parody of it is set up. As it was historically when this vision was forced upon the West, that all men are equal in the sight of God ans so on and so forth...it became bureaucratic democracy, which is that all people are equally inferior.

SNYDER: Well, my answer to what Tim was saying there is that, it seems to me at least, in left-wing politics there are certain elements, and there are always going to be certain people who are motivated by the same thing that I'm motivated by.

And I don't want to reject the history, or the sacrifices of the people in that movement...if they can be brought around to what I would consider a more profound vision of themselves, and a more profound vision of themselves and society...

LEARY: I think we should get them to drop out, turn on, and tune in.

GINSBERG: Yeah, but they don't know what that means even.

LEARY: I know it. No politician, left or right, young or old, knows what we mean by that.

GINSBERG: Don't be so angry!

LEARY: I'm not angry...

GINSBERG: Yes, you are. Now, wait a minute...Everybody in Berkeley, all week long, has been bugging me...and Alpert...about what you mean by drop out, tune in, and turn on. Finally, one young kid said, "Drop out, turn on, and tune in." Meaning: get with an activity-a manifest worldly activity--that's harmonious with whatever vision he has.

Everybody in Berkeley is all bugged because they think, one: drop-out thing really doesn't mean anything, that what you're gonna cultivate is a lot of freak-out hippies goofing around and throwing bottles through windows when they flip out on LSD. That's their stereotype vision. Obviously stereotyped.

LEARY: Sounds like bullshitting...

THE NEWSPAPER VISION

GINSBERG: No, like it's no different from the newspaper vision, anyway. I mean, they've got the newspaper vision.

Then, secondly, they're afraid that there'll be some sort of fascist putsch. Like, it's rumored lately that everyone's gonna be arrested. So that the lack of communicating community among the hippies will lead to some concentration camp situation, or lead...as it has been in Los Angeles recently...to a dispersal of what the beginning of the community began.

LEARY: These are the old, menopausal minds. There was a psychiatrist named Adler in San Francisco whose interpretation of the group Be-In was that this is the basis for a new fascism...when a leader comes along. And I sense in the activist movement the cry for a leader...the cry for organization...

GINSBERG: But they're just as intelligent as you are on this fact. They know about what happened in Russia. That's the reason they haven't got a big, active organization.

It's because they, too, are stumped by: How do you have a community, and a community movement, and cooperation within the community to make life more pleasing for everybody -- including the end of the Vietnam war? How do you have such a situation organized, or disorganized, just so long as it's effective -- without a fascist leadership? Because they don't want to be that either.

See, they are conscious of the fact that they don't want to be messiahs -- political messiahs. At least, Savio in particular. Yesterday, he was weeping. Saying he wanted to go out and live in nature.

LEARY: Beautiful.

GINSBERG: So, I mean he's like basically where we are: stoned.

GENIUS OF NON-LEADERSHIP

WATTS: Well, I think that thus far, the genius of this kind of underground that we're talking about is that it has no leadership.

LEARY: Exactly!

WATTS: That everybody recognizes everybody else.

GINSBERG: Right, except that that's not really entirely so.

WATTS: Isn't it so? But it is so to a great extent now...

GINSBERG: There's an organized leadership, say, at such a thing as a Be-In. There is organization; there is community. There are community groups which cooperate, and those community groups are sparked by active people who don't necessarily parade their names in public, but who are capable people...who are capable of ordering sound trucks and distributing thousands of cubes of LSD and getting signs posted...

WATTS: Oh yes, that's perfectly true. There are people who can organize things. But they don't assume the figure-head role.

LEARY: I would prefer to call them foci of energy. There's no question. You start the poetry, chanting thing...

WATTS: Yes.

LEARY: And I come along with a celebration. Like Allen and Gary at the Be-In.

NATURE AND BOSSISM

WATTS: And there is nobody in charge as a ruler, and this is the absolutely vital thing. That the Western world has labored for many, many centuries under a monarchical conception of the universe where God is the boss, and political systems and all kinds of law have been based on this model of the universe...that nature is run by a boss.

Whereas, if you take the Chinese view of the world. which is organic..They would say, for example, that the human body is an organization in which there is no boss. It is a situation of order resulting from mutual interrelationship of all the parts.

And what we need to realize is that there can be, shall we say, a movement...a stirring among people...which can be ORGANICALLY designed instead of POLITICALLY designed. It has no boss. Yet all parts recognize each other in the same way as the cells of the body all cooperate together.

SNYDER: Yes, it's a new social structure. It's a new social structure which follows certain kinds of historically known tribal models.

LEARY: Exactly, yeah! My historical reading of the situation is that these great, monolithic empires that developed in history: Rome, Turkey and so forth...always break down when enough people (and it's always the young, the creative, and the minority groups) drop out and go back to a tribal form.

I agree with what I've heard you say in the past, Gary, that the basic unit is tribal. What I envision is thousands of small groups throughout the United States and Western Europe, and eventually the world, as dropping out. What happened when Rome fell? What happened when Jerusalem fell? Little groups went off together...

GINSBERG: Precisely what do you mean by drop out, then...again, for the millionth time?

SNYDER: Drop out throws me a little bit, Tim. Because it's assumed that we're dropping out. The next step is, now what are we doing where we're in

PHOTO:
PAUL KAGAN

something else? We're in a new society. We're in the seeds of a new society.
GINSBERG: For instance, you haven't dropped out, Tim. You dropped out of your job as a psychology teacher in Harvard. Now, what you've dropped into is, one: a highly complicated series of arrangements for lecturing and for putting on the festival...
LEARY: Well, I'm dropped out of that.
GINSBERG: But you're not dropped out of the very highly complicated legal constitutional appeal, which you feel a sentimental regard for, as I do. You haven't dropped out of being the financial provider for Millbrook, and you haven't dropped out of planning and conducting community organization and participating in it.

And that community organization is related to the national community, too. Either through the Supreme Court, or through the very existence of the dollar that is exchanged for you to pay your lawyers, or to take money to pay your lawyers in the theatre. So you can't drop out, like DROP OUT, 'cause you haven't.
LEARY: Well, let me explain...
GINSBERG: So they think you mean like, drop out, like go live on Haight-Ashbury Street and do nothing at all. Even if you can do something like build furniture and sell it, or give it away in barter with somebody else.
LEARY: You have to drop out in a group. You drop out in a small tribal group.
SNYDER: Well, you drop out one by one, but... You know, you can join the sub-culture.
GINSBERG: Maybe it's: "Drop out of what?"
WATTS: Gary, I think that you have something to say here. Because you, to me, are one of the most fantastically capable drop-out people I have ever met. I think, at this point, you should say a word or two about your own experience of how to live on nothing. How to get by in life economically.

This is the nitty-gritty. This is where it really comes down to in many people's minds. Where's the bread going to come from if everybody drops out? Now, you know expertly where it's gonna come from -- living a life of integrity and not being involved in a commute-necktie-strangle scene.
SNYDER: Well, this isn't news to anybody, but ten or fifteen years ago when we dropped out, there wasn't a community. There wasn't anybody who was going to take care of you at all. You were really completely on your own.

What it meant was, cutting down on your desires and cutting down on your needs to an absolute minimum; and it also meant, don't be a bit fussy about how you work or what you do for a living.

That meant doing any kind of work. Strawberry picking, carpenter, laborer, longshore... Well, longshore is hard to get into. It paid very well. Shipping out... that also pays very well.

THE VIRTUE OF PATIENCE

But at least in my time, it meant being willing to do any goddam kind of labor that came your way, and not being fussy about it.

And it meant cultivating the virtue of patience -- the patience of sticking with a shitty job long enough to win the bread that you needed to have some more leisure, which meant more freedom to do more things that you wanted to do. And mastering all kinds of techniques of living really cheap...

Like getting free rice off the docks, because the loading trucks sometimes fork the rice sacks, and spill little piles of rice on the docks which are usually thrown away.

But I had it worked out with some of the guards down on the docks that they would gather 15 or 25 pounds of rice for me, and also tea... I'd pick it up once a week off the docks, and then I'd take it around and give it to friends. This was rice that was going to be thrown away, otherwise. Techniques like that.
WATTS: Second day vegetables from the supermarket...
SNYDER: Yeah, we used to go around at one or two in the morning, around the Safeways and Piggly Wigglies in Berkeley, with a shopping bag, and hit the garbage cans out in back. We'd get Chinese cabbage, lots of broccoli and artichokes that were thrown out because they didn't look sellable anymore.

So, I never bought any vegetables for the three years I was a graduate student at Berkeley. When I ate meat, it was usually horse meat from the pet store, because they don't have a law that permits them to sell horsemeat for human consumption in California like they do in Oregon.
GINSBERG: You make a delicious horse meat sukiyaki. (laughter)

A SWEET, CLEAN PAD

WATTS: Well, I want to add to this, Gary, that during the time you were living this way, I visited you on occasion, and you had a little hut way up on the hillside of Homestead Valley in Mill Valley and I want to say, for the record, that this was one of the most beautiful pads I ever saw. It was swee and clean, and it had a very, very good smell to the whole thing. You were living what I consider to be a very noble life.

Now, then, the question that next arises, if this is the way of being a successful drop-out, which I think is true... Can you have a wife and child under such circumstances?
SNYDER: Yeah, I think you can, sure.
WATTS: What about when the state forces you to send the child to school?
SNYDER: You send it to school.
LEARY: Oh no, c'mon, I don't see this as drop-out at all.
SNYDER: I want to finish what I was going to say. That's they way it was ten years ago.

Today, there is a huge community. When any kid drops out today, he's got a subculture to go fall into. He's got a place to go where there'll be friends, and people that will put him up and people that will feed him --at least for a while -- and keep feeding him indefinitely, if he moves around from pad to pad.
LEARY: That's just stage one. The value of the Lower East Side, or of the district in Seattle or the Haight-Ashbury, is that it provides a first launching pad.

Everyone that's caught inside a television set of props, and made of actors... The first thing that you have to do is completely detach yourself from anything inside the plastic, robot Establishment.

A WAY STATION: A LAUNCHING PAD

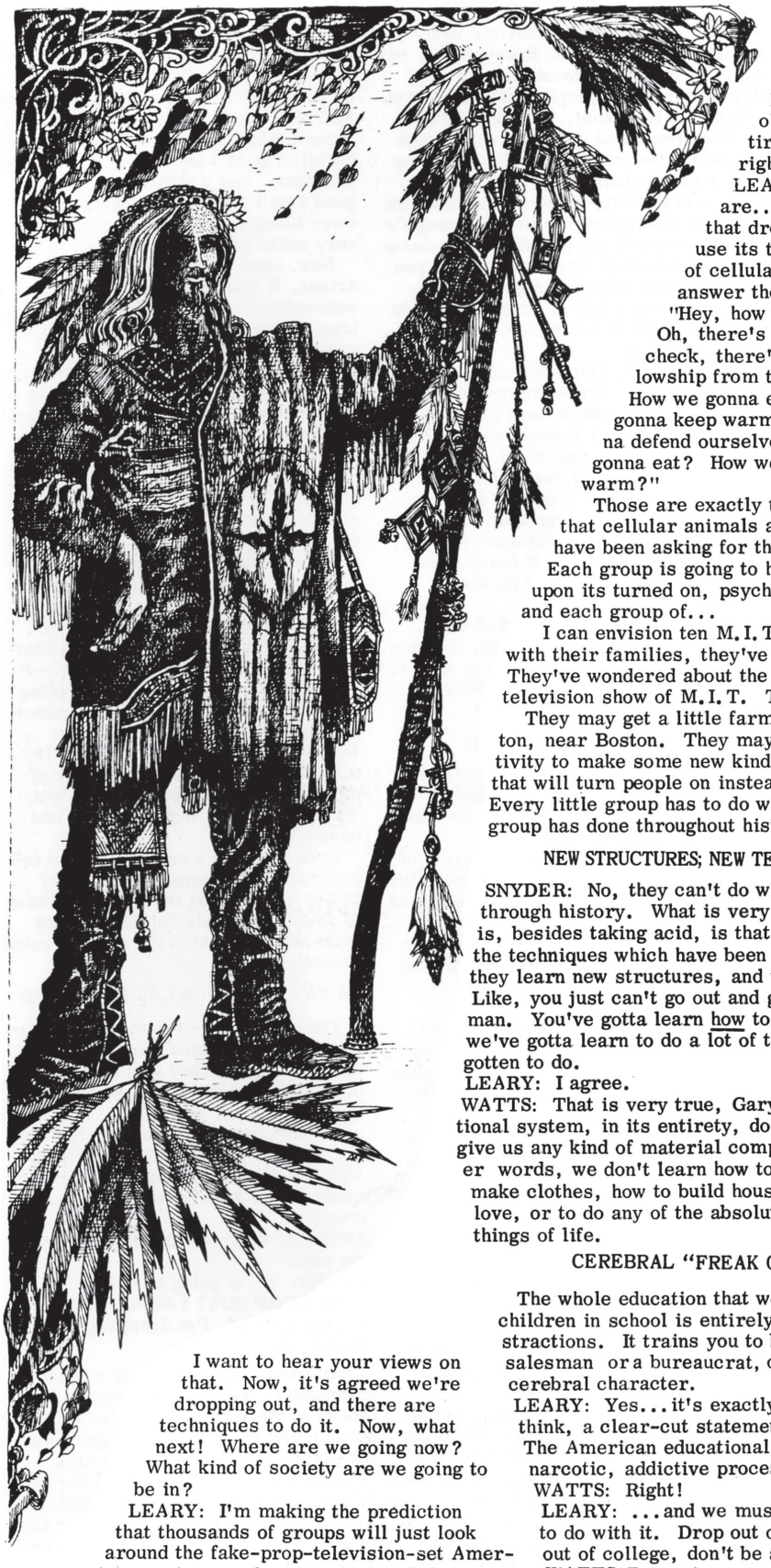
The next step -- for many people-- could well be a place like Haight-Ashbury. There they will find spiritual teachers, there they will find friends, lovers, wives...

But that must be seen clearly as a way station. I don't think the Haight-Ashbury district -- any city, for that matter -- is a place where the new tribal...
SNYDER: I agree with you. Not in the city.
LEARY: ...is going to live. So, I mean DROP OUT! I don't want to be misinterpreted. I'm dropping out... step by step.

Millbrook, by the way, is a tribal community. We're getting closer and closer to the landing... We're working out our way of import and export with the planet. We consider ourselves a tribe of mutants. Just like all the little tribes of Indians were. We happen to have our little area there, and we have to come to terms with the white men around us.

WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING?

SNYDER: Now look... Your drop-out line is fine for all those other people out there, you know, that's what you've got to say to them. But, I want to hear what you're building. What are you making?
LEARY: What are we building?
SNYDER: Yeah, what are you building?



I want to hear your views on that. Now, it's agreed we're dropping out, and there are techniques to do it. Now, what next! Where are we going now? What kind of society are we going to be in?

LEARY: I'm making the prediction that thousands of groups will just look around the fake-prop-television-set American society, and just open one of those doors. When you open the doors, they don't lead you in, they lead you out into the garden of Eden...which is the planet.

Then you find yourself a little tribe wandering around. As soon as enough people do this -- young people do this -- it'll bring about an incredible change in the consciousness of this country, and of the Western world.

GINSBERG: Well, that is happening actually...

LEARY: Yeah, but...

SNYDER: But that garden of Eden is full of old rubber truck tires and tin cans, right now, you know.

LEARY: Parts of it are... Each group that drops out has got to use its two billion years of cellular equipment to answer those questions: "Hey, how we gonna eat? Oh, there's no more paycheck, there's no more fellowship from the university! How we gonna eat? How we gonna keep warm? How we gonna defend ourselves? How we gonna eat? How we gonna keep warm?"

Those are exactly the questions that cellular animals and tribal groups have been asking for thousands of years. Each group is going to have to depend upon its turned on, psychedelic creativity and each group of...

I can envision ten M.I.T. scientists, with their families, they've taken LSD... They've wondered about the insane-robot-television show of M.I.T. They drop out. They may get a little farm out in Lexington, near Boston. They may use their creativity to make some new kinds of machines that will turn people on instead of bomb them. Every little group has to do what every little group has done throughout history.

NEW STRUCTURES; NEW TECHNIQUES

SNYDER: No, they can't do what they've done through history. What is very important here is, besides taking acid, is that people learn the techniques which have been forgotten. That they learn new structures, and new techniques. Like, you just can't go out and grow vegetables, man. You've gotta learn how to do it. Like we've gotta learn to do a lot of things we've forgotten to do.

LEARY: I agree.

WATTS: That is very true, Gary. Our educational system, in its entirety, does nothing to give us any kind of material competence. In other words, we don't learn how to cook, how to make clothes, how to build houses, how to make love, or to do any of the absolutely fundamental things of life.

CEREBRAL "FREAK OUTS"

The whole education that we get for our children in school is entirely in terms of abstractions. It trains you to be an insurance salesman or a bureaucrat, or some kind of cerebral character.

LEARY: Yes...it's exactly there that, I think, a clear-cut statement is needed. The American educational system is a narcotic, addictive process...

WATTS: Right!

LEARY: ...and we must have nothing to do with it. Drop out of school, drop out of college, don't be an activist...

WATTS: But we've got to do something else.

LEARY: Drop out of school...

GINSBERG: Where are you gonna learn engineering, or astronomy, or anything like that?

LEARY: The way men have always learned the important things in life. Face to face with a teacher, with a guru. Because very little...

GINSBERG: What about astronomy...like calculation of star ratios...things like that?

LEARY: If any drop-out wants to do that, he can do it...I can tell him how to do it.

SNYDER: I would suspect that within the next ten years -- within the next five years probably -- a modest beginning will be made in sub-culture institutions of higher learning that will informally begin to exist around the country, and will provide this kind of education without being left to the Establishment, to Big Industry, to government.

WATTS: Well, it's already happening...

SNYDER: I think that there will be a big extension of that, employing a lot of potentially beautiful teachers who are unemployed at the moment...like there are gurus who are just waiting to be put to use; and also drawing people, who are working in the universities with a bad conscience, off to join that...

LEARY: Exactly...

SNYDER: There's a whole new order of technology that is required for this. A whole new science, actually. A whole new physical science is going to emerge from this. Because the boundaries of the old physical science are within the boundaries of the Judaeo-Christian and Western imperialist boss sense of the universe that Alan was talking about.

In other words, our scientific condition is caught within the limits of that father figure, Jehovah, or Roman emperor model... which limits our scientific objectivity and actually holds us back from exploring areas of science which can be explored.

LEARY: Exactly, Gary. Exactly...

WATTS: It's like the guy in Los Angeles who had a bad trip on LSD and turned himself into the police, and wrote: "Please help me. Signed, Jehovah." (laughter)

LEARY: Beautiful! (more laughter) It's about time he caught on, huh? (more laughter)

WATTS: Yes-ss (laughing) But, here though, is this thing, you see. We are talking about all this, which is really a rather small movement of people, involved in the midst of a fantastic multitude of people who can only continue to survive if automated industry feeds them, clothes them, houses them and transports them. By means of the creation of immense quantities of ersatz material: Fake bread, fake homes, fake clothes and fake autos.

In other words, this thing is going on...you know, huge, fantastic numbers of people...increasing, increasing, increasing...people think the population problem is something that's going to happen five years from now. They don't realize it's right on us now!

People are coming out of the WALLS!
SNYDER: And they're gobbling up everything on the planet to feed it.
WATTS: Right.
SNYDER: Well, the ecological conscience is something that has to emerge there, and that's part of what we hope for...hopefully in the subculture.
VfA (Voice from the Audience): Gary, doesn't Japan clearly indicate that we can go up in an order of magnitude in population and still...
SNYDER: Well, who wants to? It can be very well argued by some people who have not been thinking very clearly about it, that we could support a larger number of people on this planet infinitely. But that's irresponsible and sacrilegious. It's sacrilegious for the simple reason it wipes out too many other animal species which we have no right to wipe out.
LEARY: Absolutely.
SNYDER: We have no moral right to upset the ecological balance.
WATTS: No, that's true. We've got to admit that we belong to the mutual eating society.
SNYDER: Furthermore, it simply isn't pleasant to be crowded that way. Human beings lose respect for human beings when they're crowded.
LEARY: Out of my LSD experiences I have evolved a vision which makes sense to my cells... that we are already putting to work at Millbrook. And that is, that life on this planet depends upon about twelve inches of topsoil and the incredible balance of species that Gary was just talking about.

On the other hand, man and his technological, Aristotelian zeal has developed these methods of laying down miles of concrete on topsoil, polluting the waters and doing the damage that Gary was just talking about. Now, we cannot say to this society: "Go back to a simple, tribal, pastoral existence." That's romantic.

FORWARD

SNYDER: You can say "Go FORWARD to a simple, pastoral existence."
LEARY: Yeah. I have come to a very simple solution: All the technology has to go underground. Because metal belongs underground. You take a hatchet out in the forest and let it go. It goes exactly where God and the Divine Process wants it to be: underground.

Now the city of New York --the megalopolis is going to exist from Seattle to San Diego in a few years -- could just as well be underground. If it goes underground it's there, where it belongs, with fire and metal and steel.

I foresee that these tribal groups that drop out -- and I mean absolutely drop out -- will be helping to get back in harmony with the land, and we've got to start immediately putting a technology underground.

I can think of different ways we can do this symbolically. The Solstice, last April 21st (March 21st -- Oracle) a group of us went out in front of the house in Millbrook and we took a sledgehammer and we spent about an hour breaking through the road. And we had this incredible piece of asphalt and rock--about four inches--and then we said: "Hey! Underneath this planet somewhere there's dirt!" It was really magical. And once you get a little piece taken out--it took about an hour to get one little piece--then you just go underneath it and it begins to crumble.

So I think we should start a movement to--one hour a day or one hour a week--take a little chisel and a little hammer and put a little hole in some of this plastic, and just see some earth come up, and put a seed there. And then put a little ring--mandalic ring--of something around it.

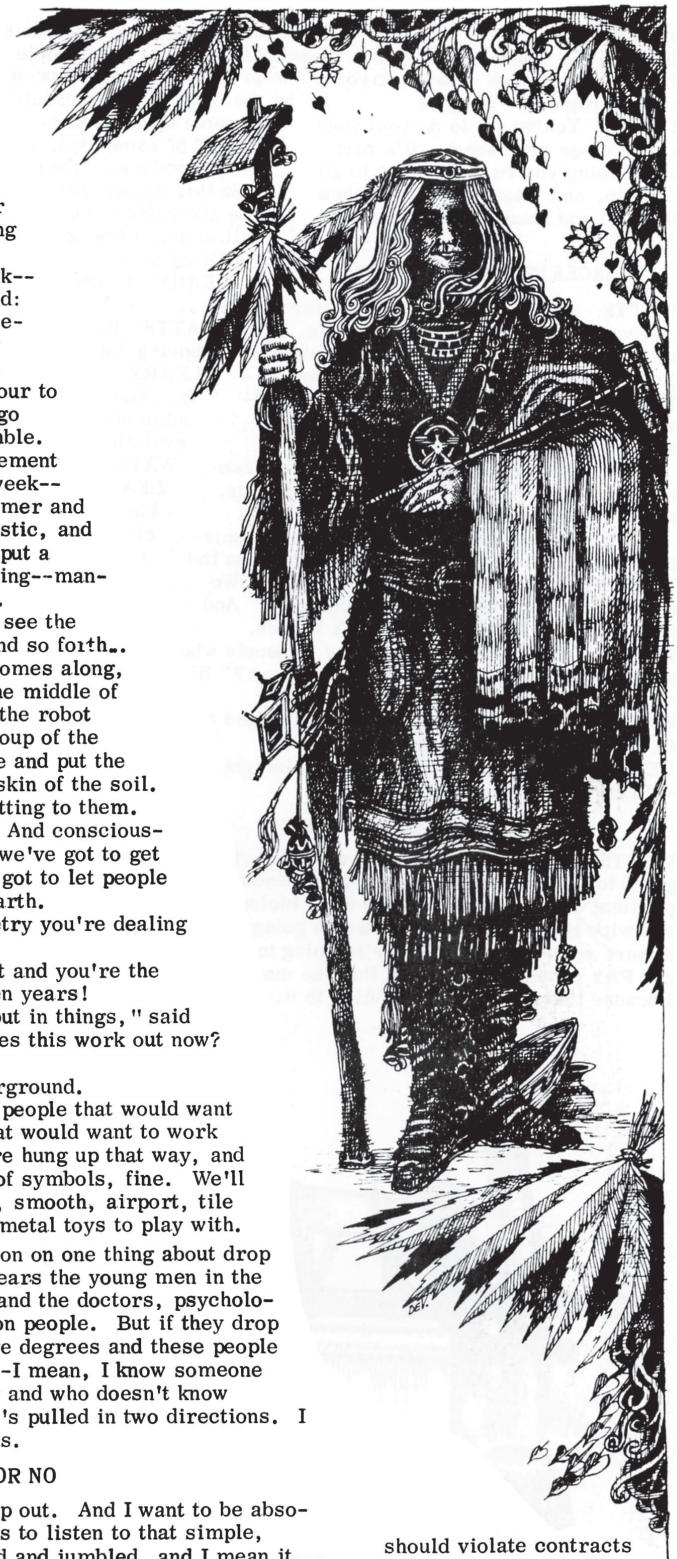
I can see the highways and I can see the subways and I can see the patios and so forth.. Suddenly the highway department comes along, and: "There's a rose growing in the middle of Highway 101!" And then...then...the robot power group will have to send a group of the highway department to kill the rose and put the asphalt down on the gentle, naked skin of the soil.

Now when they do that, we're getting to them. There'll be pictures in the paper. And consciousness is going to change. Because we've got to get to people's consciousness. We've got to let people realize what they're doing to the earth.
GINSBERG: That's the area of poetry you're dealing with there.
LEARY: Here we go. I'm the poet and you're the politician. I've told you that for ten years!
GINSBERG: "There are no ideas but in things," said William Carlos Williams. How does this work out now?
SNYDER: Technologically?
VfA: I wouldn't want to work underground.
LEARY: Of course not. The only people that would want to work underground are people that would want to work with metal and steel. But if they're hung up that way, and they want to play with those kinds of symbols, fine. We'll have the greatest, air-conditioned, smooth, airport, tile gardens for them with all sorts of metal toys to play with.
VfA: Can I ask you for a clarification on one thing about drop out? You said that in another ten years the young men in the colleges are going to have degrees and the doctors, psychologists and so on, will all be turned-on people. But if they drop out from college now they won't have degrees and these people won't gain control of the apparatus--I mean, I know someone now at State who studies psychology and who doesn't know whether to drop out or not, and who's pulled in two directions. I think there are many people like this.

DROP OUT: YES OR NO

LEARY: Yes, I think he should drop out. And I want to be absolutely clear on that. NOBODY wants to listen to that simple, two-syllable phrase. It gets jargled and jumbled, and I mean it... Now, everyone has to decide how he drops out and when, and he has to time it gracefully, but that's the goal.
SNYDER: We understand that...
LEARY: Well, Allen didn't. And Allen, I want you to tell the people in Berkeley that ask you what I mean, I mean absolutely have nothing to do with the university, and start planning step by step how you can detect...
GINSBERG: Of course, that's where the big argument is, over the NON-STUDENTS. The guys that dropped out are not involved, and their problem is what kind of communities they organize.
LEARY: Now, I can foresee that you might work for Sears & Roebuck for six months to get enough money to go to India. But that's part of your drop out. And what I'm doing today, Allen, is part of my drop out. I've got responsibilities, contracts..and I don't think that anyone should violate contracts with people that they love... Contract with the university--ha! Fine--quit tomorrow. Therefore, I have to detach myself slowly. When I was in India two years ago...
GINSBERG: India...but look...you know the university is personal relationships also. They're in contact with persons. They can't reject those persons, necessarily... There might be a Bodhisattva among those persons.
SNYDER: ...as Tim says, you can gracefully drop out...
LEARY: Aesthetically...
SNYDER: ...at one time or another, which I take

LEGEND
VfA = Voice from the Audience



to mean...

GINSBERG: I was teaching at Berkeley last week -- what do you mean 'drop out?' (laughs)

LEARY: You've got to do your yoga as a college professor... it's part of the thing you're gonna have to go through, and after you do that then (laughs) you shudder and run to the door.

SAGES IN THE MOUNTAINS

WATTS: Surely the fact of the matter is that you can do this on a small scale, as an individual, where just a few people are doing this... as they always have done. There have always been a kind of elite minority who dropped out -- who were the sages in the mountains.

But now we are in a position where the conversations that you and I have go to millions, and people are asking this sort of question.

Let's suppose that everybody in San Francisco decided to take the six o'clock train from the Third Street Station to Palo Alto... See? We know there's no chance of their doing so. And therefore this catastrophe doesn't happen.

LEARY: That's exactly what I say to people who say: "Well, suppose everyone dropped out?" Ridiculous!

WATTS: Yeah, supposing everyone dropped out... Of course they're not going to.

LEARY: Suppose everyone took LSD tonight (laughs) --Great!

THE LEISURE SOCIETY: PUZZLES AND PARADOXES

WATTS: The thing is this: what we are facing, what's going to happen is this... if we do not encounter the final political catastrophe of atomic war, biological warfare and wipe the whole thing out, we're going to have a huge leisure society -- where they're going to reverse taxation and PAY people for the work that the machines do for them. Because there's no other solution to it.

In other words, if the manufacturer is going to be able to sell his products, the people gotta have money to pay for the products. All those people have been put out of work by the machines the manufacturer is using. Therefore, the people have got to be paid by the government --- CREDIT of some kind, so they can buy what the machines produce -- then the thing will go on.

So this means that thousands and thousands of people are going to be loafing around, with nothing at all to do. A few people who are maniacs for work will go on...

LEARY: I think what you're defining, Alan, is...

WATTS: But that's the kind of situation we're moving into, IF we survive at all.

LEARY: Well, there's another possibility. And, I think you're defining two possible new species. Let's face it, the evolution of mankind is not over.

WATTS: No!

LEARY: Just as there are many kinds of primates: baboons and chimpanzees and so forth. In a few thousand years we'll look back and see that from -- what we call man -- there may be two or more new species developing.

There's no question that one species, which could and probably will develop, is this anthill. It's run like a beehive with queens--or kings-- (laughs) and it'll all be television and now, of course, in that, sexuality will become very promiscuous and almost impersonal. Because, in an anthill, it always turns out that way.

BUT you're gonna have another species who inevitably will survive, and that will be the tribal people, who won't have to worry about leisure because when you drop out then the real playwork begins. Because then you have to, as Gary says, learn how to take care of yourself and your loved ones on this...

SNYDER: I don't think that you're right about that anthill thing at all though. That's a very negative view of human nature. I don't think it's accurate.

LEARY: It's no longer even human nature. We won't call them human anymore. These people

HUMAN BEINGS WANT REALITY

SNYDER: C'mon, Tim, they're humans and they're gonna be here. You're talking a drama now. You're not talking about --you know-- anthropological realities. The anthropological reality is that human beings, in their nature, want to be in touch with what is real in themselves and in the universe.

For example, the longshoremen with their automation contract in San Francisco... a certain number of them have been laid off for the rest of their lives with full pay, and some of them have been laid off already for five years --with full pay-- by their contract.

Now, my brother-in-law is a longshoreman, and he's been telling me about what's happening to these guys. Most of them are pretty illiterate, a large portion of them are Negroes. The first thing they all did was get boats and drive around San Francisco Bay ....because they have all this leisure.

Then a lot of them got tired driving around boats that were just like cars, and they started sailing. Then a few of them started making their own sailboats. They move into and respond to the possibility of challenge. Things become simpler and more complex and more challenging for them. The same is true of hunting. Some guy says "I want to go hunting and fishing all the time, when I have my leisure... by God!" So he goes hunting all the time. Then he says, "I want to do this in a more interesting way." So he takes up bow hunting... Then the next step is -- and this has happened -- he says, "I want to try making my own arrowheads." And he learns how to flake his own arrowheads out.

Now, human beings want reality. That's, I think, part of human nature. And television and drinking beer and watching television, is what the working man laid off does for the first two weeks.

But then in the third week he begins to get bored, and in the fourth week he wants to do something with his body and his mind and his senses.

LEARY: But if he's still being paid by the Establishment, then you have someone who's going back to childhood. Like, he's making arrows that he doesn't really need...

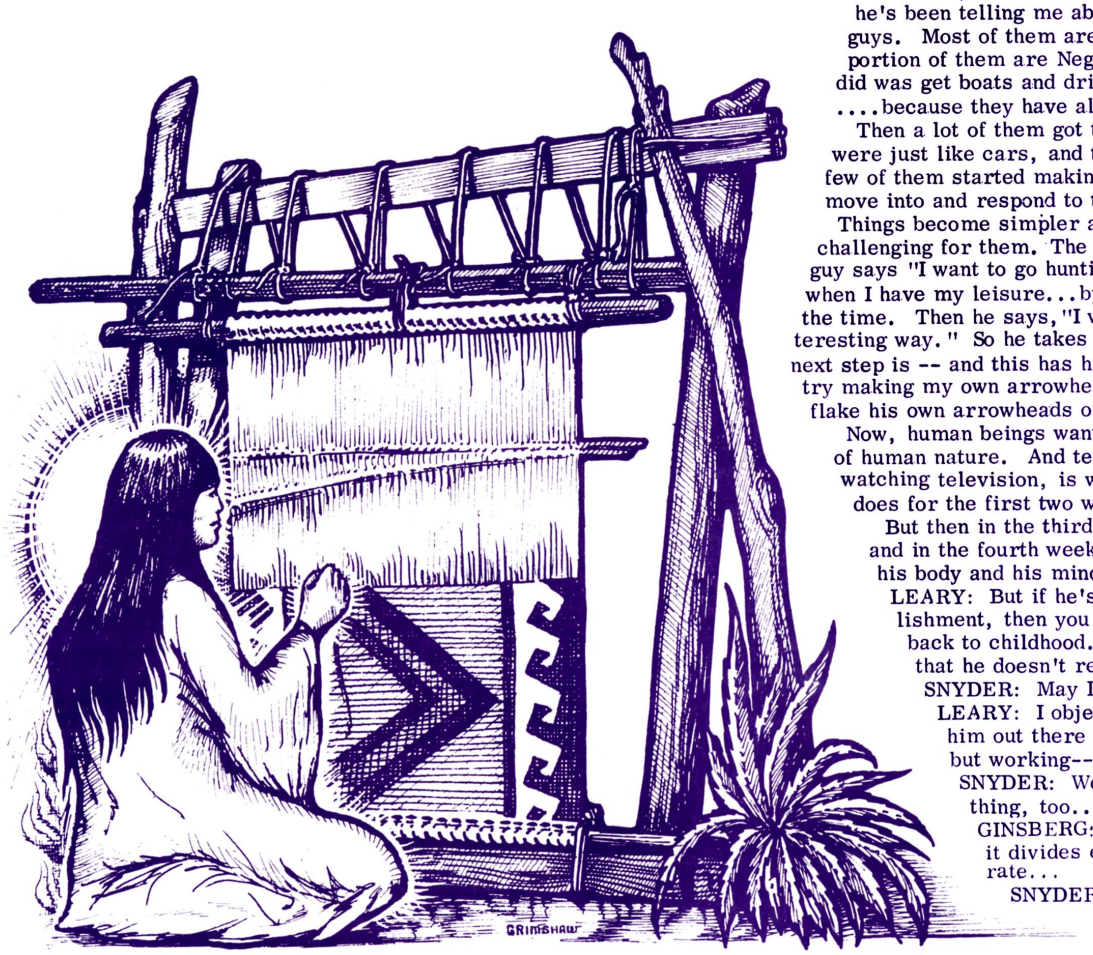
SNYDER: May I speak my vision about this?

LEARY: I object to that very much. I want him out there really fighting --not fighting, but working-- for his family, not chipping..

SNYDER: Well, this is a transitional thing, too... It's too transitional.

GINSBERG: This leads to violence because it divides everybody up into two separate...

SNYDER: Oh, he was talking poetry.



LEARY: No, I'm not! I want to be clear about this. Nobody wants to listen to this. We are doing this already...

SNYDER: No, but the difference is, the children of the ants are all going to be tribal people. That's the way it's going to work. We're going to get the kids, and it's going to take about three generations.

THE CHANGE

And in the meantime, the family system will change, and when the family system changes the economy will change... and in the meantime, a number of spiritual insights are going to change the minds of the technologists and the scientists themselves, and technology will change.

There will be a diffused and decentralized technology...as I see it...

WATTS: Well, go on...Are you saying now what you said was your vision?

SNYDER: Now, what I was going to say was very simply this.

I think that automation in the affluent society, plus psychedelics, plus--for the same curious reason--a whole catalytic, spiritual change or bend of mind that seems to be taking place in the west, today especially, is going to result--can result ultimately--in a vast leisure society in which people will voluntarily reduce their number, and because human beings want to do that which is real...simplify their lives.

The whole problem of consumption and marketing is radically altered if a large number of people voluntarily choose to consume less.

And people will voluntarily choose to consume less if their interests are turned in any other direction.

If what is exciting to them is no longer things but states of mind.

LEARY: That's true.

STATES OF MIND

SNYDER: Now what is something else...

People are becoming interested in states of mind, and things are not going to substitute for states of mind. So what I visualize is a very complex and sophisticated cybernetic technology surrounded by thick hedges of trees...

Somewhere, say around Chicago. And the rest of the nation a buffalo pasture...

LEARY: That's very close to what I think.

SNYDER:...with a large number of people going around making their own arrowheads because it's fun, but they know better...(laughter) They know they don't have to make them. (more laughter)

LEARY: Now, this seems like our utopian visions are coming closer together. I say that the industry should be underground, and you say it should be in Chicago. This interests me.

WATTS: Well, it's the same idea.

SNYDER: Well, those who want to be technological engineers will be respected...And the other thing is that you can go out and live close to nature, or you can go back and...

LEARY: But you won't be allowed to drive a car outside this technological...

SNYDER: But you won't want to!

That's the difference, baby. It's not that you won't be allowed to, it's that you won't want to. That's where it's got to be at.

CIVILIZED "PAP"

WATTS: Because, it's the same thing when we get down to, say, the fundamental question of food. More and more one realizes that the mass produced food is not worth eating, and therefore, in order to delight in things to eat, you go back to the most primitive processes of raising and preparing food. Because that has taste.

And I see that it will be a sort of flip, that as all the possibilities of technology and automation make it possible for everybody to be assured of having the basic necessities of life...they will then say: "Oh, yes, we have all that. Now we can always rely on that, but now in the meantime while we don't have to work, let's go back to making arrowheads and to raising the most AMAZING PLANTS."

SNYDER: Yeah...It would be so funny; the thing is that they would all get so good at it that the technology center of Chicago would rust away. (laughter)

WATTS: Right! Right! (laughter)

LEARY: That's exactly what's going to happen. The psychedelic drop-outs are going to be having so much fun. They're going to be so much obviously healthier.

WATTS: But Tim, do you see any indication among people who at present are really turned on, that they are cultivating this kind of material competence? Now, I haven't seen too much of it yet...

SNYDER: Some of those kids at Big Sur have got it.

WATTS: Yeah, maybe you're right.

SNYDER: They're learning. A few years ago they used to go down to Big Sur and they didn't know how to camp or dig latrines.

TECHNOLOGICAL HANDBOOK

But like what Martine has been telling me lately, is that they're getting very sharp about what to gather that's edible, how to get sea salt, what are the edible plants and the edible seeds, and the revolutionary technological book for this state is A. L. Kroeber's Handbook of the California Indians, which tells you what's good to eat and how to prepare it.

And also what to use for tampax: milkweed fluff...(laughter) Diapers made of shredded bark...The whole thing is all there.

LEARY: Beautiful...

WATTS: But the thing is this. I've found so many people who are the turned on type, and the circumstances and surroundings under which they live are just plain cruddy. You would think that people who have seen what you can see with the visions of psychedelics would reflect themselves in forms of life and art that would be like Persian miniatures. Because obviously Persian miniatures and Moorish arabesques are all reflecting the state of mind of people who were turned on. And they are rich and glorious beyond belief.

GINSBERG: Majestic.

WATTS: Majestic! Yeah! Well now, why doesn't it so occur...It is slowly beginning to happen...'Cause I've noticed that, recently, all turned on people are becoming more colorful.

They're wearing beads and gorgeous clothes and so on and so forth...and it's gradually coming out. Because you remember the old beatnik days when everybody was in blue jeans and ponytails and no lipstick and DRAB--and CRUMMY!

SNYDER: What! (laughter)

WATTS: Now, something's beginning to happen!

SNYDER: Well, it wasn't quite that bad, but we were mostly concerned with not being consumers then...and so we were showing our non-consumerness.

WATTS: Yes, I know! The thing is I am using this as a symbol because the poor cons in San Quentin wear blue jeans.

SNYDER: The thing is that there are better things in the Goodwill now than there used to be.

WATTS: Yes, exactly. (laughter) But the thing is that now I see it beginning to happen. Timothy here, instead of wearing his old--whatever it was he used to wear--has now got a white tunic on with gold and colorful gimp on it.

GINSBERG: Gimp?

WATTS: Yes, and it's very beautiful, and he's wearing a necklace and all that kind of thing, and color is at last coming into the scene.

SNYDER: That's going back before the Roundheads, and before Cromwell...

WATTS Yes, it is.

LEARY: Let's get practical here, I think we're all concerned about the increasing number of people who are dropping out and wondering where to go from there. Now let's come up with some practical suggestions which we might hope we could unfold in the next few months.

BUSH, FARM, CITY

SNYDER: There's three categories: wilderness, rural, and urban. Like there's gonna be bush people, farm people and city people. Bush tribes, farm tribes, and city tribes.

LEARY: Beautiful. That makes immediate sense to myself. How about beach people?

VfA: Let me throw in a word...the word is evil and technology. Somehow they come together, and when there is an increase in technology, and technological facility, there is an increase in what we usually call human evil.

SNYDER: I wouldn't agree with that...no, there's all kinds of non-evil technologies. Like, neolithic obsidian flaking is technology.

VfA: But in its advanced state it produces evil...

WATTS: Yes, but what you mean, I think, is this: When you go back to the great myths about the origin of evil, actually the Hebrew words which say good and evil as the knowledge of good and evil being the result of eating the fruit of the tree of knowledge...

ANALYTICAL LAG

These words mean advantageous and disadvantageous and they're words connected with technical skills. And the whole idea is this, which you find reflected in the Taoist philosophy, that the moment you start interfering in the course of nature with a mind that is centered and one-pointed, and analyzes everything, and breaks it down into bits...The moment you do that you lost contact with your original know-how...by means of which you now color your eyes, breathe, and beat your heart.

For thousands of years mankind has lost touch with his original intelligence, and he has been absolutely fascinated by this kind of political, godlike, controlling intelligence...where you can go ptt-ptt-ptt-ptt...and analyze things all over the place, and he has forgotten to trust his own organism.

Now the whole thing is that everything is coming to be realized today. Not only through people who take psychedelics, but also through many scientists. They're realizing that this linear kind of intelligence cannot keep up with the course of nature. It can only solve trivial problem when the big problems happen too fast to be thought about in that way.

So, those of us who are in some way or other--through psychedelics, through meditation, through what have you--are getting back to being able to trust our original intelligence...are suggesting an entirely new course for the development of civilization.

SNYDER: Well, it happens that civilization develops with the emergence of a class structure. A class structure can't survive, or can't put across its principle, and expect people to accept it...if they believe in themselves. If they believe, individually, one by one, that they are in some way godlike, or buddha like, or potentially illuminati.

So it's almost ingrained in civilization, and Freud said this, you know "Civilization as a Neurosis," that part of the nature of civilization is that it must PUT DOWN the potential of every individual development.

PRIVATE VISIONS

This is the difference between that kind of society which we call civilized, and that much more ancient kind of society, which is still viable and still survives, and which we call primitive. In which everybody is potentially a chief and which everybody...like the Comanche or the Sioux...EVERYBODY in the whole culture...was expected to go out and have a vision one time in his life.

In other words, to leave the society to have some transcendental experience, to have a song and a totem come to him which he need tell no one, ever--and then come back and live with this double knowledge in society.

WATTS: In other words, through his having had his own isolation, his own loneliness, and his own vision, he knows that the game rules of society are fundamentally an illusion.

SNYDER: The society not only permits that, the society is built on it...

WATTS: Is built on that, right!

SNYDER: And everybody has one side of his nature that has been out of it.

WATTS: That society is strong and viable which recognizes its own provisionality.

SNYDER: And no one who ever came into contact with the Plains Indians didn't think they were men! Every record of American Indians from the cavalry, the pioneers, the missionaries, the Spaniards...say that every one of these people was men.

In fact, I learned something just the other day. Talking about the Uroc Indians, an early explorer up there commented on their fantastic self-confidence. He said, "...Every Indian has this fantastic self-confidence. And they laugh at me," he said, "they laugh at me and they say: 'Aren't you sorry you're not an Indian.' Poor wretched Indians!" (laughs) this fellow said.

ALONE AND AT ONE

Well, that is because every one of them has gone out and had this vision experience...has been completely alone with himself, and face to face with himself...and has contacted powers outside of what anything the society could give him, and society expects him to contact powers outside of society...in those cultures.

WATTS: Yes, every healthy culture does. Every healthy culture provides for there being non-joiners. Sanyassi, hermits, drop-outs too...Every healthy society has to tolerate this...

SNYDER: A society like the Comanche or the Sioux demands that everybody go out there and have this vision, and incorporates and ritualizes it within the culture. Then a society like India, a step more civilized, permits some individuals to have these visions, but doesn't demand it of everyone. And then later it becomes purely eccentric.

LEARY: We often wonder why some people are more ready to drop out than others. It may be explained by the theory of reincarnation. The people that don't want to drop out can't conceive of living on this planet outside of the prop television studio, are just unlucky enough to have been born into this sort of thing...maybe the first or second time. They're still entranced by all of the manmade props. But there's no question that we should consider how more and more people, who are ready to drop out, can drop out.

WATTS: If there is value in being a drop-out...that is to say, being an outsider...You can only appreciate and realize this value, if there are in contrast with you insiders and squares. The two are mutually

supportive.
LEARY: Yeah, if someone says to me, "I just can't conceive of dropping out..." I can say, "Well, you're having fun with this go around...fine! We've all done it many times in the past."
GINSBERG: The whole thing is too big because it doesn't say drop out of WHAT precisely. What everybody is dealing with is people, it's not dealing with institutions. It's dealing with them but also dealing with people. Working with and including the police.
SNYDER: If you're going to talk this way you have to be able to specifically say to somebody in Wichita, Kansas who says, "I'm going to drop out. How do you advise me to stay living around here in this area which I like?"
LEARY: Let's be less historical now for awhile and let's be very practical about ways in which people who want to find the tribal way...How can they do it...what do you tell them?
SNYDER: Well, this is what I've been telling kids all over Michigan and Kansas. For example, I tell them first of all: "Do you want to live here, or do you want to go someplace else?"
LEARY: Good!

LAND, WATER AND CLOUDS

SNYDER: All right, they say I want to stay where I am. I say, okay, get

in touch with the Indian culture here. Find out what was here before. Find out what the mythologies were. Find out what the local deities were. You can get all of this out of books.

Go and look at your local archaeological sites. Pay a reverend visit to the local American Indian tombs, and also the tombs of the early American settlers. Find out what your original ecology was. Is it short grass prairie, or long grass prairie here?

Go out and live on the land for awhile. Set up a tent and camp out and watch the clouds and watch the water and watch the land and get a sense of what the climate here is. Because, since you've been living in a house all your life, you probably don't know what the climate is.
LEARY: Beautiful.
SNYDER: Then decide how you want to make your living here. Do you want to be a farmer, or do you want to be a hunter and food gatherer?

You know, you start from the ground up, and you can do it in any part of this country today...cities and all...For this continent I took it back to the Indians. Find out what the Indians were up to in your own area. Whether it's Utah, or Kansas, or New Jersey.
LEARY: That is a stroke of cellular revelation and genius, Gary. That's one of the wisest things I've heard anyone say in years. Exactly how it should be done.

I do see the need for transitions, though, and you say that there will be city people as well as country people and mountain people...I would suggest that for the next year or two or three, which are gonna be nervous, transitional, mutational years--where things are gonna happen very fast, by the way--the transition could be facilitated if every city set up little meditation rooms, little shrine rooms, where the people in transition, dropping out, could meet and meditate together.

It's already happening at the Psychedelic Shop, it's happening in New York. I see no reason though why there shouldn't be ten or fifteen or twenty such places in San Francisco.
SNYDER: There already are.

THE ENERGY TO CREATE

LEARY: I know, but let's encourage that. I was just in Seattle and I was urging the people there. Hundreds of them crowd into coffee shops, and there is this beautiful energy.

They are liberated people, these kids, but they don't know where to go. They don't need leadership, but they need, I think, a variety of suggestions from people who have thought about this, giving them the options to move in any direction. The different meditation rooms can have different styles. One can be Zen, one can be macrobiotic, one can be bhahte chanting, one can be rock and roll psychedelic, one can be lights.

If we learn anything from our cells, we learn that God delights in variety. The more of these we can encourage, people would meet in these places, and AUTOMATICALLY tribal groups would develop and new matings would occur, and the city should be seen for many as transitional...and they get started. They may save up a little money, and then they head out and find the Indian totem wherever they go.

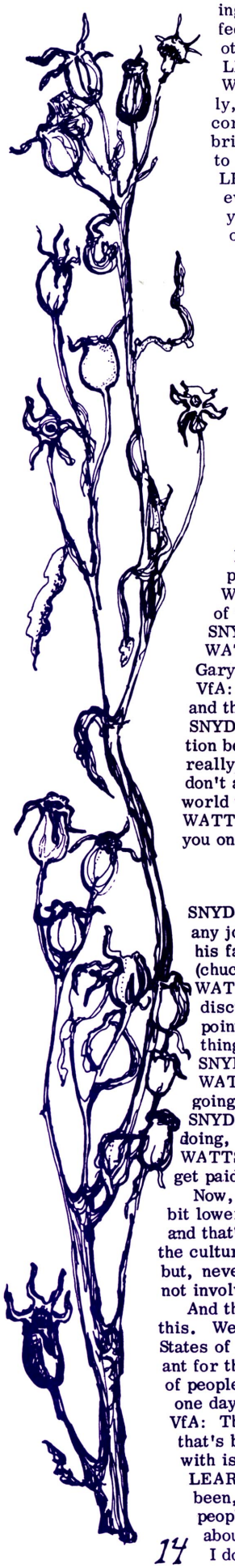
A MAGIC GEOGRAPHY

SNYDER: Well, the Indian totem is right under your ground in the city, is right under your feet. Just like when you become initiated into the Hai-neph pueblo, which is near Albuquerque, you learn the magic geography of your region; and part of that means going to the center of Albuquerque and being told: There is a spring here at a certain street, and its name is such and such. And that's in a street corner in downtown Albuquerque.

But they have that geography intact, you know. They haven't forgotten it. Long after Albuquerque is gone, somebody'll be coming there, saying there's a spring here and it'll be there, probably.
LEARY: Tremont Street in Boston means "three hills."
GINSBERG: There's a stream under Greenwich Village
VfA: Gary, what do you think of rejecting the week as a measure of time; as a sort of absurd, civilized measure of time, and replacing it with a month, which is a natural time cycle?
LEARY: What is the time cycle?
SNYDER: The week, the seven day week. Well, the seven day week is simply based on the Old Testament theory that the world was created in seven days, you know. So you don't need it, particularly.
VfA: Right. It seems to me a formal rejection of it and a cycling of social events around the idea of monthly cycle...

HOLY DAY!

WATTS: I don't agree with that, because...everywhere that this week thing has spread, people have adopted it, where they didn't have this time rhythm before. But people have not understood the real meaning of the week, which is that every seventh day is a day to goof off. It's to turn out of the whole thing. The rules are abrogated. "The six days thou shalt labor, and do all that thou has to do. The seventh day thou shalt keep holy." HOLY DAY! and



this means holiday. It means instead of a day for laying on rationality and preaching and making everybody feel guilty because they didn't operate properly the other six days.

LEARY: You turn on.

WATTS: The seventh day is the day... Yes, absolutely, to go crazy... Because if you can't afford a little corner of craziness in your life, you're like a steel bridge that has no give. You're so rigid you're going to collapse in the first wind.

LEARY: There is also some neuro-pharmacological evidence in support of the weekly cycle. That is, you can only have a full-scale LSD session about once a week. And when they said in Genesis--actually it's the first page of Genesis--"On the seventh day He rested," it makes very modern sense.

GINSBERG: You can interpret it psychedelically, but that's like new criticism... (laughter) You can actually LIKE new criticism...

LEARY: I want you to be very loving to me for the rest of... and the tape will be witness... whether Allen is loving or not to me, for the rest of this evening.

GINSBERG: That's all right, I can always use a Big Brother...

WATTS: May I point out, this has directly to do with what we've been talking about.

GINSBERG: But I was just getting paranoid of you interpreting the Old Testament as a prophecy of LSD. That's what I was THINKING.

LEARY: My foot has often led to other people's paranoias at the time.

WATTS: One day in seven, one seventh, is the day of the drop out.

SNYDER: That's not enough. (laughter)

WATTS: Now wait a minute. You're going too fast, Gary.

VfA: Gary, the first six days of the week you drop out, and the seventh day you work.

SNYDER: Baby, we've gotta get away from this distinction between work and play. That's the whole thing, really. Like this one day in seven thing, the reason I don't agree with it is that it implies that making the world was a job.

WATTS: Oh, that's perfectly true. I entirely agree with you on that.

A BAD SCENE

SNYDER: And any universe that is worth creating isn't any job to create. You dig it. I don't sympathize with his fatigue at all... He must have made a bad scene. (chuckles)

WATTS: You are talking on a different level than we're discussing at the moment. You are talking from the point of view where from the very deepest vision everything that happens is okay, and everything is play.

SNYDER: Well, I wasn't really talking from that vision.

WATTS: Well, that's where you really are. Now, I'm going one level below this, and saying...

SNYDER: What I'm saying is if you do enjoy what you're doing, it's not work.

WATTS: That's true. That's my own philosophy: that I get paid for playing.

Now, the thing is, though, that just as talking on a little bit lower level... now--one day in seven is for goofing off... and that's a certain less percentage. So in a culture, if the culture is to be healthy, there has to be a substantial but, nevertheless, minority percentage of people who are not involved in the ratrace.

And this is the thing that it seems to me is coming out of this. We cannot possible expect that everybody in the United States of America will drop out. But it is entirely important for the welfare of the United States that a certain number of people, a certain percentage, should drop out. Just as one day in seven should be a holiday.

VfA: That's the baby that's being born. That's the baby that's being born NOW. The problem that we have to deal with is how to get that baby out easily.

LEARY: I think we must be more practical than we have been, because there are hundreds and thousands of people who are very interested in what we are talking about in the most A-B-C practical sense like: What do I do tomorrow!

WATTS: Right!

RIGHT OCCUPATION

SNYDER: The subject is money, and point two is: right occupation, which is the sixth or the seventh stage in the eight fold path of the Buddha.

WATTS: Now, I want to put what I've said and what you've said together to make it one.

LEARY: Everyone has to become a Buddha.

WATTS: Those people who drop out are the ones who make work and play the same.

LEARY: That's a great slogan!

VfA: You said earlier that when automation comes people will be paid not to work.

WATTS: Yes.

VfA: Automation is already come in this country...

WATTS: It's coming, yes.

VfA: ...but the country hasn't learned how to solve the problem of distribution. So it has a war in Vietnam to get rid of its surplus products...

WATTS: Exactly, because we are still under the superstition that money is real.

VfA: If now, people started dropping out--the most turned on people started dropping out--instead of guiding our already automated society into a time when we can have leisure so that we can go into ourselves and become real people... if all these people drop out, isn't there a danger that it will leave the non-turned on people in control of the machine, and it would just be Vietnam after Vietnam?

LEARY: No.

VfA: Because they react!

LEARY: Exactly, you see the only way to stop the war in Vietnam is for a hundred high school kids to quit school tomorrow. Don't picket, don't get involved in it at all... because they're watching...

WATTS: And there'll be too many to be picked off one by one.

CAESAR'S GARDEN

LEARY: Caesar watches! He's watching, and every time we dig a little hole in the pavement and plant a rose, a hundred thousand consciousnesses are changed.

Don't worry about it. We can have nothing to do with the steel. We can't fight with Caesar over who's going to run the television-prop-fake-show. The only way to end the war in Vietnam is to let's ALL drop out and change the American consciousness as quickly as possible.

WATTS: Well, fundamentally it's always been said and I think...

GINSBERG: Now, what can I drop out of?

LEARY: Don't take your teaching post at Cal.

GINSBERG: Don't take my teaching post at Cal... That's one way, but that involves money. I need the money.

VfA: You should just give it away.

GINSBERG: But I've been giving it away... that's why I need the money. (laughter) The diggers say abandon money...

VfA: You don't necessarily have to abandon it.

LEARY: Get rid of it. Pass it on faster and faster...

VfA: Money is stored energy--it may be real or it may not be real and should be given away within the community.

GINSBERG: What about Pound's idea of money? Pound said that where money came from was that somebody got a million dollars in gold, and then the government gave him sixteen million dollars credit.

In other words, he could issue sixteen million dollars worth of dollars--for a million in gold. So just the people who had that gold, presumably, had credit. So Pound's idea was that all credit should come from the government.

SNYDER: Well, within the subculture it moves more and more towards exchange, toward giving and exchanging of what you've created, and getting food for pawns, literally... and keeping it within the community.

GINSBERG: What if you want a piano?

LEARY: Different ones of us, at different times,

have more energy that can interact with the culture.

In the last four months, I have been making about eight thousand dollars a week and I didn't have enough money in Seattle yesterday to buy a package of cigarettes. Let's go on, and be more practical.

SNYDER: Well, I think there are two problems with practicality. The one is right now, and the second is when technological advances have made mass unemployment. I mean this society at least, is moving towards the point when everybody will just be given money.

As a matter of fact, the American economy could afford right now to put everybody on a minimum income dole. And it would cost them less, probably, than the one-tenth that goes into social work.

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY

WATTS: And incidentally, Gary, it would cost us less to bribe the whole of Asia than to fight any wars there.

SNYDER: Just dump money on China.

WATTS: To dump money on China, to give everybody enough clothes, enough food, enough housing, it would cost us less than fighting the Vietnam war!

SNYDER: So the problem of bread is merely an interim problem, and I see it as being a question of flexibility, and willingness, and a boddhissatva spirit of service... like being willing to work for the post office. It's a temporary problem.

GINSBERG: If we were to bribe Asia... bribe China, and feed China and everything like that... how could we do that and simultaneously drop out into purely separated pueblos, or family units, or tribes?

LEARY: Well, that's a fantasy of the times. A delightful fantasy to show the ridiculousness of the robot-fake-prop-television show.

Now Practical Step Number One, I suggest, is that we encourage, in every way we can, including with our energies, the setting up of meditation centers of tribal landing pads in all the cities of the United States.

I would say Step Number Two would be to...

GINSBERG: That requires a corporation, doesn't it?

SNYDER: No, it doesn't.

LEARY: Not at all! Nothing like that. It requires Ron and Jay, who've already done that.

SNYDER: But it requires that you be able to serve food next... Any good ashram serves food.

LEARY: So the Diggers have been starting on that.

SNYDER: So now where are we gonna get the food?

GINSBERG: The International Society for Krishna Consciousness is incorporated.

VfA: You get the food by acquiring land. That's the basic thing, to acquire land for people to go to.

LEARY: That's Step Number Three. As the people move from the city they've got to meet each other and form these tribal... I would say, reincarnation groups because the people who are ready to drop out and turn on will come to these centers and they'll wander around and they'll form natural cellular groups and they will leave the city.

A MODEL BE-IN

I would suggest, as Practical Step Number Two, that the Human Be-In in San Francisco be a model. We've all tried different models of summer schools, of institutes and research projects and individual drop-outs... psychedelic celebrations and so forth... and the Avalon and Fillmore and so forth...

I would say that the human Be-In was a tremendously important thing in the consciousness of San Francisco. Now if that thing could happen in every large city in the country... And again, the beautiful thing about the Be-In was it had no leadership, it had no big financing, it will just grow automatically.

GINSBERG: Yeah, but we're accused of being the leaders. We're not, though, you know. What were WE doing up on that platform?

LEARY: That's a charge that doesn't bother me at all.

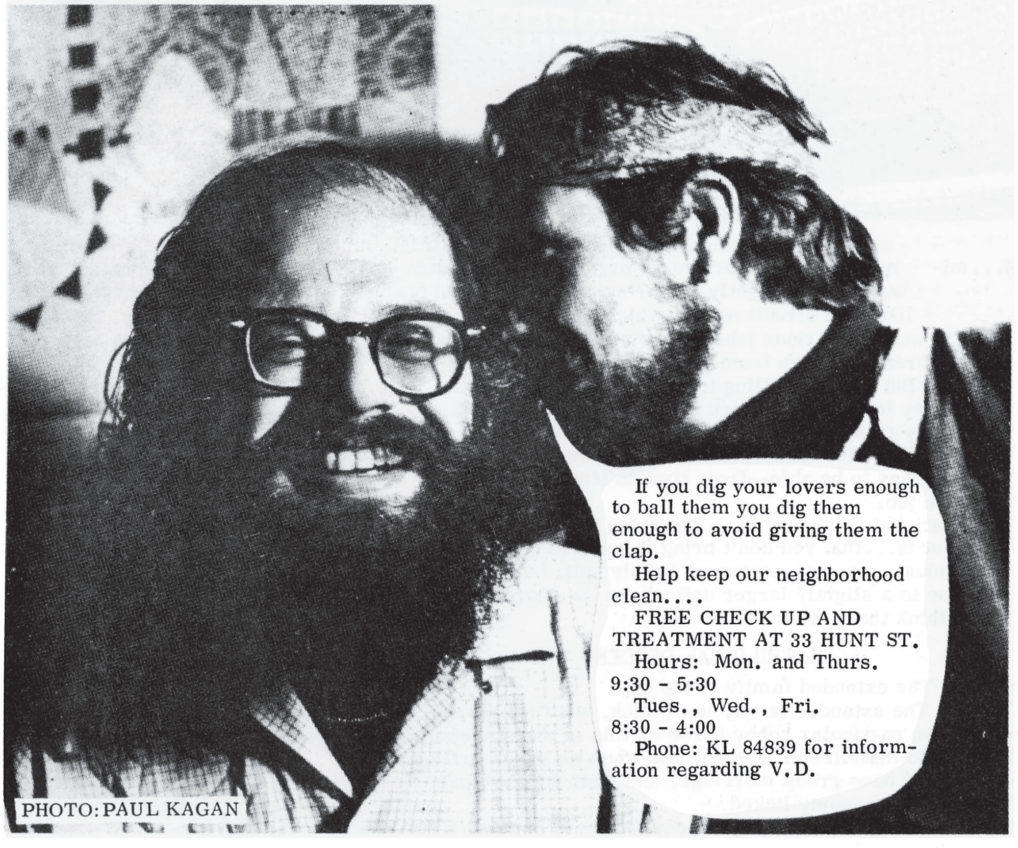
VfA: There were fifty people up on that platform and every one of them was a leader. So were the people in the audience. The reason was that nobody came out and said, "We ARE the leaders," because that's bullshit!

GINSBERG: Nobody claims to be the leader, but I remember sitting up there showing my body off.

VfA: Every time they say "you're a leader," you point to Snyder, you see?

GINSBERG: Well, I do that anyway.

SNYDER: Yeah, I know, but the press has a leadership complex.



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WATTS: Oh, they want to find the ringleaders...

GINSBERG: Yeah, they keep calling Gary my disciple... and they have me blowing his conch horn.

WHO'S IN CHARGE?

WATTS: ...one of the four philosophical questions is: Who started it? And whenever the police or the press barge into a situation, they want to know who started it.

In other words, because they're still thinking about God and the first cause and they want to know...

LEARY: Who's in charge...

WATTS: ...who started, who's in charge, and so on...

LEARY: Who get's the credit, who gets the blame...

WATTS: Let's get back to a fundamental thing. I think that what you are really--all of you--are having the courage to

from p. 15

say, is that, the absolutely primary thing is that there be a change of consciousness in the individual... that he escape from the hallucination that he is a separate ego in an alien universe and that we all come to realize, primarily, that each one of us is the whole works.

ALWAYS

Each one of us is what is real and has been real for always and always and always and will ever be...

And although the time language may not be appropriate here, nevertheless, we are that, and to the extent that it can't be spread around... That's what you and I are, and we lose our anxieties and we lose our terror of death, and our own unimportance...

That this is the absolutely essential ingredient, which if we get hold of that point, all the rest will be added unto you... In the sense of, "Seek you first the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added to you."

SNYDER: Right.

WATTS: Isn't that what you're saying? I mean, isn't that absolutely basic? And even if this is only realized among a statistical minority (crash in background of photographer falling into woman's lap)... minority of people...

LEARY: That's a tender sight.

WATTS: Even if this is only realized by a statistical minority, nevertheless, it's IMMENSELY powerful.

LEARY: It affects consciousness.

WATTS: It affects everybody.

LEARY: I would add to practical step number two that more celebrations be set up all over... more Be-Ins... That April twenty-first, the solstice, be a nice time to try to arrange--in as many cities as possible, because that'll be spring in the northern cities where it's hard to have a...

And one thing I've learned in the last few months is that all of these experiences should be out of doors ... What about April twenty-first?

SNYDER: Yeah, sure...

WATTS: And in Central Park, hah!

SNYDER: ...and then in July with the Indians in New Mexico--the big gathering of the tribes.

MAHA-LILA

It just occurred to me, the practical details... The model of it is something like the Maha-lila. Like, you're asking, how's it going to work?

Well, now, the Maha-lila is a group of about three different families who have sort of pooled their resources, none of which are very great. But they have decided to play together and to work together and to take care of each other and that means all of them have ways of getting a small amount of bread, which they share. And other people contribute a little money when it comes in. And then they work together on creative projects... like they're working together on a light show right now for a poetry reading that we're going to give. And they consider themselves a kind of extended family or clan. When they went to the Be-In, they had a banner which said Maha-lila. Like, that was their CLAN banner.

LEARY: Yeah, I saw that... That's the model.

SNYDER: That's the model... And the model for the time is that breaking out of the smaller family organization we work in slightly larger structures, like clan structures, in which people do work at various jobs and bring in whatever bread they can from various jobs.

But they're willing to pool it and share it and they learn how to work and play together. Then they relate that to a larger sense of the tribe, which is also loose... But for the time being everybody has to be able--from time to time--to do some little job.

But, the reference is... The thing that makes it different is... that you don't bring it home to a very tight individual or one monogamous family unit, but you bring it home to a slightly larger unit where the sharing is greater. I think that's where it starts.

MATRILINEAL DESCENT

LEARY: The extended family is the key.

SNYDER: The extended family is, I think, where it starts. And my own particular hobby horse on this is that the extended family leads to matrilineal descent and when we get matrilineal descent--then we'll have group marriage, and when we have group marriage we'll have the economy licked.

Because with the group marriage... capitalism is doomed and civilization goes out (laughter).

LEARY: Practical step number three (laughter) which I would like to see... I would like to suggest that June twenty-first, which is the summer solstice, we try to have an enormous series of Be-Ins in which...

GINSBERG: June twenty-first?

SNYDER: The summer solstice.

LEARY: April twenty-first we have Be-Ins in different cities...

WATTS: No, March the twenty-first is the spring...

SNYDER: The equinox is on March twenty-first, solstice is June twenty-first.

GINSBERG: What's an equinox?

SNYDER: That's when the nights and days are equal.

LEARY: Wherever I said April, I want to take that back. I should have said March.

GINSBERG: Solstice?

WATTS: The sun's standing still at Xmas and midsummer...

SNYDER: Midsummer's night.

I think we should encourage extended families everywhere.

WATTS: Well, it's very practical to encourage extended families because the present model of the family is a hopeless breakdown. Because, first of all, the family is an agrarian cultural institution, which is not suited to an urban culture.

All the family consists in a dormitory... where a wife and children are located, and the husband, who engages in a mysterious activity in an office or a factory, in which neither the wife nor the children have any part nor interest...

From which he brings home an abstraction called money.

And where there are lots of pretty secretaries in the scene in which he actually works.

BONDS OF GUILT

And so, they have no relation whatsoever to what he does, and furthermore, the awful thing about the family, as it exists at the moment, is that the husband and the wife both feel guilty about not bringing up their children properly, and therefore they live for their children...

Instead of living out their own lives and doing their own interesting work in which the children would automatically become interested as participants and watchers

on the side.

As it is, they are doing everything, they say... We live, we work, we earn our money for you darlings, and these poor darlings feel all these things thrown at them and they don't know what to do with it...

And then they are sent away to school, shrilled off to school as Dylan Thomas put it...to be educated for everything and nothing...

LEARY: By strangers.

WATTS: By strangers...

LEARY: Who are of dubious ...aah...

WATTS: Who would teach them all sorts of purely...

LEARY: ...moral, intellectual and sexual characteristics.

WATTS: Right (laughter). Abstract formulations and things they'll learn, and...the family has no reality.

And the greatest institution today in the American family is the babysitter. Someone just to take the children out of our consciousness while we enjoy ourselves.

VfA: And the DEATH sitter, to take the old people out of our consciousness...And even DEATH has been taken from the people.

OUTSIDE THE GROUP

WATTS: And the DEATH sitter, exactly... The courtesy of the mortician, yes...A good death is no longer possible, practically...

SNYDER: I have a four stage thing...Uh, American Indian technologies...

WATTS: Practical now...

SNYDER: ...meditation centers, group marriage, and periodical gatherings of the tribes.

LEARY: I don't agree with group marriage...We are a tribal people. You cannot have infidelity in a tribe. Infidelity ...ah, sexual freedom...

SNYDER: Infidelity is defined as going outside the tribe.

LEARY: ...is anonymous, impersonal, anthill sexuality... Every woman...

SNYDER: Now, wait a minute.

LEARY: Let me finish...Every woman is all women...

If you can't find all women in one woman it's YOUR problem. Infidelity cannot be tolerated in a tribal, seed carrying...

GINSBERG: Who's tolerating!

SNYDER: Infidelity is defined as living outside...

GINSBERG: We're talking infidelity...What about homosexuality? We're...(laughter)

SNYDER: ...is living outside the areas of your commitments, Tim. Anthropologically...and, actually...

GINSBERG: What's going to happen to me? (laughter)

LEARY: You're going to have nine children.

GINSBERG: What if I don't want them?

LEARY: You told me you wanted to...

GINSBERG: Sometimes, but not always...

SNYDER: No, here's what I was driving at...uh...Tim...

GINSBERG: But you're a Catholic...or something...(laughter)

SNYDER: Let me say this... Let me answer what he said there, Allen (laughter).

LEARY: I'm an Irish Catholic ...May I have the wine, please? (laughter)

GINSBERG: What Mario Savio said...(chuckling)

LEARY: What?

GINSBERG: That you were an Irish Catholic...(laughter)

LEARY: Well, the Celts, of course, have...a long history of...

GINSBERG: What should Mario Savio do?

SNYDER: I don't know...

LEARY: Drop out, turn on, and tune in.

WATTS: I think, Tim...you're being a little acceptive here. I do think it's possible for some of us to have found all women in one woman...

SNYDER: I want to get back at something...Just let me say something with him...(meaning Leary: Ed.) Infidelity means denying your commitments. Now, if your commitments are within a group marriage, then fidelity is being true within your group marriage. And infidelity is being untrue or dishonest outside of that.

Now there are some cultures in South America in which all forms of marriage are ted. There are group marriages, polyandrous marriages, polygamous marriages, AND monogamous marriages.

WATTS: By group marriages... Just a moment, let's get a question of definition here.

GROUP MARRIAGE

SNYDER: Okay. A group marriage is where, a number of people--as a group--whatever the number is...announce... a marriage is a social announcement of commitment...announce that we will be responsible for the children we produce and for each other.

WATTS: Now, in other words, all males and all females in this group can be in mutual intercourse with each other?

SNYDER: But not outside the group...

GINSBERG: You make rules to take care of that...You gotta bring in...

SNYDER: I'm not making rules. I'm just telling you what the anthropological precedences are in these things.

It happens that in this South American culture that the majority of the marriages are monogamous, but it also happens that there are some polyandrous, some polygamous and a few group ones.

I think that what we can allow is...people to combine in whatever combinations they wish.

LEARY: Oh, I would certainly agree with that.

LOVE OVERCOMES

VfA: Can I illustrate that? If my old lady wants to fuck anybody in the room here it't alright with me, but if she fucks ...uh...J. Edgar Hoover, I'm going to get very upset (laughter).

SNYDER: She should get a prize. She'd be doing something for the nation, baby.

LEARY: Yes, he'd be making love not war (laughter).

WATTS: Well, you're simply saying that if she does that she's not at all the sort of person you thought she was. And that you've been deceived.

SNYDER: What you're saying is endogamy...Within the tribe it's okay, but outside the tribe..

GINSBERG: Why make rules?

Female VfA: I don't think it's possible, in the first place, for anybody's old lady to fuck J. Edgar Hoover.

VfA: That may be the problem!

WATTS: Oh, that question is academic (he laughs).

SNYDER: But I wasn't...You know, like your idea of fidelity ...Fidelity is perfectly reasonable, but fidelity simply means: in terms of the areas of commitment you've established for yourself.

LEARY: That is a beautiful... a beautiful model...and I think it requires a little consciousness, which I hope will come quickly to the human race, Gary.

SNYDER: I think we've had it.

WATTS: No, but I don't...I don't think that you should talk about...When people, just as Lao-tzu said, when the great Tao was lost there came talk of duty to man and right conduct...and so when the essential idea of love is lost there comes talk of fidelity.

That actually, the only possible basis for two beings--male and female--to relate to each other is to grant each other total freedom...and say, I don't put any bonds on you, you don't put any bonds on me because I want you, I love you THE WAY

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(from p. 4) impressive number of writers, poets, thinkers, doctors, and scientists.

In fact, about the only dissident over the years has proved to be one Harry J. Anslinger, a liar and a self-serving bureaucrat, proved as such out of his own mouth in several instances including sworn congressional testimony during which Mr. Anslinger contradicted himself. He is presently touring Europe telling whoever will listen that LSD is a hundred times worse than heroin. Chet Helms told me this on his return from England, where he had been telling whoever want-to hear that LSD was a hundred times better than heroin.

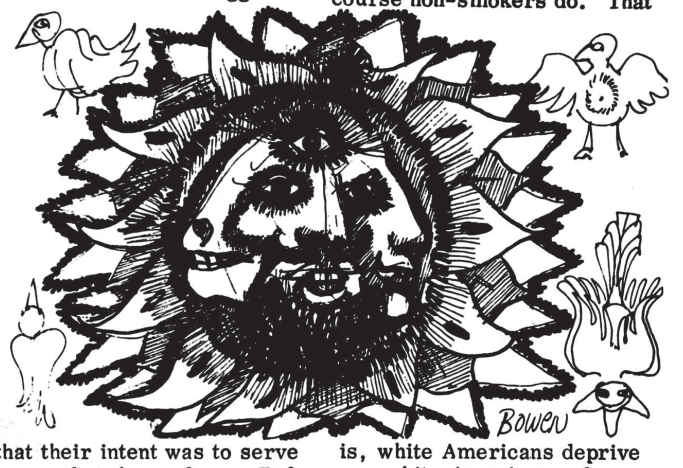
David Solomon's well-organized book encloses diverse talents between its covers, legal, scientific, and literary. It is through all of its pages an erudite and utterly convincing espousal of the doctrine every marijuana smoker has within him, whether articulated or not. For instance: it provides a thousand reasons why I am; as many justifications for my being; irrefutable literary and scientific affirmation of my own intuition, and sociological evidence of the criminal and racist nature of the cynical campaign of self-interested men to make marijuana illegal and railroad thousands upon thousands of American citizens into jails and prison--men and women from among the spiritually aware, peaceful, and humane noncriminal classes.

The last statement will cause some eyebrows to rise. To whomever would take exception to it I would point out that it is a statement made in the deep belief that economically deprived, racial, and ethnic minorities are not members of a criminal class simply because the laws of the classes that exploit them are in large part legislated with the end in mind of providing the means and excuse for what is a de facto accomplishment: the repression of the economically and politically powerless. I do not doubt this the least bit, nor do I expect that my saying it is news. If it were, we would scarcely, in 1967, be on the edge of these several coincident movements that can only be termed revolutionary.

In reading this book, a pattern of law is revealed and a process of governing exposed as the insidious foisting of tyranny upon the millions among us who would be free by men without honor employing the most reprehensible apparatus imaginable, including lobbyists, journalistic hysteria, and bureaucratic interest in self-preservation beyond function.

Tyranny is perhaps the least invidious part of the indictment, human nature being human enough, certainly less evil by far than the full gamut of prejudice and bias which has been enlisted in support of the deliberate campaign to legislate and enact measures shocking in the degree of their harshness, supported by misinformation, and cynically depending in the main upon a familiar style of yellow journalism to effect and accomplish what lacks any justification.

These laws, hastily passed against the objections of all truly informed legal and medical minds, were jammed through Congress in 1937 upon the militant insistence of factions so obviously self-interested that neither they nor their fellows would suggest



that their intent was to serve anyone but themselves. Federally instigated, these laws have long since fallen into disrepute to such an extent that they are only half-heartedly enforced at the federal level, but are applied and enforced ten times more frequently at local levels and all too often in the good old "SOUTHRON" atmosphere and spirit.

Gun-toting, bullying police do not have any of the philosophical and political inclinations of the people they consider criminals. In the vast majority of cases they have outright antipathy for these people because of widely divergent views and different interests. That enforcement officers largely ignore the constitutional guarantees which these people are guaranteed, cynically violate the Constitution, and employ brutal and even criminal methods to apprehend and convict them is quite widely known.

BUT OURS ARE THE TIMES THAT ARE A-CHANGING

There is no stronger support for the statements I make immediately above than the groundswell of rebellious and outraged citizen groups that is so strong in this country today. Few individuals within the groups I refer to seriously doubt that they are in reaction to iniquities and politico-economic injustices, and that great changes are about to take place here.

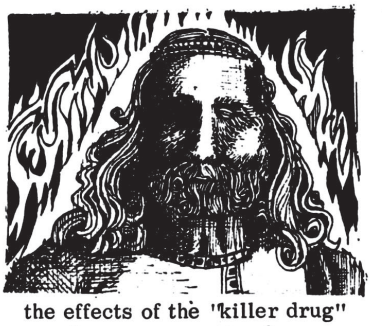
The warmakers of America do not smoke marijuana; those who have been called peaceniks and have accepted that term in large part do smoke marijuana. Isolation of evidence and proof here is not sharp enough to really mean anything to those who require it before making conclusions, but those who are more intuitional can find meaning in the statement; and in another: marijuana smokers do not deprive others of their civil rights to any noticeable degree, while of course non-smokers do. That is, white Americans deprive non-white Americans of a great deal. And they also deprive themselves of the open mind and the freedom of choice that every marijuana smoker either has before learning of the benefits of marijuana smoking or certainly acquires after.

PROHIBITION 1919 - 1930

The prohibition of liquor in the United States from 1919 to 1933 created the modern gangster empire that existed in the United States during the twenties and thirties. To control these new outlaws, the Federal Bureau of Investigation was expanded to its present dimension.

By the time the bootleggers and their gangs of hired guns had been driven underground, where they remain today fairly immune to the law, the Federal Bureau of Investigation had entrenched itself as the power it presently is. J. Edgar Hoover was and is the director, a man far beyond the usual age of retirement from government service and too powerful today to be removed or replaced.

From 1930 to 1937 a steady stream of lurid stories about



the effects of the "killer drug" marijuana, emanating from Washington, pervaded the country and culminated in the infamous Marijuana Tax Act of 1937. The country was being carefully prepared for a new form of prohibition by hysterical journalism, at the instigation of the very wealthy and powerful liquor lobby that served the newly revived liquor industry.

Headlines screamed and editors fulminated, while the worst aspects of yellow journalism were used to create the atmosphere of hysteria and abet the scare enactment of the 1937 law. Among the most blatant offenders was the Readers' Digest, since become a powerful organ of opinion making, as reactionary then as it is now.

The Federal Narcotics Bureau, which, except for narcotic laws would be a minor tax bureau, issued propaganda and was very active in bringing the public around to accepting this legislation. The time was one of depression. Jobs were scarce, bureaucrats desperate.

Following enactment, the bureau mushroomed in size and importance, creating sinecures for some, jobs for others. Its one-time commissioner, Harry J. Anslinger, found his career in the bureau and has proudly taken much of the credit for the publicity that indicated marijuana as a menace to youth.

SCIENTIFIC PAPERS

Among the reports I've studied in the Scientific Papers'

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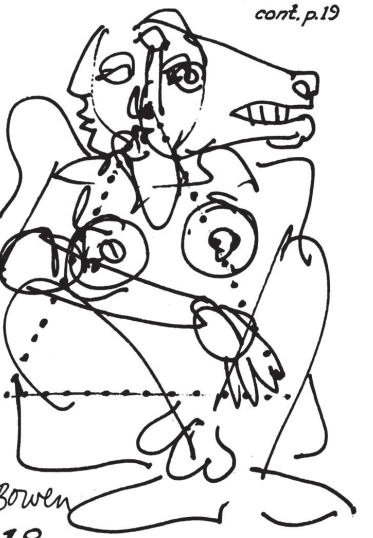


(cont. from p.18)

section of the book are those of the Indian Hemp Drug Commission, Simna, 1894; Report of Colonel J.M. Phalen, printed in The Military Surgeon, July 1943; Allentuck and Bowman, 1942; Report of the White House Conference on Drugs and Drug Abuse, 1962; and Report of the President's Advisory Committee, 1963. All conclude that marijuana is harmless and find no evidence whatever to support the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Harry Anslinger.

The findings of the LaGuardia Report were reported to the Mayor in 1944 by the prestigious New York Academy of Medicine. Here are the findings as they appear in the Academy's summation. These are directly quoted.

1. Smoking marijuana does not lead directly to mental or physical deterioration.

2. The habitual smoker knows when to stop, as excessive doses reverse the usually pleasant effects.

3. Marijuana does not lead to addiction (in the medical sense), and while it is naturally habit-forming, its withdrawal does not lead to the horrible withdrawal symptoms of the opiates.

4. No deaths have ever been recorded that can be ascribed to marijuana.

5. Marijuana is not a direct causal factor in sexual or criminal misconduct.

6. Juvenile delinquency is not caused by marijuana smoking, although they are sometimes associated.

7. The publicity concerning the catastrophic effects of marijuana smoking in New York is unfounded.

8. It is more of a nuisance than a menace.

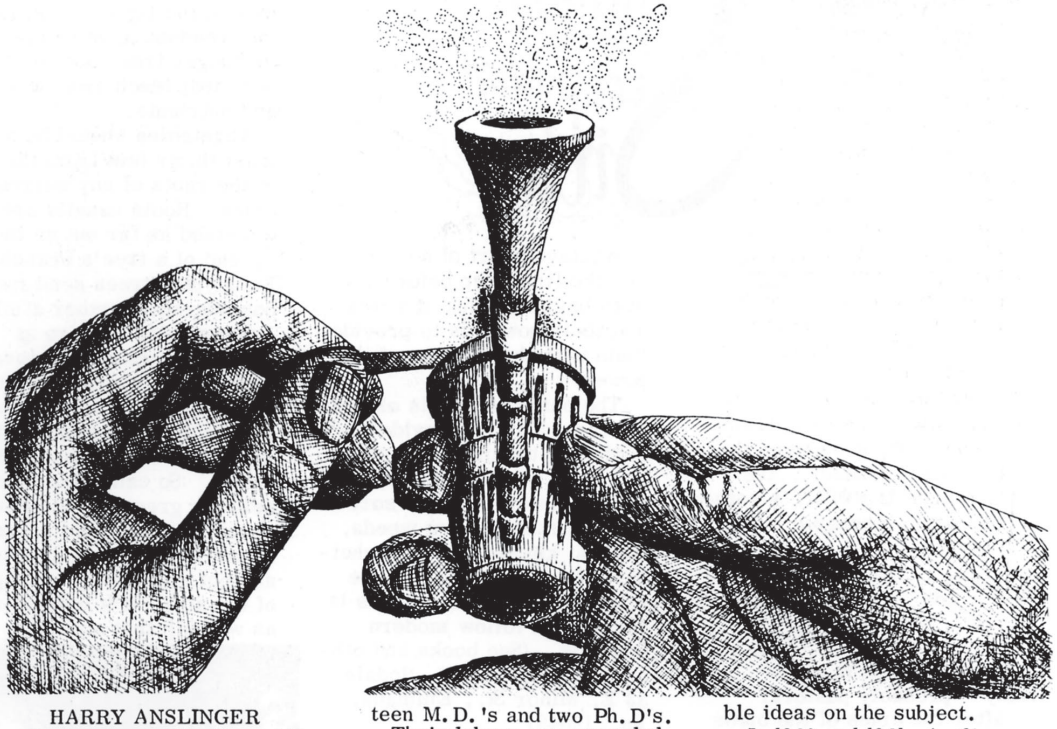
The crusade against marijuana has been so zealous that by and large public opinion subscribes to the official position that it is malign, causing mental debility, physical deterioration, sexual degeneracy, moral decay and, in general, criminal behavior justifying the passage of harsh and repressive laws against it. And so I have gone in search of the malign, spending many hours poring over the findings of the several studies that David Solomon includes in his book under the heading of scientific papers. I have not considered the time a waste because I have failed to find the malign.

The following observations are the nearest to an indictment of marijuana that I could find:

A generalataxia is apparently limited to the symptomatic. An increased pulse rate, blood pressure, and blood sugar level are likewise limited to symptomatic. The increased frequency of urination does not increase the quantity of urine passed.

The user of marijuana has mixed feelings of euphoria and apprehension as well as feelings of relaxation and disinhibition. There is an increase in self-awareness and a reduction of critical faculty resulting in a more favorable attitude toward the self and a capacity to freely verbalize.

The effect of marijuana is to make the user less aggressive; the auditory acuity is unaffected and musical ability unimproved. A noticeable degree of intellectual impairment is manifest as a loss of both speed and accuracy of intellectual function. No mental deterioration is discernible and indications are that it does not occur.



HARRY ANSLINGER

Following publication of the findings of the LaGuardia Report, the American Medical Association, the Federal Narcotics Bureau, and Harry Anslinger all attacked the investigators and denounced their findings. Anslinger's remarks were couched in terms one would hardly expect to find in a medical journal.

This was in 1944. Similar conclusions had been arrived at by Allentuck and Bowman the previous year and had been as bitterly assailed from the same quarters. There were rumors at the time that the report would be suppressed, and the Reader's Digest passionately deplored its publication. Allentuck and Bowman concluded that there was no evidence to connect marijuana with opiates and no evidence that prolonged use of marijuana led to physical, mental, or moral degeneration. They reported no deleterious effects attendant on the continued use of marijuana. Their prestigious study, well-received in the scientific community, caused a stir in the press when it was published in 1943.

In 1942, Dr. Alfred R. Lindesmith won the respect of the intellectual community for his incisive criticism of the Federal Narcotics Bureau. He is regarded today as one of the most perceptive and enlightened experts on the sociological use of drugs.

The LaGuardia study was conducted by the New York Academy of Medicine, whose prestige in medical circles is so considerable as to place it above the criticism of the AMA. The Mayor's Committee, which made the study and drew up the report, was composed of fifteen M.D.'s and two Ph.D's.

Their labors are regarded as the most thorough and meticulous scientific study ever made on marijuana, and the factual findings of the report are the most impressive in the whole body of scientific literature on marijuana--a literature going back thousands of years.

Others have labored in behalf of truth in this matter and have invariably earned recognition of at least one kind: denunciation by Federal Narcotics Bureau spokesmen, the American Medical Association, through its Journal, and Harry Anslinger.

One of the doctors on Mayor LaGuardia's Committee incisively observed that hemp has been cultivated in America since the seventeenth century, and has only become a problem associated with a great deal of publicity in the last ten years. The remark was made in 1944. In an attempt to put Anslinger and his activities into proper perspective, I include the following piece of statistical information:

In 1936, sixty percent of all the crimes committed in the City of New Orleans were attributed to marijuana. This was at the height of the marijuana hysteria that was so much of a thing in the thirties. Today no one seriously considers marijuana a factor in crime.

In a letter published in the Journal of the American Medical Association of January 16, 1943, he cited numerous references in support of his contention that the use of marijuana led to insanity. The AMA has long been an Anslinger ally and between them they have mounted attacks on every report on narcotics that fails to agree with Anslinger's untenable ideas on the subject.

In 1960 and 1961, Anslinger extended his operations and was very active in bringing pressure to bear on the American Delegation to the United Nations and on members of the International committees concerned with narcotics to work in behalf of anti-marijuana legislation.

As a result, most member nations, notably the Arab nations and some from Africa that were recipients of American economic and military aid, adopted the legislation he recommended.

One notable exception was India, whose leaders turned a deaf ear on Anslinger. Most likely this was because of the extensive use of marijuana in the Ayurvedic, Unani, and Tibbi systems of indigenous medicine that is practiced on the Indian-Pakistani sub-continent.

End Part i

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II
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THE TWO COMMANDMENTS

In the Politics, Ethics and Meaning of Marijuana, Dr. Leary introduces two commandments for the Molecular Age, based on his understanding that Marijuana and LSD alter consciousness. The statements:

I. THOU SHALT NOT ALTER THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF THY FELLOW MAN

II. THOU SHALT NOT PREVENT THY FELLOW MAN FROM ALTERING HIS OWN CONSCIOUSNESS

He predicates the future of the species on our understanding and obeying these two natural laws. A conservative estimate in 1951 set 200 million as the number of marijuana smokers world wide, more people than can be included in the combined Jewish and Protestant religons and exceeding in number the population of the United States. Ten million of these people live in the United States, persecuted as an outlaw group, enduring conditions inflicted upon them by a middle class bureaucracy addicted to alcohol.

These commandments say in a political and ethical sense that you may not drug others but you have to do it to yourself. Psychedelic substances require models or maps that make possible the two commandments. You are master of your own nervous system and lord of your own consciousness. The psychedelic person, naturally passive, requires privacy for sensual, spiritual, internal and introspective experiences, the valued and essential requisites of systems balancing harmonies of view in loving detachment from material goals.

Man shall not act as god to others. Man shall love God and his fellow man. Alter the consciousness. How? Control of consciousness? Who? The CIA? The self!

Recently a scandal occurred when the United States Army tested LSD on recruits and troops: LSD produces ectasy. LSD lets you see through the

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To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven; a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted.
—Ecclesiastes, III. 1-2

Spring has sprung, day balancing night...new mountains on the horizon, seen from the 'see ya, dad! ciudad'...the basic source is SPIRIT & natural country...changes:

round earth love on
sunshine green
jissom rain walk songs growing

"It all figures in a new litany probably pastoral after the cries of the birds has stopped"
--Ferlinghetti

* * *

NOTES ON ORGANIC GARDENING by Elsa Gidlow

All growing begins with the soil. Organic gardening (natural growing) begins with the health of the soil, and health of the soil begins with life; with organic matter; with infinitesimal bacteria; with worms areating the soil and contributing their castings.

If you have an apron of land, a lot, a plot, an acre or a farm--look first to the soil. You may be surprised when you start to dig that there is little of it. Perhaps it is just clay. It may be tired, ruined by poor cultivation methods, overstimulated by chemical fertilization to the point of exhaustion and the hard packing that results.

Whatever sort of soil it may be, the first step before you even begin to think of seeds and their power is to provide them with the sources of that power.

The basic source is organic matter. This is provided by enriching the original earth you start with, adding composted materials--any sort of organic matter from weeds, leaves, kitchen wastes, what-have-you. Compost can be made in as short a time as 14 days if you follow modern methods. (See books and other materials by J.I. Rodale, 33 E. Minor St., Emmaus, Pa. 18049)

Add aged or composted animal manures, blood meal, bone meal, ground rock if you can get it, dolomite, seaweed.

Seaweed is magical...those long greeny-brown snaky tubes you see on the beaches after a storm. It's full of iodine and other minerals. I've heard that in Golden Gate Park they have processed sewage sludge for sale but I have not been able to track it down so far.

Chemical fertilizers do not build soil; they exhaust it. Fertilization of plants is best done with liquid fertilizers: "tea" from animal wastes made by soaking the manure in a barrel or tub; fish emulsion, commercially available (I use Atlas), mixed into the water and fed periodically during the growing season. The plant roots must be fed and the soil continuously built up as its nourishment is being used, transferred to the lettuce, the carrots, the strawberries, the squash or corn that in turn transfer to us the living food--not dead, stored, frozen, canned, irradiated packages of unnourishment.

When you know you have made a start with good soil, look to the light, the sunshine, the freedom from competition by hungry tree roots or shrubbery that leech away water and nutrients.

Vegetables should be at least thirty feet from the reach of the roots of any surrounding trees. Roots usually are said to extend as far out as the spread of a tree's branches. Eucalyptus trees send roots considerably further afield.

Vegetables require at least six continuous hours of exposure to sunlight in most cases. In very hot weather lettuce can take some shading--preferably from taller plants. So can some other delicate greens. The length of the hours of light determines the speed of growth, and not alone the warming up of the soil. It's light as well as warmth that wakens.

These are just a few hints. There is a lifetime of learning ahead for any gardener or farmer, and it's all joyous.

One of the greatest thrills is MAKING soil from garbage and wastes: composting. Another is seeing the first shoots.

No one who gardens ever ceases to marvel and feel a physical sensation of wonder and delight on going out some early morning and finding tiny heads of pale green pushing up the broken earth where rows of seed were planted weeks before, or, in the case of eager seeds like radishes or cress, four or five days before. We are returned to mystery and the power of cooperating with life--rather than, as so often now, working against it. Never forget, though, that it takes very hard work, real sweat.

Who feels called to the war against processed nonfood for processed nonpeople, and to the creative work of production for health and sanity without which there is no dance or song, music or joy?

* * *

"I do!"
-- Esta Bien

cont. from p. 20

game veil. LSD. RNA. Marijuana. Lysergic Acid. Amino Acid. Molecular learning communicated at the cellular level must be studied from within. Frightened? Oh Beatnik Amphibia, where do you get your courage? It is not taught in school.

Evocations of your dedication to the nature of the ethic: expose oneself to new forms of energy and find faith in molecular energy released by psychedelic molecules. Not blind faith, but faith in the harmony and wisdom of nature, something easy to prove with method and map.

Six levels of neural and cellular consciousness can be discerned: the Minimal, Symbolic, External, and Introspective, the Cellular and Pre-Cellular (atomic). The symbolic is normal. The external relates psychedelically to mandala, mantra, tantra and to marijuana.

Contact with chakras propels consciousness on kaleidoscopic voyages along strands of nucleic acid molecules. Cellular consciousness touches timeless wisdom. Transcendental consciousness--pure energy--the light within--the void.

And, past the power of marijuana to evoke are evocations of the cellular and pre-cellular levels where symbols become poetic and mystical. Vision is shut off by alcohol and narcotic drugs. Marijuana, the weakest of the psychedelic drugs and a secret aphrodisiac, is an expanding lens. LSD is an electron microscope for the ethereal.

The sensitive smoke marijuana, raise their pulse rates a little, diminish the intelligence some, and alter the consciousness. Using corrective lenses of the expanding type, they raise body levels of sensory awareness both externally and internally.

WILLIAM BURROUGHS

Perhaps the world's leading authority on drug use and abuse, and certainly the American novelist who most surely possesses genius, William Burroughs describes the word "drug" as a generic term for any chemical agent. Exploiting the broadest category that can be implied by such terms, the Federal Narcotics Bureau has bracketed substances of opposite physiological effect, calling them all narcotic drugs. But younger by far than ever you are, the new young that grace the scene use, as only they can, terms perhaps more pregnant and, in this case, surely so, saying soft drugs, hard drugs, and understanding themselves. Sensible terms separate the sensible meaning of things into different orders impossible to bracket. Talking little, hearing much, open minded, the young are the informed and beatific initiates of the day.

Burroughs' Points of Distinction Between Sedatives and Consciousness-Expanding Drugs inserts nuances of meaning essential to a subject intuitively grasped by the young and suggests that the word "consciousness-expanding" be used instead of "hallucinogen." (Actual hallucinogens are rare.) Mescaline, LSD, Cannabis, phenomenally increase awareness, intensify meanings, and many of the insights resulting from their use are permanent. One exposure to a powerful consciousness-expanding drug quite often results in a permanent increase in the range of experience.

William Burroughs, serving the race of man with truth and objectivity, suggests an objective test whereby the effect of such a drug administered in requisite dosage and accompanied by an array of stimuli can be compared with the effects observed when a person addicted to morphine is given morphine accompanied by the same array of stimuli.

Such tests would seem to illustrate Burroughs' important distinction between the sedative and the consciousness-expanding drugs. An alcoholic so tested and observed would add insight into the essential difference in the two kinds of drugs. Burroughs has incisively pointed up that difference.

The use of consciousness-expanding drugs now foretells hallucinogen experience without using the trigger of chemical agents. For example, music has been used successfully as an anesthetic for extracting teeth. Mental colors are heard, visual sounds seen, and mescaline subliminally administered in the presence of a flicker light (rhythmic flashing light) is step one in a two-step process whereby the flicker light alone, provides a non-chemical method of expanding consciousness and increasing awareness. Marijuana is the safest hallucinogen and is unquestionable useful to the artist.

Opiates, on the contrary, are a proven hindrance to the artist. Marijuana is a psychic god. Hallucinogens are keys to creative process. Study of these keys opens non-chemical methods of expanding consciousness of all six of the levels mentioned.

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If YOU intend to try to increase or decrease your size by this method (Amanita Pantherina), please come to the Oracle or call me there (626-6554) first.

Joan Alexander

Today as we seek for ways to escape involvement with illusionary hings we stop in our flight to examine the conditions which afflict us and see that we are engaged with our nominal protectors in the most serious of differences over the use and possession of a weed that flourishes everywhere and which we naturally relate to our own nervous systems and we begin to question whether the issue can be a weed or the nervous system or whether it is not anything less than the repressive nature we have permitted to develop in our own breasts while we have heard others being beaten in the cause of peace.

And this has poisoned us for it is peace that is being beaten while war is waged on a weed at home that is considered holy among men whom we permit to starve while we war on their neighbors. We are permitted insight into the nature of our motivations, insight that can be assayed on levels and in terms free of emotional aspects while serving as the control point for parallel relationships that tell us what it is we do and what degree of fault we can discern and call human and at the same time reveal the naked factors of our thought that are in no way anywhere in the world today of such nature as to be referred to by anyone as acceptable to the mind in recoil from insights that writhe, twisting the acceptable awry, refusing to relate terms impossible to equate with those acceptable to impossible minds minds. Yes, I am afraid that this issue goes that deep.

PHOTO/KAGAN

INDIA AND AMERICA

If it were possible to examine a scene in India and then America and reflect on whether the American readiness to bomb Asians is made possible by their consumption of alcohol, and necessitated by the industrial production and domestic consumption of oil, steel, and armaments. For in India they do not drink as we do, preferring to smoke as I do the harvested produce of the field, giving cobras saucers of milk and drinking at the tooth of death. For they have learned that starvation is just another word for dying, and they prefer it to the extreme nullity of war. There can be no meaning until it is sought for itself, and not hunted as a thing to be found, surviving everything until it is caught and killed, irrelevant to one who pauses between killings to die and lives again, for it may not be so.

Someone once told me that the seed god Osiris gave flour, the spirit of vegetation, to man, and after Isis taught men to bake bread Osiris forbade them meat, and that it had really taken place this way a man who was brave discovered seeds and water which his wife made into bread, and for which men honored him, and that when he died men collected stones and made a shrine, deifying him instead of eating him because of what he had been alive that remained as precious dead.

In India all is color, odor, music, life bizarre and beautiful is holy and does not act as if it were not. A crowded holiness turned from the materialism of either communistic or capitalistic dogmas, preferring its own faiths, held by essential reasons and dispensing faith tootothers, perceiving a baleful final presence in ultimate moments that by ending give life meaning. It is perhaps better to not kill cobras or eat cows, feeding beggars with empty hands, than it is to let automobiles carry the burden of our living, our loving, and our dying acts.

India is a warm moist place very like a womb and used very much as one even as the soil of people is the soil of earth is one and the same soil is the only word that is the true word of man uttering the name of god. There, cultivated for their powers, are these weeds that flourish everywhere and alleviate hunger, loneliness, pain, and fear by banishing all desire with smoke and love of god.

LOVE

In the west, love is an enigma man seeks to control by contraceptives breeding death where death is believed in, and mocking utterances die on the lips of men. The wine and the wafer are the blood and meat of the slain. The flesh deified saves the self certainly.

Seeking in speech for things that by saying speak well of words and what they hold has led me to contrast as best I may the little I know of Indian life with the American as I know it.

Since the advent here in the psychedelic community of emerging preferences for Asian art and thought, the

cont. on p. 39

ORACLE LETTERS — LOVE HAIGHT ASHBURY BUSH LOVE — HAIGHT ASHBURY

Dear Assorted Editors, Managers, Chieftains, & even Gurus, perhaps--

Allen Ginsberg sits on the grass munching a tantric quatrain, surrounded by the Last Crusade to Free the Holy Land from the Fidelin; lovers and heads in borrowed necessities exorcise demons in perambulations while God's Own Police Force, those Troopers of the brainstorm, our very own Hell's Angels, too hip to be pinned down by someone else's Voluntary Mandrake-Mantra-Mandate guard the lines of communication. Apocalypso on the grass! Flowers! But wait: Allen tells us that everyone has Missed the Point! Didn't they see the Authentic Buddhist priest, for the sake of God, MEDITATING!? Ahh, Allen you're getting to sound the tiniest bit like T. S. Eliot legs crossed in his gothic apse....

And so the Publishers of The Oracle (or the Hindu Science Monitor) explicate Secrecies, the expansion and awareness of consciousness by discussing how much they all really like it, how gentle and soft and wheat-germ it all is. Testimonials! like those dreadful Pamphlets that Laundromat owners leave in decorative sheaves on tables while your tablecloth dances with your underwear and they pray behind the door marked No Entry. More:

Morton Katz, who had a much better time when he was fifteen, pressing his right bicep hard against the Candyapple door of his current Impala to make his Muscular Articulation apparent while in his meticulously straight ahead on Sepulveda, now stands in the grass listening to a man uttering syllables in a foreign language ..."Hare Hare Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Hare Hare." Somewhere in his illumined heart he knows it's really a cipher: .something dark and large moving up. Why? "We are turning to Things of
things of the past, looking for our roots, like the men of the Rennaissance." Yes, roots: Where are they? Reincarnated Indians? Who, after all, do really sit in plywood cafes in Minnesota drinking dime beer in solemn tipples and then play pinball machines. Ecstatic? Bored. Gently, this: Must we have roots? Mythologies? Must there be a map where one's destinations, though internal, are defined? No-one has charted my insides, or deciphered my love, with the possible exceptions of several strands of lovely blue beads I once saw and several flowers of my acquaintance. Must we chant anything? Why Tantric Lullabies of the Electric Eye-Socket? Why dynamo-zinc Mantras? Why not "milk-bottle" or "jelly donut" or even, if we are looking for roots, "Schwinn"? I mean, haven't we had enough: of institutions; of embarrassing people beating their feet on the Ganges mud? Rest Homes for Veterans of Speed? You know, 50,000 starving Hindus have more than words to put them where they are. You don't see many shaved heads, these days. It all sounds like an afternoon on a spoke of Karma. Back we Go! Past Jack Kerouac on his Holy Mountain worrying about his antifreeze cracking the block! Past Cistercian monks in Hollywood Musicals! Past the New Yorker! All the way back to---now. and now. and now. But all this is really a plea for the modesty of salvation. One's reincarnations, as any lizard or tree will tell you, are private. Not to be mediatized, or massed. There's another world of freedom: out there: bushes, toilet plungers, even ghostly parachutists. Yes, Cut the Karma.

Another point, this one journalistic: Do find poets. Any poem that begins with the little emblematic "big sur" is really no more than a postcard from the Vatican, bags of holy earth packaged in canvas bags and sold to little ladies from Dubuque who think there may be a difference. And the poor, poor, words, "marvelous," "existence," "holy" do not mean more because postmarked big sur (Read "Satori", or even "Fresno").

In short, stop trading in last year's model; "drop out" does not mean into the whole namefull and grotesque Hindu Gods bag. Make your own myths. Even Allen Ginsberg, who has become a prophet, I notice, is becoming Walt Whitman who sang the Self and not the New American Church of Complicated Games. And lastly, if your Apocalyptic Epiphanies are to be holy, where are their 1) sense of irony and laughter, and 2) modesty?

love from
The Anatolian Radio-Circus And/Or
Municipal Rain Forest
David Gancher
Akay Sokak 9/12
Bakanliklar
Ankara, Turkey

Dear Publishers of the Oracle:

If only your groovy paper could be distributed to everyone on this base - we might just have one big happy human-be-in, continuously. Just think, no more Air Force, what an out of sight thought.

Please find our check for a subscription, and keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Hamilton AFB, Calif.

To the Editor:

Soon you will be able to freak freely in here-to-fore reactionary Orange County. We, of the mythical Orange County "Liberation Front" are planning to open button/book/psychedelic shops in the three big beaches of the Orange Coast: Huntington Beach, Newport Beach-Balboa and Laguna Beach. Also, plans for an "underground" newspaper and possibly psychedelic-rock concerts here. If you are interested in helping with any of these projects - this spring or summer, please write to:

Jim Sayre
3515 Seashore Drive
Newport Beach, Calif. 92660

Dear Chet Helms,

Please stop defending your blown ego. Please explain your cop-out to Musicians' Extortion Racket, Local No. 6. Please don't hide behind your Baby Jesus twaddle. Please try some introspection before solving the world's problems.

Best intentions,
Nobody Important

cc: Editor, S. F. Chronicle
Editor, Berkeley Barb
The Grateful Dead
Ralph Gleason
Bill Graham
Editor, S.F. Oracle

Oracle People:

I found your paper just now and . . . you're beautiful. Do please start my subs. and one for my brother. I need the Oracle. He really needs the Oracle in Muncie, Indiana. I put in $9.00 - the other three for anybody you know of who needs--wants--could use--a subscription, or just for you, whatever you want. If you have old papers lying around you could start the subs. with them. We haven't seen old issues. I love you.

Doug

Sirs:

My name is Guadapadada Tamasad and I would like to tell you my story with the sincire hope that you will not be further bored. It was not long I arrive in this country to study in dental school that I take room in San Francisco.

At night I hear loud music from room next to mine, and, not being able to sleep for many nights I go and knock on door. Young man with long hair and beard answers and he says he will turn music down. This occurence repeats itself many times, and one afternoon I go again his room to tell.

This time I notice room has strong smell. Boy invites me in and smiling he says, "We are smoking, would you like to join us?" He is friendly fellow so I stay in room and watch. It soon comes to me that others in room with me are not smoking ordinary tobacco. I soon remember what I previously hear about "narcotics." My friend bends low and smile at me with wide happiness, "Come on, man, its a nice day, best time in the world for a hit." He offers me narcotic cigarette and I accept. Soon others are happy with me and we all laughing at good music. My friend smiles at me with wide piano teeth. I personally feeling quite good and go to window. It is nice day and many people in streets. Soon after I say goodbye to my new friends and return to my room to study. Pictures of teeth on dental book look strange. Inside of human mouth is very funny. I remember my new friends and what they tell me- "soon you will be ahead." This is what I come to this country for, to be ahead, not behind like in homeland. I laugh and feel good. (Rest of letter lost.)

A letter about the forthcoming issue of The Oracle dealing with the American Indian from the designer of the "America Needs Indians" poster.

Dear Oracle

A few things may be kept in mind, first, I am an Indian now going through a phase with hippies that Negroes went thru with Communist Intellectuals in thirties. Keep it Human. Most beautiful thing about Indians is their humanity real - both dualities with Indians: some wear mocassins some wear shoes, some wear one shoe one mocassin. Culture flip in and out. Off and on. Not romantic.

Very real. Like the hippy in Navaholand who kept questionning an old man about what this and that meant, that old cat just sitting there. Hippy asks after many mystical questions, finally perturbed by non-mystical answers, "What does Navaho mean?" Old man says, "People". That's the real trip on these people, somehow they remain people, it's real. As Lord Buckley sees it, "People are the true flowers of life."

Scenes of Gallup, New Mexico: Old funky pick-up filled with mothers and kids and grandmas and grandpas. Old man of family driving Cat next to him lushed out. Another cat squeezed all funky the endless scuffle. Trip to city to sell some stuff. Get hi, split to reservation and then this other uptown Indian shiny new car ex-Marine (Indians very pro-American). (JFK in almost every house). Executive, maybe at tribal saw mill. You gotta dig both sides of coin. Like they think we are weird even.

Anyway all I mean to say is that there are not generalities about American Indians. And we're no long-lost white brothers until we complete our selves...

The Indians really are just conciously waiting until the white man either flips out and blows the scene because he's so disatisfied, ill at ease, in general up tight; or splits to outer space and whoever is left around "will just be us" something a cat told me, or scenes like riding around high country (mountains good) in a Jap jeep "Nissan" with long haired whites and Indians singing songs together. Ah Man there's so many beautiful things to tell you but you know.

Peace,
Steve Durkee

Sat. Feb 4?

Sirs:

An article appeared in this morning's paper (front page) reporting on some economist that said S.F. should consider making itself into a free port. Sounds far out, but it is completely in keeping with Marshall McLuhan's thinking and others that the electronic age implies decentralization with centers of concentration spotted about (city-states?).

Also solved is a territorial problem: draft-objectors can find sanctuary on our traditional soil. Drug laws become a local perogative, as do many things also effecting strait people: freeways, freedom from Reagan and S. Cal., topless, alcohol...

This idea should be picked up by the hip community and elaborated on to win support from the rest of San Franciscans. Read the Territorial Imperative. Boundaries are a good thing. People should live together in tribes and the tribes should be sovereign. S.F. would make an ideal city state. It practically is already. Bring the people together in the traditional way that is so old it predates sex: have a boundary dispute.

This all seems so fantastically logical why didn't someone think of it...I'm going to consult my genes right now.

John

Family Dog Productions
639 Gough Street
San Francisco, California
94102

February 23rd, 1967

Mr. Warren Hinckle
c/o Ramparts
301 Broadway
San Francisco - 94133

Re: Rampart's March Issue

Sir:

"May the Baby Jesus Shut Your Mouth and Open Your Mind."

Sincerely,

Chester Helms
FAMILY DOG PRODUCTIONS

CH/hs

cc: Editor, San Francisco Chronicle
Editor, San Francisco Examiner
Ralph Gleason
John Wasserman
Phil Elwood
Editor, Berkeley Barb
Editor, San Francisco Magazine
Editor, San Francisco Oracle
Doyle Phillips, I. D. Magazine
Jann Wenner, Sunday Ramparts
Bay Guardian

Beverly P. in Kansas City, Mo. is seeking Patrick Armstrong or Bruce Gordon...

Dear Editors:

Each Generation must have its orthodoxy and its Crusaders. Moses had a tribe. Christ had more than one Panza, but more typically Freud had Blauer, Nichte and Wagner had their Sisters, and Leary has Alpert.

Alpert and Leary plan to take over the spiritual world. They plan to create a brave new world...which is saddly a cowardly Old world The Only new world is the beautifull world that revolves around each of us at all times.

Yes I can see him on his white charger... attacking a dusty windmill He didn't feed his horse...he lost track of his lessons...he wore a spitune or a tunic or went naked...he fought the lesser mentalitys because he wanted a sure thing...but, the only sure thing is integrity or the lack of it.

Now News: 50 grams of LSD wil be distributed between now and June. The Red Chinese have been calling back there students. Moscow has cornered the Rumanian and Albanian disturbances. Peking is frantic. They now have a popgun bomb and a two stage firecracker with which to launch it...The USA is merging with the (soon to be attacked) Soviets.

Remember there are many ways to skin a cat...why not join the quite revolt...in other words..."OBSERVE THE TAO"

HANK HARRISON
Jan 25 1967

ORACLE

Oracles circulate on the continent.

"Just like a woman" She too awaits the Aquarians city of I of ancient time short haired minds spin Fiats through boorish comments As the spirit wells up from youth to, once again, suck the breasts of life.

Om - Peace - Love -
Tom Law

Dear Mr. Thelin:

Why doesn't the ORACLE have a Chicago correspondent???

Cordially,
Ernest Thompson

A note found on the bulletin board:

WE THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA DECLARE THAT THE WAR IN
VIET NAM WILL BE OVER ON THE FOURTH
DAY OF APRIL
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY SEVEN

tell everyone

Hello Seedpower -

Joy to you my family very soon I will join you. I will bring my tools, my nature grown seeds and I will be with my wife and my flute.

I will build you a green-house-dome where the stresses and strains will be at ease.

I give you my sun,
Paul Wingate
Rancho Rico
Big Sur
93920

There are many of us living quietly in beautiful nowhere places. The Haight scene has given us strength and renewed faith. I pray that we may continue to create positive love vibrations that shall open channels into the poor suffering world. Those that would be our enemies are those that most need our help and understanding.
Shantih, Shantih, Shantih

Oh - lets do the $5.00 52 issue thing.
Chris Jacobson
215 Russell Rd
Auburn, Calif

Dear Oracle Readers,

Due to an excess of low-level-ego game playing and exploitation of the talents and energies of TURNED-ON people. . . for the advancement of the ambitious "few," I find it a 'bring-down' to continue as art editor of the San Francisco ORACLE.

However, I want to thank all the artists and photographers whose work and devotion to the concept of the ORACLE really did turn me on.

Therefore, as of this issue, I am dropping out.

Sincerely,
Gabe Katz

"Wind and thunder:the image of INCREASE
Thus the superior man:
If he sees good, he imitates it;
If he has faults, he rids himself of them."
--I Ching

666

The image of Increase in Haight Ashbury:

More people (over 10 thousand more than were in the Community three weeks ago).

More grass and acid, and more people turning on to grass and acid (and various enforcement agencies screaming about insufficient money and facilities to combat the new menace), and now it is possible to extract psilocybin from banana peels, I am assured, by a very simple process (the recipe forthcoming, friends, after proper scientific investigation by a panel of Impartial Experts).

More coverage of the Movement by the Mass Media (and always remember, gang, when they got that TV camera on you, The Medium IS the Message, so you got nothing to worry about).

And last (and by all means least), more profits (music posters buttons cigarette-papers books paintings ORACLES Godeyes dope).

The image of INCREASE
WE ARE GETTING SUCCESSFUL.

And we must ALL of US remember that in America Nothing Fails Like Success (if you don't believe this, just take a good long hard look at all those "successful" people--you know the ones, they're all around us--and then ask yourself why they are generating so much paranoia and cancer, and then how come all us "alienated" cats are so much healthier and happier, huh?)

Will success spoil Haight-Ashbury?

Gray-Line Tours of Psychedelphia:

...and on our right, ladies and gentlemen, an authentic Hippie commune, where they live just like the early Christians did! Tribes of urban gypsies in their natural state! And today only, for an extra small admission charge, you can witness a genuine LSD religious ceremony, and you will thrill to the excitement of a real-to-life bust....

And there is the stink of exhaust from the stalled traffic, while Roger of the Diggers exhorts all the long-faced tourists from South City to get free from the prisons of their automobiles, "like, it's a beautiful day, man, and you can't appreciate it locked up inside all that metal, and besides You are Fouling the Air We Must All Breathe..."

And then there was the February 8th paranoia.

And now there is a topless show on Haight Street.

Beware, my friends...beware the hungry-eyed fast-buck artist, beware the ambitious promoter, and beware the man with big money behind him, and then beware the cop who can be paid off by these creatures.

Remember what happened to the Beatniks in North Beach in 1962?

666

That year 500 heads rolled beneath the wheels of the dreaded Nark Machine, and the Beatniks, who had put North Beach on the map, were driven off.

Immediately afterward, the big-time Las Vegas act moved in, minus slot-machines and crap-tables, but the rest of the action was there. There is more money in tits, booze, neon, smack, and professional pussy than there is in poetry and pot. Exit Kerouac and American Zen. Enter Big Al and Topless.

Remember?

The Guru sincerely hopes that Police Chief Cahill and Lt. Andreotti remember too. These two gentlemen are concerned about keeping firm control over the various San Francisco precincts and with policing their own ranks, and the Guru would like to remind them both that payoff money to cops on the beat and to precinct officers is far less likely to come from Hippies than from such syndicates as control things today in North Beach.

Furthermore, it is a certainty that a mass bust in Haight-Ashbury would cause the responsible Hippies, those of us concerned with matters spiritual and creative, to move from the area. One need not think very hard to figure out who would take our place.

Personally, I fervently believe that Haight-Ashbury is one hell of a lot nicer place than North Beach is.

666

Will success spoil Haight-Ashbury?

Maybe.

Probably (I think gloomily).

But not if we're very, very good.

And careful.

666

Deep down inside, we all know that money is at the root of nearly all our hassels, don't we?

"Do your thing, and do it for free," the Diggers keep whispering in our ear like a social conscience.

Well, the Thelins are going cooperative, non-profit.

Who's gonna be next?

We've got to practice what we preach, friends and neighbors, and what we've been preachin' is LOVE, and cooperation, and help your neighbor, the whole bit, you know it by heart. And right at this moment LOVE seems to mean Start Putting Some of That Bread Back Into the Community.

666

Okay, we've got people helping out, we're getting cooperation from lawyers and businessmen and, yes, from the police, so why doesn't a doctor or two cast a look Haight-Ashbury way. Maybe somebody with something for the community. Some of these kids are fresh out of the woods, and they don't realize that this is not the clean fresh forest in Big Sur, this is the dirty city, with lots of germs and sources of infection, and they get sick. The LOVE movement could be a lot more loving with a free volunteer clinic at its disposal, or is that expecting too much from those who swear the Oath of Hypocrates?

666

Beware the tides of summer!

Prepare for the Pilgrim Legions!

Do you know that there will be thousands of kids flocking into Haight-Ashbury as soon as schools begin releasing them from bondage at the beginning of this summer?

The Diggers are getting ready for the invasion (and can use help, as always), and I'm sure the police will be prepared. Let us hope that the problem will be dealt with in a spirit of cooperation by all parties concerned. There won't be any room for friction.

666

Any of you who might be thinking twice about being in the vicinity of Haight-Ashbury come June could do worse than following some of the following advice: First, you could go to wherever your people live and Turn On Your Parents (the Guru has been trying diligently, and with only partial success), for this is something which must be done. The gap between generations is perhaps the most painful and difficult problem in America today.

Or you can start Haight-Ashbury style communities elsewhere. Go into business, go cooperative, live

cont. p-39

The Sacraments

Teo-nanacatl is the Aztec word for the magic mushroom. translated it means "God's flesh", and it was the Aztec's means of attaining communion with his God.

Other Indians, other places, knew and used different sacraments: peyote, cannabis, datura, morning glory seeds, mescal beans, bananas, etc...ad infinitum. They were SURROUNDED by natural sources of the hallucinogens, and so are we, even more so.

A study of traditional literature shows that most Indian cultures had respect for their powerful sacraments and they knew how to use them so that the risk of causing extensive damage to the human body was kept at a minimum. WE also must learn how to use these divine gifts so that we do not destroy or alter the human form.

The legions of turned-on people on this earth know that there are many psychedelic agents, and there is some knowledge about the side effects of the more widely used ones. But we know almost nothing about the effects of the recently discovered/rediscovered means of turning on.

That's where the energies behind this column will be directed: to discuss the virtues/liabilities of these forms, and to introduce to you our discoveries. If you have any comments or questions please direct them to the Oracle.

♈

The banana is more than a source of food. The peel contains arterenol, a sympathomimetic agent that is also found in the human body, in the adrenal medulla, where it affects a balance control factor on the central nervous system and ultimately the heart.

Arterenol is produced synthetically for use as a relief of hypertension: it's a cardiac stimulant. Used by a person with normal and/or healthy blood pressure and pulse rate it can cause hypersensitivity because of increased arousal and activity in the parasympathetic nerve tissues.

The known side effect brought on by the ingestion of arterenol is that it can be harmful to persons under treatment for low blood pressure and low pulse rate.

If you go on the banana trip you might have the antidote atropine sulfate available. There is no, or very little, danger that an appreciable amount of the insecticide (2% DDT) sprayed on during preharvesting will remain and cause toxic effects. However, if you plan to use the whole peel, wash the outside surface.

One method for turning on: freeze the peels, break and reduce to a pulp in a blender, put in the oven (low heat, 200 degrees) until it's dry enough to smoke.

Another method: scrape the whitish substance from the inside of the peels and dry in oven.

♈

Beautiful Peace People, the Mexican magic mushroom has sisters that are being rediscovered and they are turning people on.

Two of them are found locally (Bay area) as well as in other parts of the country: the Amanita muscaria and the Amanita pantherina, both of which contain the hallucinogenic agent muscarine.

The A. muscaria also contains atropine, commonly known as belladonna, which when acting alone is an hallucinogenic agent, but when it's ingested with muscarine, as happens when the A. muscaria is eaten, it is an antidote. Atropine counteracts the toxic effects of the muscarine: profuse perspiration, vomiting, severe diarrhea, respiratory paralysis, and sometimes death.

But that balance factor is not perfect; in any particular A. muscaria the balance between muscarine and atropine may be off and the toxic effect of muscarine may not be blocked. So to avoid disastrous conse-

cont. on p. 39

摩訶般若波羅密多心經

MA KA HAN NYA HA RA MIT TA SHIN GYO
Great Prajna Paramita Sutra

觀自在菩薩 行深般若波羅蜜多時 照見五
KAN JI ZAI BO SATSU GYO JIN HAN NYA HA RA MIT TA JI SHO KEN GO
Avalokitesvara bodhisattva practice deep prajna paramita when perceive five

蘊皆空度一切苦厄
UN KAI KU DO ISSAI KU YAKU
skandas all empty. relieve every suffering.

舍利子色不異空空不異色色
SHA RI SHI SHIKI FU I KU KU FU I SHIKI SHIKI
Sariputra, form not different (from) emptiness. Emptiness not different (from) form. Form

即是空空即是色受想行識亦
SOKU ZE KU KU SOKU ZE SHIKI JU SO GYO SHIKI YAKU
is the emptiness. Emptiness is the form. Sensation, thought, active substance, consciousness, also

復如是
BU NYO ZE
like this.

舍利子是諸法空相不生不滅不垢不淨
SHA RI SHI ZE SHO HO KU SO FU SHO FU METSU FU KU FU JO
Sariputra, this everything original character; not born, not annihilated not tainted, not pure,

不增不減是故空中無色無受想行
FU ZO FU GEN ZE KO KU CHU MU SHIKI MU JU SO GYO
(does) not increase, (does) not decrease. Therefore in emptiness no form, no sensation, thought, active substance,

識無眼耳鼻舌身意無色聲香味觸法無眼
SHIKI MU GEN NI BI ZETS SHIN NI MU SHIKI SHO KO MI SOKU HO MU GEN
consciousness. No eye, ear, nose, tongue, body, mind; no color, sound, smell, taste, touch, object; no eye,

界內至無意識界無無明亦無無明
KAI NAI SHI MU I SHIKI KAI MU MU MYO YAKU MU MU MYO
world of eyes until we come to also no world of consciousness; no ignorance, also no ignorance

盡乃至無老死亦無老死盡無苦集
JIN NAI SHI MU RO SHI YAKU MU RO SHI JIN MU KU SHU
annihilation, until we come to no old age, death, also no old age, death, annhilation of no suffering, cause of suffering,

滅道無智亦無得以無所得故菩提薩垂依
METSU DO MU CHI YAKU MU TOKU I MU SHO TOK KO BO DAI SAT TA E
nirvana, path; no wisdom, also no attainment because of no attainment. Bodhisattva depends on

般若波羅蜜多故　心無圭礙無圭碍故　無有恐怖遠離
HAN NYA HA RA MIT TA KO　SHIN MU KE GE　MU KE GE KO　MU U　KU FU　ON RI
prajna　paramita　because mind no obstacle. Because of no obstacle no exist fear;　go beyond

一切顚倒夢想究竟涅槃　三世　諸仏依　般
I SSAI　TEN DO MU SO KU GYO NE HAN　SAN ZE　SHO BUTSU　E　HAN
all　(topsy-turvey views) attain Nirvana.　Past, present and future　every Buddha　depend on prajna

若波羅蜜多故　得阿褥多羅三藐三菩提
NYA HA RA MIT TA KO　TOKU A NOKU TA RA SAN MYAKU SAN BO DAI
paramita　therefore attain supreme, perfect, enlightenment.

故　知　般若波羅蜜多是大神呪　是大明呪
KO　CHI　HAN NYA HA RA MIT TA　ZE DAI JIN SHU　ZE DAI MYO SHU
Therefore I know Prajna　paramita (is)　the great holy mantram, the great untainted mantram,

是無上呪　是無等等呪　能　除　一切苦　真実不虛
ZE MU JO SHU　ZE MU TO DO SHU　NO　JO　IS SAI KU　SHIN JITSU FU KO
the supreme mantram, the incomparable mantram. Is capable of assuaging all suffering. True　not false.

故　說　般若波羅蜜多呪　即說　集　曰。
KO　SETSU　HAN NYA HA RA MIT TA SHU　SOKU SETSU　SHU　WATSU
Therefore he proclaimed Prajna　paramita　mantram and　proclaimed mantram says

揭諦揭諦波羅揭諦　波羅僧揭諦菩提　娑婆詞
GYA TE　GYA TE　HA RA GYA TE　HA RA SO GYA TE　BO DHI　SO WA KA
gone, gone, to the other shore　gone, reach (go) enlightenment　accomplish.

般若心経
HAN NYA SHIN GYO

願　はくはこの功徳を以つてあまねく一切に　及
NEGA WA KU WA KO NO KU DO KU　O MOTTE　A MA NE KU ISSAI NI　OYO
What we pray,　this　merit　with　universally　all existence Pervade,

ほし　我等と衆生　とみなともに　仏道を成ぜんこと
BO SHI　WARE RA TO SHU JO　TO MI NA TO MO NI BUTSUDO　O JYO ZEN　KO TO
we　and sentient being　all　with　Buddhism　achieve

を
O　this　(What I pray is that this merit pervade universally and we Buddhists and all sentient beings achieve Buddhism.)

十方　三世　一仏切　諸尊　菩薩摩阿薩
JI HO　SAN SHI　I SHI HU　SHI SON　BU SA　MO KO SA
Ten directions　past, present and future　all Buddhas　The world honoured one.　Bodhisattva, great　Bodhisattva,

摩詞般若波羅密
MO KO HO JA HO RO MI
great　Prajna - paramita.

YOU ARE! And I want you to be that... (from p.17)

The minute you start making contracts and bonds and signing on the dotted line, you are WRECKING the whole relationship.

And you just have to trust to the fact that human beings should be legally allowed to trust each other, and to enter into a fellowship that does not involve a contractual arrangement.

LEARY: I think we all agree with that.

WATTS: You know, because if you don't do that YOU'LL KILL IT!

SNYDER: In primitive cultures marriage is not a contractual arrangement; it's a public announcement.

WATTS: YES!

SNYDER: It's a relationship which is made public.

LEARY: What was your fourth point, Gary?

SNYDER: Occasional gatherings of the tribe...tribes! That wasn't a point... it was an activity...

Say rather than group marriage...extended families. Extended cooperation structures, in other words. American †Indian technologies, meditation centers, extended cooperative clan type...or extended family type structures with much more permissiveness in the nature of the family structure than is permitted, say, in Judaeo-Christian tradition, and gatherings of the larger tribes periodically.

VfA: Gary, in a tribal situation, isn't it true that the tribe has a fantastic distrust of other tribes, and there is a whole set of magic rituals set up to protect itself from other tribes?

SNYDER: Not necessarily... No...

LEARY: I think that when Gary talks about tribes, he's not talking about...just the past...what we can learn from the past...I think that we can learn from the history of tribal relationships that there has been this neighborly antagonism...this territorial--distrust..

GINSBERG: The Jivaros...

SNYDER: What a beautiful trip.'

VfA: We'll have a common enemy--for some time, which will make that...

GINSBERG: An enemy? Wait a minute...

VfA: A common enemy, in that, there will be people trying to destroy this concept taking place in actuality...

LEARY: All the German tribes got together to protect against the Romans.

Which will lead to practical step number five...I think that some thought should be given--to organizing a legal protection--for our co-religionists.

Now we want to avoid any sort of leadership, or tight organization, but there must be some way way to work out models in tribal alliance... to defend ourselves --lovingly, against the legions of Caesar.

The model that we worked out, which our lawyers tell us, looks pretty good...is--that the tribe gets together and puts down on paper, it's tribal code, it's sacraments, it's rituals, it's center; and it states very clearly that it is going to worship--this way, in this place.

Specifically what that means is that any group of people can get together and put down on paper--how they worship.

Which, by the way, is a good exercise in seeing how centered the group is. Because it makes psychedelic sense as well as legal sense. And, then...The group is protected legally to worship...

I would like some practical consideration given to how we can provide--legal protection. The model that we've worked out--of a group getting together and filing papers, for what is essentially a license...

GINSBERG: How has that worked out so far, Martin Garvus, in New York, filed papers as an injunction against the FDA.

LEARY: We're waiting until I get back.

A GOOD COURT CASE

SNYDER: I don't know how this would work, but if one good court case, or a freedom of religion issue was won in the Supreme Court--that would solve the problem down the line just about, wouldn't it?

LEARY: No, it doesn't! cause we have to take into account, Caesar's anxiety about what we're doing. It's got to be done on a tribe by tribe basis.

That is, your tribe has got to file...Allen's tribe will help your tribe. You'll lose in California, perhaps, because the lower court judge was unsympathetic; but you'll win in New York State.

SNYDER: This issue will be won in the courts, though?

LEARY: Yes, we'll attempt to set up--an overall church hierarchy, but simply that...

WATTS: To put this down specifically, you are saying that small clubs of people, who are like minded, should incorporate themselves as non-profit religious organizations and should state their constitution, their by-laws, their liturgy.

LEARY: In every state, you can get a very small amount of money, a corporation form. If you want to start a bowling alley, with three of your friends, it's all down there.

You just fill out the places, in this mimeographed form, and file it...It doesn't cost any money to file it, and you've got a legally incorporated religion. It's so simple to do.

WATTS: Yes, but there needs to be spelled out the absolutely practical A-B-C legal terms in which this can be done.

INCORPORATED RELIGION

LEARY: Well, I suggest that the next issue of the ORACLE carry a half page, or a full page--manual on "How to form your own religion."

VfA: One of the steps there is that...in incorporating--there should be nothing in the rules of the corporation that is illegal --in the state of California. That means that if the group is going to use LSD or marijuana--it could not incorporate.

LEARY: ...you don't worry about that. If five hundred groups form in California--and, of course, it's moot.

It's unsettled as to whether illegal or not, and immediately, there's your first case. If they say it's illegal, then you say, what's illegal? Holy marijuana --that's been in use for five thousand years? There's your first case.

Instead of being paranoid, and waiting for the police to bust you on Haight-Ashbury, let's take a loving-game move to clarify the situation, which REALLY disturbs the police and it disturbs the San Francisco papers and it disturbs the San Francisco legislature. Let's take this first initiatory step towards them.

SNYDER: Well, the ACLU, Marshall Krause and Dick Wertheimer, are trying to figure how to set up a GOOD grass case, right now. And move it through as a test case.

UNORGANIZED OBJECTORS

WATTS: Well, let's go back and take a certain historical perspective on this once again. For example, a parallel problem arises with regard to conscientious objection.

There are a lot of conscientious objectors who don't belong to any form of religion. They're not to say, Quakers or Jehovah's Witnesses, and their objections are based on philosophical grounds.

Well, AT LAST, the government has been moved to give fair consideration to these cases

Now, on the same principle, freedom of religion does not involve that you belong to a specific organization or that you have belonged to this religion for so long.

After all, supposing St. Paul had been challenged on the Damascus road...How long have you belonged to the Christian church?

LEARY: But practically, Alan, it does...

WATTS: Now, but this has to be argued...

LEARY:...Because this case that was argued in Los Angeles last week was lost, because the fellow was busted and then he had to prove afterwards.

If he had simply filed a paper ahead of time, before he was busted, the strength of his legal argument would have been much stronger.

WATTS: Yes , but the thing is still unconstitutional, because the constitution does NOT say... that to exercise freedom of religion, you must have belonged to a group of X number of people for such and such a time in order to prove your sincerity...

LEARY: But practically, the judges want you to...

WATTS: It's your conscience.

GINSBERG: This case has to go on appeal still...

LEARY: Oh, I...I bless it and I hope that it does go on appeal.

THE ANARCHIST'S CREDO

SNYDER: I have a very strong feeling about a lot of what Alan says here. An old left wing political type of organization, namely the anarchists,..blessed be their memory...

Good old anarchists practiced one thing, and that was they wouldn't use the courts.

And a conscientious anarchist, if robbed, and able to identify his assailant, would not turn his assailant into the police because...

LEARY: Why do that?

SNYDER: Because, he said, if I'm going to be an anarchist and deny that I need the state I'm also going to deny that I need to go to the state for protection.

And I feel very much the same way about...

LEARY: I think that's romantic, Gary. I see a situation...

SNYDER: I'm not going to go to a lawyer and ask him to incor-

cont. p.30

porate me, you know...
GINSBERG: Did you go to a lawyer to get married or divorced or anything?
SNYDER: Yeah, but I mean in terms of a religion.
GINSBERG: Yeah, because you can prove you're a big, formal buddhist.
SNYDER: I can't prove it, actually, no. I really wouldn't feel like doing that, and I don't think the people at the Mahalila feel like doing that.

LEARY: We're not telling anyone what to do. We're suggesting a way of dealing with this mutant revolutionary problem. I see us as in a dark ages.

We're little tribes getting together; there's feudal lords and barons and kings and dukes and so forth. And they own the land because they've got steel and we're under bayonet point.

SNYDER: That's too paranoid. We're on the verge of winning, really.
LEARY: Oh, no doubt about that.

MONEY BEGETS?

WATTS: Yes, because the people who are wielding the bayonets have no satisfactory life and they know...

You know, it's like producing all sorts of goods that are increasingly inferior, and you make lots of money, and then you've made the money, and what are you going to spend it on? There's only the inferior goods made by the other people who are in the same racket as you are...
LEARY: All right. Practical Step Number 6, which was suggested by Allen's last comment about conscientious objectors: once you start these little religious groups you automatically have a solution to the draft problem.

At Millbrook we formed our little religious group. People come to me all the time and say, "What should I do about the draft?" And I say, "DON'T JOIN IT! DON'T JOIN THE ARMY!"

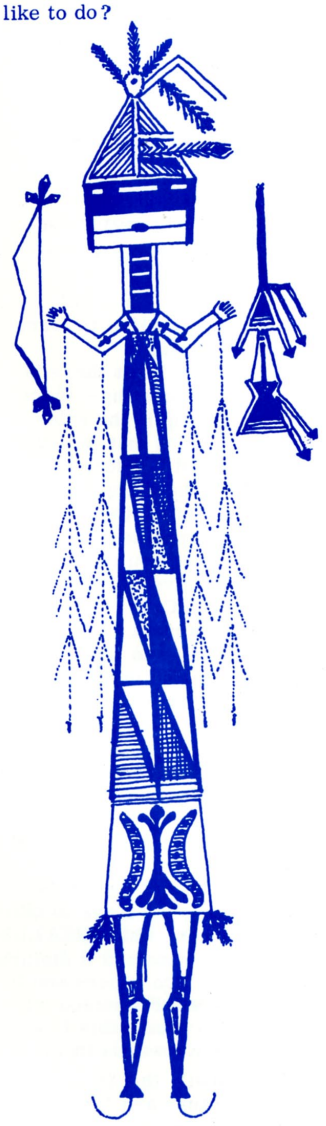
And once you start your religion, since we are of a belief that everyone is Buddha in the religion, everyone is either a guru or a monk or on the road, there's automatic protection against the draft which forces young seed carriers to kill other seed carriers.

LEGAL SOLUTION

So that the tribal solution, to establish yourself legally as a tribe, as a religious totem tribe, not only protects you in your use of the sacrament, but it protects you in many ways--it protects you in the handling of money.

If you go out and make money, then you have to pay in income tax. The income tax then goes to support the war in Viet Nam.

If you form a religion, the money that's taken in is used for the religion...the formation of the legal tribal groups...I don't think we should be ROMANTIC anarchists...
SNYDER: YOU'RE the one who said, "Drop out."
LEARY: This is the way to drop out.
SNYDER: But you're accusing us of being romantic if we say we don't want to use lawyers when we drop out.
LEARY: All right, fine, I admire you for dropping out farther than I am. (laughter)
SNYDER: Farther than thou. (laughter)
LEARY: I assure you, Gary, that as soon as I've done this little yoga bit of passing on what I've learned and what I've thought about, I'm dropping out too. I'm not going to spend the rest of my life...
GINSBERG: What would you like to do?



"BABY HASH"

LEARY: I'm going to go away to a beach and life on the beach. I'm going to take LSD once a week and I'm going to take hashish once a day at sunset and I'm going to have babies and I'm going to learn from our babies.
SNYDER: That's beautiful. What are you going to do?
WATTS: I'll tell you. I am trying to act as a pontifex, which is a bridge-builder, between two worlds: the world of the people who are anxious and concerned and square and think that they can use their wills to put things to right, and therefore are asking what should be done and what should not be done; and on the other hand, the people who know that this is a delusion and a farce, and are dropping out.

And I'm going to stay BANG in the middle and I'm going to learn the languages of both tribes.
SNYDER: What'll you do after that?
WATTS: This will take me the rest of my life. (laughter)
SNYDER: Tim was talking about what he was going to do after that.
LEARY: No, I want to comment on what Alan has done in the last ten, fifteen, twenty... I don't know how long you've been doing it...you have been living completely dropped out. And the tribute you paid Gary, I think should be paid to you. You've never collected your IBM check from the establishment.

And you have influenced hundreds of thousands of people, millions of people.
WATTS: But that's only to say, Tim, that I've been in the position of somebody running his own private business. I'm my own employer, I run my own business, like somebody who runs a barber shop on the corner or...
LEARY: I wouldn't say that. I would say you're a wandering guru. You don't attach yourself to an ashram. You are, in the classic sense of the word, the perfect, effective, wandering mendicant.
WATTS: Yes, it's true I do that, but I also support seven dependents.
LEARY: Which is a trick that most gurus couldn't do!
WATTS: And therefore I'm concerned to stay in the bridge position between these two worlds.
LEARY: Well, suppose we had a tribal situation which would take over the support of seven dependents.
GINSBERG: I want my tribe card!

What I want is to get some land and settle there, alone or with people, with enough money to support electricity and a large house, and fiddle around with manuscripts and go walking in the woods and then rush off and take a plane to India. That's what I'd like to do.
LEARY: What are you going to do in India?
GINSBERG: In India, just wander around and then apply for a visa to China...and find out how a tribal society does there, too.

WATTS: I'll tell you what I do want to do after all...when I'm through with this bridge-building business, when I'm over seventy years of age, I'm going to retire to a small plot of land...
LEARY: Would you say "drop out", Alan? (laughter)

PSYCHEDELIC HERBS

WATTS: Well, I'll tell you. I'm going to cultivate an herb garden, and there will be three patches. They'll be very small One for culinary herbs, one for medicinal herbs, and one for psychedelic herbs.

And alongside this little tiny garden, where the herbs grow, there will be a big wooden barn where they will all be hanging up to dry--in their little jars... (laughter) And I'll putter around there as an old man.

That's beyond my present ideal of trying to be an interpreter, of not only East to West, but of the squares to the underground.
LEARY: The young to the old.
GINSBERG: Yeah, but if everything were reversed properly, wouldn't the squares become the Bodhisattvas, really? What if we had a REAL revolution and we were all wrong?

GROUND OF THE UNIVERSE

WATTS: Yes, but the squares are the very far-out people because they don't know where they started from.

You see, if by virtue of a psychedelic experience you know where you started from, you know that you are basically the Ground of the Universe.

But all these poor people ARE the Ground of the Universe, which has forgotten itself, and has gotten itself into a completely far-out situation, where it doesn't know where it started. And so you must say to them: "Congratulations."
LEARY: Practical Suggestion Number 6 is: I suggest that we have a series of Be-Ins starting in Europe in the middle of

the summer, and that we continue to have Be-Ins across Europe, perhaps retracing the steps of the Crusades. We could call it a Crusade of Penitence or...

SNYDER: Children's Crusade.

LEARY: Yeah, the Children's Crusade...And that we have a series of Be-Ins...Not that all of us have to be there, but some of us could drop in and on, and work towards the East this way. Because, I'm convinced that what was started at the Human Be-In in San Francisco generated a momentum which must not be lost because of our particular predilections with our own fantasies. And, without tight organization or leadership, but cellular collaboration, I'd like to see this thing move as cells always move, or as clouds move, across this anguished and increasingly metallic planet...

GINSBERG: "Anguished and increasingly metallic!"

LEARY: Bad poetry?

GINSBERG: No, that was nice.

LEARY: So I suggest that we have meetings in cities April 21st. I suggest we have one national meeting perhaps June 21st, and that we start moving through Europe to the East so that we would, on September 21st, be on the door between India and China, with as many Indians or Westerners or people that we've picked up on the way...I think that's the quickest way to end racial prejudice and the war in Viet Nam.

CROSS CULTURAL PURPOSES

SNYDER: Some cultures are not going to understand this; they're not ready for it.

GINSBERG: You're not going to get more than 20,000 people, and that was done anyway by Shankara-deo and he got stopped at the border of Burma. The Burmese let him through but the Chinese wouldn't let him through, and the Indians were upset...

SNYDER: There's a social-historical problem here: California is the only place that is ready for this, probably... Like, you couldn't do this in Japan.

LEARY: It's already done that. Why not?

SNYDER: No, but you can't do it yet. A great percentage of the world is going to have to move through the drama of Western culture and technology in some accelerated way, before they're ready for this.

America is the only culture in which a number of people have seen through it and are able to go beyond it.

Japan isn't ready to, for example. It would be incredibly eccentric for them. Nobody's ready to try it out.

PHOTO: PAUL KAGAN

PEPSI DEGENERATION

LEARY: I question that. I think that if you look at the spread of American ideology, France is just now starting it's superdrugstores. You must not fail to realize the authentic... deep American spirit behind this. And I think that if it's taken 15 years for France to accept the superdrugstore, why not six months to accept the Be-In in San Francisco?

See, the way they spread drugs or Coca-Cola or Pepsi-Cola was, when Coca-Cola first showed up in the Grand Canal in Venice or Coca-Cola first showed up in Pakistan, it was considered eccentric.

But if Pepsi-Cola can do it, the energy and the cellular productivity which started here can move much more quickly because it's talking to deeper things in the human being than Pepsi-Cola.

I think this thing should start moving.

SNYDER: So many of these people in Africa and Asia are caught up in the drama of progress.

VfA: They want nothing more than to come to America and get a large apartment and a large car...

SNYDER: This is part of the paradox.

LEARY: We can tell them... I feel the same way about the problem with the American Negro. Does he have to become a middle-class white before he can then go on and leave that? I don't think we have to go through these historical periods, I think it's possible to move it faster and to jump...

SNYDER: Well, I hope it's possible to accelerate it, but you can't take it around the world this year, or next year..

LEARY: Are you sure?

SNYDER: Yeah...I'm sure...

GINSBERG: If we all got together and tried we could.

TEN MEN IN A DROP-OUT

LEARY: I say ten people--ten men--who really would give to it can change this planet within a year. Ten men who would...drop out.

SNYDER: If we change America we are changing the planet.

LEARY: I'd like to have an electrician in my tribe.

VfA: Everything that's been said here tonight is in the air, in Haight-Ashbury, right now. There's a movement for people to set up small, organic cooperatives; not formal but small, organic cooperatives. There is a movement for people to move to the land, they want to get out of the city.

There's only one thing, this would naturally set up small religions on the land, and that's where they should be.

There is only one thing that I can see that is missing, and that is the land itself. If there is some way...

As you said, Tim, we can get together without getting structured, perhaps, to encourage people to set up small religious groups, perhaps we can get together in some way to make it possible for people without money to acquire a small amount of land and go and live on the land and work on the land.

I don't know if this is possible.

VfA: But the way to do it is by transferring information from people who already have DONE it!

You see, we're not creating anything. It's happening already, all we have to do is look at where it's happening and link those together--just as far as the knowledge and the experience of one group--and give that to those embryonic groups that aren't going already.

VfA: Just give them some legal status so that they can work the land...

In other words, so that they can pay rent for it or buy it. Because when you drop out, you don't have money and it's difficult to acquire land.

Alan can do it, but you know, Alan's got something going for him but the kids haven't. They haven't got money to acquire the land, and they're looking for land.

LEARY: That's ridiculous, Ok...Suppose eight or ten or five couples or a group of eight or ten meet, in the Haight Ashbury district, in one of those meditation centers we set up.

They say, hey, we want to get some land. Then they go to work maybe for six months. They all take jobs and they all live in one house. So instead of paying eight rents, they pay one rent, and in that short period they can make enough money to get started. That's no problem.

Now, Michael (Bowen) just mentioned communication. I suggest that we use the San Francisco Oracle; and Practical Step No. 42 (laughter) is: Why don't we try to get the San Francisco Oracle distributed nation-wide? So that it would be a loose, non-structured, non-hierarchical way of passing on ...and becoming a forum.

VfA: We've already got somebody in Los Angeles who's going to print an Oracle in Los Angeles. We're going to send them the negatives. We need somebody in New York to do the same.

LEARY: We'll do that in New York.

VfA: Chet Helms just came back from London and said the people from Indica Books are also interested in the Oracle.

GINSBERG: Yeah, but the conditions described here don't really obtain in New York. What do you do in New York?

LEARY: New York needs a tremendous amount of spiritual help and...

SNYDER: I don't think you live in New York.

GINSBERG: There's a lot of very beautiful people living in New York.

SNYDER: Well, if they all moved out of New York, they'd still be beautiful, and you could meet them someplace else.

GINSBERG: That's a possibility. You may have to go up to northern New York to...

SNYDER: No, the gathering of the tribes is the model of that. Cities are nothing but extended tribal gatherings which have become stabilized and made sort of semi-permanent.

Like, what were originally temporary markets, temporary dances and temporary gatherings. Except nobody goes away.

COMING:

In the next issue of the Oracle we hope to tell the truth about the American Indian; past, present and future. We invite all and everyone to make known their tribal visions.

PHOTOS: PAUL KAGAN

They just stay there all the time.

Now, you go to New York because you want to see your friends and because the action is there. Now that's only about a thousand people, really.

If those thousand people were living in the middle of the prairie in Nebraska, you'd go to the middle of the prairie in Nebraska, you see? Instead of New York...

GINSBERG: Yeah, but I enjoy the beehive hum of New York.

SYNDER: Well, you're corrupt ...You're a transitional figure, Ginsberg... (laughter).

VfA: Do you think as well when you live in New York?

GINSBERG: Yeah, and slightly different thoughts.

LEARY: Allen is the mayor of one of the busiest, most populous precincts of New York.

A DEER PARK

SNYDER: It's not an environment one would want to live in because the air is filthy...

GINSBERG: It's certainly interesting to figure out what to do with New York. But what are we going to do with seven million people?

SNYDER: Seven million people will be dead within 70 years.

GINSBERG: So you think the shells of buildings will be left standing and there will be a reduced population?

SNYDER: Why not?

LEARY: There will be deer grazing in Times Square in 40 years.

GINSBERG: ...Hell, possibly!

SNYDER: They'll just think of something else, and leave it behind. That's happened to many cities... Look at Angkor-Wat, they all left it.

LEARY: Rome, Jerusalem,... Chichen Itza, Alexandria, etc...

GINSBERG: Oh yeah, but where are seven million people going to go?

SNYDER: They're going to die.

GINSBERG: They're all going to die, and not have children?

SNYDER: Their children won't necessarily be there. Some may want to go someplace else.

GINSBERG: What are you going to do with seven million children?

SNYDER: They'll be someplace else.

GINSBERG: When? Seven million people take a lot of land.

SNYDER: No, they just spread out (laughter). Like, what happened to the children of the people who left Angkor-Wat? They left it.

GINSBERG: Some got killed.

SNYDER: A lot of them got killed. A lot of people are going to die.

GINSBERG: Now, how do you think this is going to happen? People are just going to die off, or...

SNYDER: No, people are going to change their feelings. The drama is changing. What people are interested in is not things but states of mind. That is the cultural shift that is taking place now.

WATTS: Now, this is a very important statement.

SNYDER: We've turned a corner. It's a bigger corner than the Reformation, probably. It's a corner on the order of the change between Paleolithic and Neolithic.

It's like one of the three or four major turns in the history of man--not just culture--but man.

WATTS: Right. Now. An enormous number of people go into the heart of New York every day for no other reason than to shop.

They are to a large extent frustrated women living in those wretched dormitories. Their husbands are working, and the women go in in order to get some kind of a sense of existence, of being, by buying things!

Now supposing it happens that, instead of that, they change their state of mind; and instead of going out and getting goosed by buying something, they change their state of mind sitting where they are in the first place.

Then Bonwit Teller... everything in the middle of town, simply collapses! Lord & Taylor, and so on, have no more reason for existence.

It's like Market Street in San Francisco, where everything is slowly falling apart because it's so ridiculous to park there and you can't get at the place, anyhow.

GINSBERG: But where are people going to buy their Uher tape recorder machines...

SNYDER: Suppose they don't want them?

GINSBERG: Well, we all have them.

SNYDER: But we're transitional figures...

LEARY: We'll byy 'em from Viet Nam...?

SNYDER: We don't need them. I would be happy to hear Larry Bird sing his Corn Dance and I don't want to tape it. I'll hear it and that's in my mind for the rest of my life.

WATTS: Right.

GINSBERG: I mean, the problem here is there's a withering away of the state.

LEARY: It's called: Let the

state disintegrate, Allen.

GINSBERG: In an advanced technology such as we are talking about unless you can imaginatively transform it into some Buckminster Fuller process, you know, and each individual tribe can operate and create whatever it needs. Other than that there is the technology as we know it now, like a large electronic network.

SNYDER: I think that the technology withers away as people learn to do it themselves. It's more interesting to do it yourself at home with your friends. Like, sit around and blow the buffalo horn and blow the conch horn and not turn on the television.

GINSBERG: That was like conditions that were possible when the continent held 15 million Indians. But now the continent holds a great many more.

WATTS: The whole problem is reproduction. It's not only the reproduction of the species in a sexual way, but reproduction as we are now reproducing what we are saying on tape.

Because if, supposing this conversation were very turned on and far out (I don't know whether it is or not) people would say: "Oh, what a pity that didn't get recorded."

Because, see, "It didn't really HAPPEN unless it was recorded." And increasingly we're developing all kinds of systems for verifying reality by echoing it.

SNYDER: Well, trained minds remember and the words of the Buddha were all remembered b by oral tradition. And they came down for two hundred years before anybody put it down in writing because people were paying attention to what he said.

VfA: Only then did they start embellishing it.

WATTS: But Krishnamurti would argue that remembering it was already a fallacy.

SNYDER: Well, he's very pure (laughter).

That which is really worthwhile is what you remember.

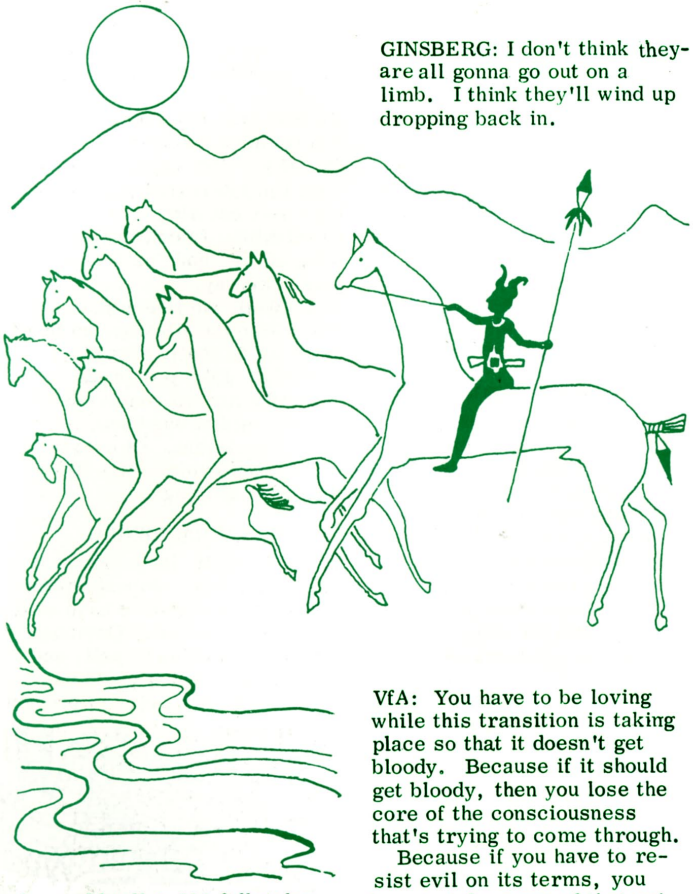
And if you've forgotten it, it wasn't that great. Or, like, if

PHOTO: PAUL KAGAN

you can't remember it then that's too bad.

Part of what happens to us with civilization is that we lose the faculty of memory. In non-literate civilizations the capacity to remember and transmit songs and tales and myths is extraordinary.

Like, Melville Herskovitz, when he did his field work in Dahomey, found one raconteur who could tell 3,500 folk tales, all different.



VfA: Gary, in anthropology isn't it true that when you train yourself and learn an oral tradition, writing is not necessary and it's only when we start to use words that we've lost the oral tradition?

LEARY: Written words.

SELF-EDITING

SNYDER: The thing about the oral tradition is that it's self-editing and that which is not worth saving drops out. So you don't get this extraordinary accumulation of trivia in the libraries.

VfA: We should consider what IS happening, what actually is happening. Not so much the ideal but what actually is taking place.

GINSBERG: There's a big bust supposedly announced in the Haight Ashbury either by rumor or by reality...John Sinclair is busted in Detroit ...

VfA: At the same time, we should realize the cybernetic civilization is taking place and that people disgusted with the cybernetic civilization are dropping away and becoming whatever it is...something else.

There is a division, because the children of the people who drop out, don't drop back in. Their tribal customs are different. They look different. The children follow the adults and so on.

GINSBERG: I don't think they are all gonna go out on a limb. I think they'll wind up dropping back in.

VfA: You have to be loving while this transition is taking place so that it doesn't get bloody. Because if it should get bloody, then you lose the core of the consciousness that's trying to come through.

Because if you have to resist evil on its terms, you have to take some of that poison into yourself and therefore dilute what's taking place. So the loving attitude has got to be thought of constantly. People must be educated in that regard.

GINSBERG: What's interesting about that is that finally in Viet Nam -- what you do have is a collection of tribes being organized by various parties and finding themselves in the middle of a large-scale fight.

What do you feel about Rubin and Savio's concern with Viet Nam? I saw Savio weeping about the Viet Nam war...an image of the Viet Nam war in his mind.

"POT": REBELLION OR RELIGION

LEARY: Well, that's a different thing. I respect his sincerity, but his tactics are part of the game which created the Viet Nam war -- power politics.

I want to suggest Practical Suggestion Number 99, and that is some way of reminding the young people who are being busted for pot that they are involved in something tremendously holy.

In India today the people who have the most respect, in some quarters, are those who went to jail for their principles during the independence fight. You can't be a politician in India today unless you went to jail with Gandhi.

I see the people being put in jail today for the possession of marijuana as being in a very similar position.

I would say that 90 per cent of the people in jail in the United States today (and there must be 40 or 50 thousand of them) belong to three groups: they are either young, creative or they are minority groups.

There are very few WHITE, MIDDLE-CLASS Americans in jail for possession of marijuana.

I think it is important to give the young pot smokers and the young acid heads a sense of their historical meaning, that they're doing the most important thing that could be done, that they're not rebels. The choice is between being rebellious and being religious.

GINSBERG: Do you feel, for instance...I was talking about that the other day and someone mentioned the young cats who went south as activists for the Negroes -- who felt that they had like an equal perception of reality around them and were like, really heroic, and were doing as much as any drug group for extension of consciousness and extension of relationships.

LEARY: I don't think so. You see, I feel very clear about this one issue, that you can't DO good unless you FEEL good. You can't do right unless you feel right.

I think it's so easy to an American to go off to another place where you look down on a primitive people and spread the missionary zeal.

I think that many of the white middle-class intellectuals who went south during the civil rights movements were like Baptist missionaries, who went to far-out places to make themselves feel virtous.

I don't think any good was done by that.

GINSBERG: You can say the same thing about anybody who's taking acid, to make themselves virtuous...

LEARY: Oh, I agree, if you take acid for a sense of...

THE QUALITY OF PEOPLE

GINSBERG: So, if you go south with that sense, yes...But I'm impressed by the quality of the people that I met who have been south, or by the quality of their statements, or by the quality of their art.

VfA: If we are telling the kids they are doing something holy, to a certain extent we have to be a little bit holy. Holiness is giving and we have to learn to give.

The Diggers have said that, since the Be-In on Jan. 14, thousands and thousands of kids--who don't really know where they're at, but who are attracted because they want to know where they are at, have come to the city.

But they come to the city and they don't know whether to be defiant; they don't know what to be. And unless they can become bridges for themselves, each person a bridge for themselves so they can show what they HAVE got is something giving.

Yet the message doesn't get across.

VfA: We've got to become saints.

SNYDER: Which is not even a silly thing to say.

MEDITATION CENTERS

LEARY: They've got to be told that they're pursuing the holiest role.

Well, again, if we had these meditation centers in all cities there would be centers where the Gita would be read, where the ancient Sutras would be read, where they would be reminded. This is not teaching...

SNYDER: What we need is personal example all over the place.

LEARY: I would suggest that in these meditation centers there be some program of readings, not in the sense of educating or teaching facts, but just REMINDING young people and any person who drops out and turns on that they are a part of an ancient profession, the only holy profession.

The profession has kept the flame going and it certainly should express itself in pushing that Mercedes.

VfA: Do you think it's practical to try to get some sort of meditation in the public schools?

LEARY: No. Drop out of the public schools. The public schools cannot be compromised with.

VfA: Why say you can't compromise with the public schools if you're going to compromise with the technology?

LEARY: We're not compromising with IBM or General Electric. We're simply saying, as Gary has said, that part of man's karmic heritage is the ability to do incredible things with his hands and his analytic mind. But they should be holy things.

SNYDER: It's a question of right occupation or right conduct. It's not that technology is bad, or that schools are bad.

JOY AND DELIGHT

WATTS: Well, now look here. What are we saying when we say something is holy? That means that you should take a different attitude to what you are doing than you were, for example, doing it for kicks.

Now there's a curious thing here. I have noticed with Allen Ginsberg that when he chants Hindu sutras he doesn't do it in a pious way.

There's a JOYOUSNESS and a feeling of DELIGHT to doing this chant that has more zip to it than anything we knew in the past as being holy.

Now when you were doing something holy in the past you had to put on a solemn expression of saying we are doing this but it hurts, but it's good for us. He is not doing that when he chants that.

He's not saying it hurts and therefore it's good for me. He's saying it's good for me because I enjoy it. It's gorgeous!

I'm going right in there and I'm going to say all these Om Hare Rama Krishna Rama Hare Rama Hare et cetera. You see?

LEARY: He's turning himself on.

WATTS: Right. I told some nuns a little while ago, when the mother superior came and they were all talking about the reform of the liturgy and how the Catholic church has gotten itself into a mess by translating the Latin liturgy into terrible English and all the magic has gone out of it. And I said you should come and listen to Allen Ginsberg chant the sutras because then you'd know how to celebrate mass properly.

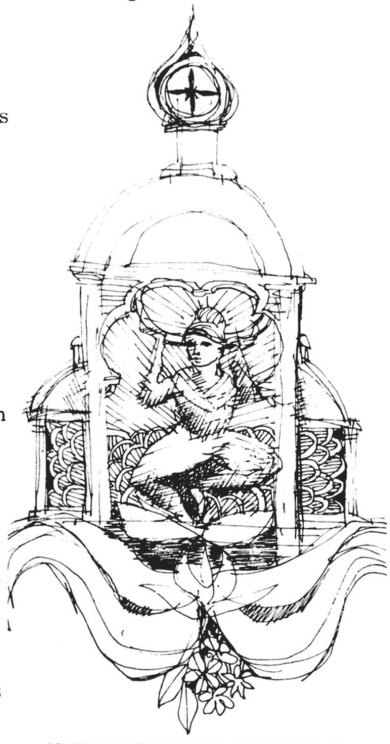
So, when we are talking about something being holy, we've got to be very careful.

Gary, you were saying all right, people have got to be saints, and you said--well, that's not just a joke to say this.

But it's got to be saints in an entirely new sense. Not this masochistic kind of sainthood, whereby: "I am holy because I hurt and the amount of personal hurt that I've piled up is the MEASURE of my holiness."

SNYDER: Well, that's the Judaeo-Christian idea that says, the Cross is at the center of the universe.

LEARY: Of course, what most Americans don't realize is that the Buddha was the greatest hipster of all, in the sense that he was the person that was teaching people how to up-level suffering and to turn on.



KRISHNA! KRISHNA! KRISHNA!

GINSBERG: So what do you think of Swami Bhaktivedanta pleading for the acceptance of Krishna in every direction?

SNYDER: Why it's a lovely positive thing to say Krishna. It's a beautiful mythology and it's a beautiful practice.

LEARY: Should be encouraged

GINSBERG: He feels it's the one uniting thing. He feels a monopolistic unitary thing about that.

WATTS: I'll tell you why I think he feels this. The mantrams, the images of Krishna, have in this culture no FOUL associations. The word God is contaminated so Tillich would say "The Ground of Being" instead of God. ANYTHING except saying God.

The words: "Get down on your knees and be humble before your heavenly father." That gives everybody the CREEPS. It's just AWFUL to say something like that, you see, because all these Christian images have horrible associations attached to them.

Whereas when somebody comes in from the Orient with a new religion which hasn't got any of these associations in our minds, all the words are new, all the rites are new, and yet, somehow it has feeling in it, and we can get with that, you see, and we can dig that!

And it can do something for us that it can't do in Japan. For example, in Japan, when young people hear the Buddha sutra chanted they think oohhh! Don't let's hear that thing, because they associate all that with "fogeyism."

Here in the Buddhist churches, in the Niseis, (Japanese Americans) they can't stand it when the priests chant the sutras in Sino-Japanese language for the oldsters.

They want to hear: (singing) "Buddha loves me this I know, for the Sutra tells me so." (laughter)

They want to be as much as they can like Protestants because that's exotic to them.

GINSBERG: But what about India, where we do have a giant psychedelic community and many tribal groups and tribal gatherings which serve as a model for our own? What kind of a material system is that, and would that be acceptable to Mario Savio?

SNYDER: Sure it's acceptable. There's only one trouble with India and that's things like goats.

WATTS: Goats!!

ECOLOGICAL IGNORANCE

SNYDER: Because the goats eat the trees. As soon as you plant young seedling trees the goats eat them.

So India has for the last thousand years suffered from a blight of deforestation.

So again there is a kind of ecological ignorance that has plagued India for about a millenium now...water and land use ignorance. And that begins because they are too far removed from their primitive understanding and connection with things.

Like something really seems to go wrong when you get into agriculture. As soon as people get into agriculture they lose a sense of animals and of wild plants and they lose those connections.

Like I'm not saying what to do about that, but there is a very important thing there that's lost. Just like the whole use of natural psychedelics goes out when we enter agriculture.

The tribes, the peoples who knew what plants would turn you on, are generally primitive and non-agricultural.

As soon as you get onto agriculture you become concerned with cultivated plants and the whole knowledge of the use of wild herbs and wild plants drops out.

THE ORACLE SPEAKS

LEARY: Practical suggestion 99A (laughter)...We all put words down, but I think that each of us should contribute when we feel like it, perhaps the yoga of once a month, a few paragraphs or perhaps a page or two to the Oracle. We can use the Oracle as our means of sharing...

GINSBERG: Well, you see, that is already building a politics and an organization.

VfA: You don't have to call it an organization.

GINSBERG: We share the Oracle and the Oracle is distributed in 9 cities. So that already involves us in dropping in again.

SNYDER: I don't mind that.

LEARY: I don't want pay for it.

SNYDER: This whole goddamn dualism or whatever it is, this confusion bugs me.

LEARY: Allen is upset about my saying drop out. He's not ready yet; Allen, drop out when you're ready. Don't worry about it, drop out when you're ready.

GINSBERG: But I'm not worried, I'm having a good time.

SNYDER: I've never been in, what I'm interested in is building a new society.

GINSBERG: I think the whole thing of "in" and "out" is a mistake someway.

VfA: Well, we live with it. We live within the illusion, so being in or out is really absurd.

SNYDER: Like people say -- 'Beatniks are all conformists', as they said at one time, but that's irrelevant. Of course, you're conformists to a different order of things.

HELL'S HAPPENING

WATTS: Well, let's look at it in another way. Robert Oppenheimer is reported to have said, quite recently that, "Obviously the world is going to hell, and the only way that it could be stopped was not to try to prevent

it from happening." (laughter)

[Ed. note: Robert Oppenheimer died a short time before publication date of the Oracle]

LEARY: The guy who invented the atomic bomb (laughs nervously).

WATTS: In other words, when there is a game going on that is on a collision course, and when this game is obviously going to lead to total destruction, the only way to get people out of the bad game is to indicate that the game is no longer interesting.

See, we've left this game and it bores us and we've got something going on over here which

(cont. p.40)

BB from p.5

Some have asked whether a great teacher has come and gone already and has been unrecognized.

Some have wondered whether Kennedy's death showed us a wave of the Divine manifesting in human affairs, snatching away our discovery as soon as the import of his vision for a needing world had moved the hearts of men.

But just as the meeting of Saturn and Jupiter in Pisces provided the rare combination of energies for the incarnation of the Christ in the man Jesus, so the stellium in Aquarius with Saturn and Jupiter conjunct in the sign of the Water-Bearer brought forth cosmic energies that will bring the emergence of the World-Teacher with his Spiritual Hierarchy of helpers who will awake, one by one, to their true role.

The time may be sooner than we think. We may not have to wait for the divine child brought forth recently to grow up for roles important to the next generation. In the book Externalization of the Hierarchy by Alice A. Bailey it is hinted that the body which the Great Lord will occupy in His appearance as World Teacher may have already been born at about the close of World War I and be awaiting the hour when humanity is ready for the message.

One of the great mysteries emerging under psychedelic substances is the recognition that the physical self is but a vehicle for the manifestation of soul forces which can be transmitted, transferred and stimulated like rays of Divine Light. Thus Incarnation means not just birth but Spiritual Birth, the Grace of the embodiment of the White Light, the Atman becoming Brahman -- in purest form in the Great Ones, the guides of the race, but also in you and you and you.

In the Bhagavad Gita, both the general and the specific manifestation of the Divine are set forth:

He who sees the Supreme Lord abiding equally in all beings, never perishing when they perish, he, verily, sees.

He is without and within all beings. He is unmoving and also moving. He is too subtle to be known. He is far away and yet He is near.

Thou shouldst tell me of Thy divine manifestations, without exceptions, whereby, pervading these worlds, Thou dost abide in them and beyond.

This form of Mine which is indeed very hard to see, thou hast seen. Even the gods are ever eager to see this form.

And I am lodged in the hearts of all; from me are memory and knowledge as well as their loss. I am indeed He who is to be known by all the Vedas. I indeed am the author of the Vedanta and I, too, the knower of the Vedas.

Among thousands of men, scarcely one strives for perfection, and of those who strive and succeed, scarcely one knows me in truth.

He who knows in truth this glory (Manifestation) and power (steady action) of Mine is united with Me by unfaltering yoga; of this there is no doubt.

Know me, O Arjuna, to be the eternal seed of all existences. I am the intelligence of the intelligent, the splendor of the splendid.

BE THOU NOUGHT BUT MY TOOL.

When righteousness declines, Oh Bharata, or weakening of right principles, when wickedness is strong, I rise, from age to age, and take a visible shape, and move a man with men. Succoring the good and thrusting evil back, and setting virtue on her seat again.

THE COLLABRIA

We present the Collabria as a liberating new term and model -- a cosmological concept which we think can melt some thought-barriers for humanity. The term Collabria was received through revelation and its authorship must be attributed to higher sources.

What does Collabria mean? We'll have to talk all around the question to make it clear, since all terms are semantic limitations, both revealing and concealing meanings. If the terms God, Brahman, the Buddha nature and so on were understood in their broadest senses, we would have no new terms for cosmic realities. But all terms undergo stereotyping -- hardening of the categories.

Teilhard de Chardin comes perhaps closest to Collabria with his term, Noosphere: a humanized energy belt which has changed the world, bringing it ever closer to total enlightenment and the completion of its destiny.

But by Collabria we mean to focus more on the vital interaction between man and man, humanity and the Spiritual Hierarchy of the Planet and man and Divinity than present terms imply.

Collabria is the total enlightenment process working out in our cosmos. It is the divine yeast of interacting energies working on us in ways good and bad, harmonious and inharmonious, beautiful and ugly, evil and good, false and true, to bring about the spiritualizing of all that is, the stimulating of awareness and the removal of separative barriers to facilitate a total enlightenment within our planetary life.

The Collabria implies unified working together on all levels of awareness to purify, broaden and harmonize the interacting energy-field stream-through our lives. It includes

(cont. p. 39)

BENDING THE BOW

SEED PODS

seed pods seen inside while high.
trip of fingers
to the farthest limits of the thigh

waft of sticky fluid, cypress resin
from peach valley
under walls of rock

Ferghana horses archt
rearing, fucking

tiny seed pods
caught and carried in the fur

foot-pad fetlock
slipping tongue

A pawtrack windfall
if my seed too--
float into you--

***

colord blood and apricot

weavd with thread
girls
moons
later let it be
come-
staind
on their soil ledge tillth
fucking bed

seed pod burrs, fuzz, twist-tailed

nut-babies

in my fucking head.

Gary Snyder

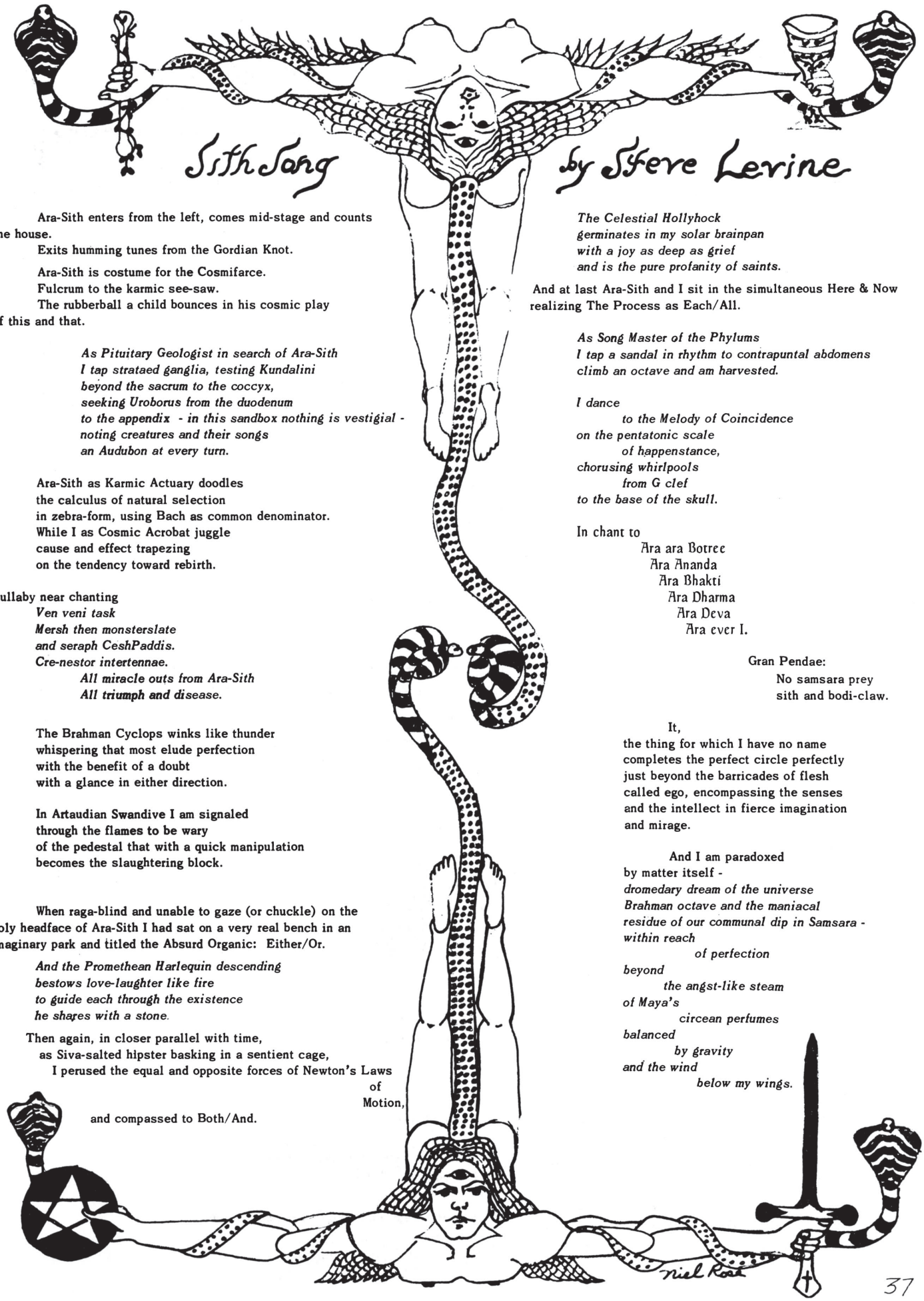
Gary Snyder

cupping her breasts
in my hands
at three a.m.
our feet and toes entwined
i came up
and into her
from behind
and spent we curled up
that way
and slept.

I am writing a poem to look
busy for the television
cameras. this
is not a poem...
I am a poem.
--Joan

O gentle sense
send city gleam afar
a message from a multitude
to say we are
the strangely tongued
foregathered here
to speak as one
and sweetly say
what utters
the essential meaning
of ourselves.

harry monroe



Sith Song

by Steve Levine

Ara-Sith enters from the left, comes mid-stage and counts the house.

Exits humming tunes from the Gordian Knot.

Ara-Sith is costume for the Cosmifarce.
Fulcrum to the karmic see-saw.
The rubberball a child bounces in his cosmic play
of this and that.

As Pituitary Geologist in search of Ara-Sith
I tap strataed ganglia, testing Kundalini
beyond the sacrum to the coccyx,
seeking Uroborus from the duodenum
to the appendix - in this sandbox nothing is vestigial -
noting creatures and their songs
an Audubon at every turn.

Ara-Sith as Karmic Actuary doodles
the calculus of natural selection
in zebra-form, using Bach as common denominator.
While I as Cosmic Acrobat juggle
cause and effect trapezing
on the tendency toward rebirth.

Lullaby near chanting
Ven veni task
Mersh then monsterslate
and seraph CeshPaddis.
Cre-nestor intertennae.
All miracle outs from Ara-Sith
All triumph and disease.

The Brahman Cyclops winks like thunder
whispering that most elude perfection
with the benefit of a doubt
with a glance in either direction.

In Artaudian Swandive I am signaled
through the flames to be wary
of the pedestal that with a quick manipulation
becomes the slaughtering block.

When raga-blind and unable to gaze (or chuckle) on the holy headface of Ara-Sith I had sat on a very real bench in an imaginary park and titled the Absurd Organic: Either/Or.

And the Promethean Harlequin descending
bestows love-laughter like fire
to guide each through the existence
he shapes with a stone.

Then again, in closer parallel with time,
as Siva-salted hipster basking in a sentient cage,
I perused the equal and opposite forces of Newton's Laws of Motion,

and compassed to Both/And.

The Celestial Hollyhock
germinates in my solar brainpan
with a joy as deep as grief
and is the pure profanity of saints.

And at last Ara-Sith and I sit in the simultaneous Here & Now realizing The Process as Each/All.

As Song Master of the Phylums
I tap a sandal in rhythm to contrapuntal abdomens
climb an octave and am harvested.

I dance
to the Melody of Coincidence
on the pentatonic scale
of happenstance,
chorusing whirlpools
from G clef
to the base of the skull.

In chant to
Ara ara Botree
Ara Ananda
Ara Bhakti
Ara Dharma
Ara Deva
Ara ever I.

Gran Pendae:
No samsara prey
sith and bodi-claw.

It,
the thing for which I have no name
completes the perfect circle perfectly
just beyond the barricades of flesh
called ego, encompassing the senses
and the intellect in fierce imagination
and mirage.

And I am paradoxed
by matter itself -
dromedary dream of the universe
Brahman octave and the maniacal
residue of our communal dip in Samsara -
within reach
of perfection
beyond
the angst-like steam
of Maya's
circean perfumes
balanced
by gravity
and the wind
below my wings.

THE UNFOLDING

It begins when we see
the dearest of flesh
is our own.
Is another's.

Comprehend slowly
we are all one.
The dearest of flesh
is the human.
What we all share.

The dearest of flesh
is warm-blooded.
Is vertebrate.
The dearest of flesh
breathes.
As these walls between us
are breathing, and the ground
breathes under our feet.

See at last
all form dissolving
as the universe
turns into light.
The dearest of flesh is divine.

— Richard Barker

BREAD

There is a Bread with towers inside spraying lightning
burning in our window!
One bite and the undersea serpents begin!
Neon heads phosphoresce at the tips of our Bodies
and swim across electrical arcs when we touch,
when we touch an animal creature
beauteous & trembling in Earth's coverts deep in the dark
heart
fearful until a crooning swarm of touch begins from us
luring it up into soluble traps of embrace,
a moment to be so held
against destruction! Lifted up in fiery showers
high above jewel avalanches pearling toward waiting
acid seas! O awaiting acids devour
death gleam by gleam undersea in
makeshift tunnels of stone and drop
fine starry powder from passing clouds
day by day on our pausing foreheads
touched by the low sky! O
our foreheads brush against serpent-bellies of air
as we pass by on streets of machinery & pain
harsh as diamonds in our Eye
and our steps crack neon wrinklings
from these streets leaping about us like
baskets of serpents veering away from our gaze,
BUT WE MOVE TO YOU, UNKNOWN ONE, BLUE
MAGNETIC STRANGER, HIGH!
This exquisitely painful Bread burning in our window,
this dough of our hearts waiting your
fiery touch!
O undersea serpents begun alive at your touch!
And these towers inside spraying lightning
for your face to appear in for an instant unshadowed
spreading away
Smile on smile of delight!
To pave these streets with stones of a bearable
Light!
HEAVEN IN OUR EYE AND EARTH IN OUR
BREAD OF LIFE!
!!!!!!!!!!
— Daniel Moore

FROZEN IN THE TAO-VERSE

In the winter's hair, we walked among the

Apples. Rosetta, jewel of sound
I have fallen in love with the air, and you
Vegetable world.

You are a wall to my hands
I do not move, as the ox
Nor swim, as the dove
Is there silence in the palm tree, Arab brothers?

THREE THREE, lines of words
You, reader, I may eat the shit
of one thousand goats,
You, reader, I may climb into the
Woman shaman

Africa, bleeding FATHERS
ASIA, weeping sisters
I am awake to the chant of a swami
We are all planets in the Taoverse
Silver sacred hearts of junkie painters
To their sun declare

Dancing through Santa Clara in California
Saving taxi drivers from death
Pissing on apples, Four brassieres in
the Eye of an Alphabet

And still there is the death of the young Camus.

Israel Halpern

visible, invisible & indivisible aspects of the planetary (FROM 35) life. It avoids dichotomies of I-you, spirit-matter, God-man that have plagued philosophers and theologians for centuries.

We will have to act out a Collabrian way of life before we can discover fully what this amount of brotherhood and mutual identification can mean. We feel alienated from God because He is conceived as "up there" and limited to the good, the true and the beautiful. Collabria is all of us plus the world of spiritual forces, and is here and now -- the Lila of the Divine Dance being danced on a twentieth century stage at the two-thirds point of 1967.

You are a Collabrian, so am I. Let's act like it -- whatever that means. We owe it to the total Collabria to live up to a new model of unified harmony. An energized thought-wave that is yours this moment may be mine with the next breath. May you find the vision to give it glory, beauty and Light. I need it.

FUTURE ECONOMIC SYSTEMS

"There are adepts who are thorities upon modern financial matters, and these initiates of the fourth degree are competently preparing to institute later those newer techniques and modes of financial interplay which will supersede the present disastrous methods; they will inaugurate a system of barter and exchange, of which modern money is the travestied symbol. This newer method of financial relationships will be comprehensively human and it will supersede big business and private enterprise. It will, at the same time, however, retain those phases of modern enterprise which will draw out the initiative and the resourcefulness of the individual"... In this stage of economic reorientation, humanity will be relieved of all economic anxiety and will be free to rebuild the world and humanity in an enlightened pattern.

When the world is ready for an over-all financial adjustment, the principle of sharing will be a recognized motivating concept of the new civilization. "This will not involve beautiful, sweet and humanitarian attitudes. The world will still be full of selfish and self-seeking people, but public opinion will be such that certain fundamental ideals will motivate business, being forced on business by public opinion; the fact that the new general ideas will in many cases be governed by the expedience of interplay will not basically matter. It is the sharing that is of importance. When an avatar called the "adjuster of finances" appears, he will find conditions greatly changed from those now prevalent.

1. The principle of barter and exchange, (to the benefit of all concerned) will control.

2. Owing to the development of atomic energy on behalf of human welfare, national currencies will have been largely superseded, not only by a system of barter but by a universal monetary exchange -- representative of the bartered goods when they are relatively small and unimportant -- and by a planned scale of related values. National material assets and the needed commodities will all be provided for under an entirely new system.

3. Private enterprise will still exist, but will be regulated; the great public utilities, the major material resources and the sources of planetary wealth-iron, steel, oil and wheat, for instance -- will be owned in the first place by a governing, controlling international group; they will, however, be prepared for international consumption by national groups chosen by the people and under international direction."

GURU (cont. from p. 24)

communally, turn on, and tune in wherever you are. It's hard, I know, to be a Hippie Tribe in a Midwestern town or in the Bible Belt. But if Haight-Ashbury goes topless and booze-oriented, property of the syndicates, there should be other centers ready to receive the refugees.

"It is the business of the future," wrote Alfred North Whitehead, "to be dangerous."

The business of the future must be carried on. If not, there will probably be no future.

Be dangerous--love somebody today!

TEO - - cont. from p. 25

quences pharmaceutical atropine should be readily available.

The A. pantherina is the safest to ingest but the similarity between it and the deadly poisonous A. phalloides makes the pantherina extremely dangerous because of the possibility of mistaken identity. The A. muscaria is easy to identify (see any illustrated guide book, especially The Mushroom Hunters Field Guide, Alexander H. Smith, 1966).

If you take the mushroom trip, exercise extreme caution. Stay away from the A. pantherina unless you know for sure that it's not the phalloides (for a good reproduction of the phalloides and its deadly cousin, the A. phalloides var. R., better known as "the destroying angel", see The National Geographic. vol. 37, p. 387, 1920).

The toxic effects of the A. muscaria can be partially eliminated by removing the skin and warts of the caps, or by marinating the mushroom in salt or vinegar, or by drinking milk when the mushroom is ingested (these are traditional means of making the mushroom safe for ingestion). But since the preponderance of the muscarine and atropine is located in the skin and warts, you might not get high if you eliminate or neutralize the surface areas.

You might read The Sacred Mushroom by Andrija Puharich so that you may better attain a state of grace for the mushroom trip.

BOM BOM (cont. from p. 21)

philosophy of India has made us reflect that we are not wise to let circles close around definitions unless escaping on the smoke rings of the mind to other things not of the mind.

To find reverence for lovely thighs brushing brave passions with caressing lips, and breasts to bite and kiss in ways that keep forever living in the smoke, incense, and prayers of bhang and charas and ganja --all derived from hemp--to smoke ethereal substances received from god and ten times more potent than the hemp derivatives available to Western man, whose preference for alcohol stir hungers it will never sate. The wine of the grape leads men to war, not to the spirit. Alcohol is ingested and men are lost because, drunk and mistaking the moral of the wafer as they have that of the wine, and cannabalistic, they eat meat until gorged to repletion.

We in the West prefer postures while in the East life assumes postures of love, and while life sleeps hate dreams of love. We are the god love discovers. Man has emerged with crucible in hand, remade by the discovery that LSD is Promethean fire, and desire is free to discover delight in hidden gardens.

An Evening with THE FUGS Saturday, April 22 — 8:30 p.m. Berkeley Community Theatre. Adm: $2.50, $3.50, $4.50. Tickets: Downtown Center B.O., 325 Mason St., SF, (PR 5-2021); Sherman Clay B. O., 2135 Broadway, Oakland (HI 4-8575); Record City, 2340 Telegraph, Berkeley.

is where it's at, you know.

This is where it's at, and everybody is playing this game, you know, and they'll end up playing like YEAOOW on the mark and suddenly they realize that that's not where it's at.

So many people today are on the other side. Let's go out in the Haight-Ashbury and see what's happening over there because maybe something's happening!

SNYDER: Instead of the emphasis on the dropping out, and I think it worth the point to say there's something else going on.

GINSBERG: It doesn't sound alliteratively correct though. Tune in, turn on... there's something else by God! (laughter) Unless his language is interpreted in a way which is understandable and acceptable...

WATTS: Well now, look here Tim, in that thing at Santa Monica you made two points. One was: (a) you can't stay high all the time because when you finally come down from the high you realize that the ordinary state of conciousness is one with the high state.

This to me has been the most fantastic thing in all my LSD experiences. That the moment I come down is the critical moment of the whole experience. I suddenly realize that this everyday world around me is exactly the same thing as the world of the beatific vision.

Now, then, how do you integrate that realization with the drop-out?

BANNED IN SEATTLE

LEARY: Now, Seattle, you know, we were banned in Seattle. We went up there to talk about Menopausal Mentality and Drop Out. And at all the cocktail parties they said: "What does he mean?" Drop Out, Menopausal, Menopausal, Drop Out? I would agree to change the slogan to "Drop Out, Turn On, Drop In."

WATTS: Yes, that's always been the pattern. You have got to go alone into the silence, into the isolation, and then come back.

LEARY: It should be better, "Drop out, turn on, drop in."

GINSBERG: The other one sounded prettier.

LEARY: Yeah, it's too easy, and youth should figure that out for themselves.

WATTS: But the thing is, that at the moment, it is strongly indicated that all the values which are creating the disturbance, that is to say acquisitive values: that of buying things, possessing them, holding on to property, etc. etc. Suddenly this has become of no interest to the people who are really with it.

GINSBERG: That's where the point of it is really; that there is an actual, empirical, cultural change.

SNYDER: It's not just in our heads.

WATTS: Now we've got to remember, that at the same time, and this has to sort of be stated for the record, there is always created an illusion, which is referred to in the Gospels, "...do not pay attention to them when they say of the Messiah!" Now he is here, now he is there, now he is in the inner room, now he's in, you know, some little secret society that's going on, something special. ALL is the special thing.

UPAYA

First of all it seems to be what some group has got that's out beyond you. But really, that's the donkey's carrot, you know, tied to a collar, dangling in front of him.

You'll never get it because you have it. Really, you have the thing that is where it's at in your self all the time, only it always looks as if it's out there; some group has got it.

But the thing is that the wise group of people who are in the know, these people who know that you have it yourself, in you, you don't have to go to East Village, to the Haight-Ashbury, to anywhere, Big Sur, etc. It's with you all the time.

But the group that indicates that it's in us, will seem to the others, as if they had it out there and they'll become beguiled and interested. This is what is called in Buddhism, UPAYA, skillful means, a kind of trickery. (laughter)

LEARY: It's no question that we're suffering less, because we're striving less and that can't be underestimated in energy power. Anyone who came to the Be-In can see we're suffering less.

SNYDER: And you're suffering less if you learn how to accept suffering.

LEARY: When we're sitting around this table, we are suffering less.

WATTS: The thing that was so fascinating about the Be-In was that I...not having been able to be there, and having just read about it in the press...was that everybody was baffled as to what it was all about.

LEARY: No, just the press were.

A NEED OF NONSENSE

WATTS: There must be something going on in every healthy culture which is, in a way, nonsense. If a culture cannot afford an area in itself where pure nonsense happens, and where it is not practical, it has no objectives, it was for no reason whatsoever...then this culture is dead.

Because, after all, God is the most useless being in the universe.

But that God, you know, is in it's own existence, reality. The nature of reality is useless, it is not useful FOR something else, it is not a means to an end, it is not something that, when you look at it, you could say "So what?" Because it's IT!

LEARY: I want to put in a plug for the old teaching.

WATTS: What do you think I've been talking about, Tim?

LEARY: You take these old things about the Bible and all the old prayers and just turn them in, instead of out, the mistake is always that...they have taken the internal fears of..."have no graven images before thee." That means don't get hung up on plastic plates. "Our Father who art in Heaven..."

WATTS: Don't get hung up on THAT Father bit...

LEARY: All the fathers and and mother, you know: "Hail Mary full of grace." That's all it is, all the mothers, all the fathers. Great! As long as you center it inside.

Almost every prayer that has lasted more than two generations, cellular and mythic, works, if you address it within.

WATTS: In other words, when you get to the point in life when you realize that you're as stupid as your own grandfather, and therefore he no longer impresses you and you come at last to realize that you're out there just the same way he was.

SNYDER: My grandfather was an I.W.W. and he played a silver flute.

LEARY: I think it's important

to know who everyone's grandfather was. Your grandfather was a "wobblie."
SNYDER: He was a wobblie, a homesteader, and he played a silver flute and sat in a black leather chair with a white mustache.
WATTS: My grandfather was private secretary to the Lord Mayor of London.
LEARY: Who is your grandfather?
GINSBERG: He was a black-hatted man with a black beard who came from Russia and walked down steps in Newark and said his prayers every day.
WATTS: Tim, who was your grandfather?
LEARY: Oh, he crawled out of a sludgy pool and learned how to breathe without gills.
WATTS: Oh God, I have another grandfather come to think of it. (laughter)

On my mother's side he was a bibliologer and I have, I don't know where they are now, they have disappeared, but I have wooden boxes full of all the books of the Bible in separate volumes carefully annotated, careful handwriting.

So we only missed one generation there.
SNYDER: It's just like the Indians. Like grandfathers and the American Indians have their hair long and they follow the tribal ways.

The fathers have their hair cut short, they're Christians and they drive pick ups. The children are growing their long and they're joining the Native American Church.
WATTS: They are? In what numbers?
SNYDER: In pretty significant numbers.
GINSBERG: Larry Bird used to be alone among the Pueblos.
SNYDER: I don't think he really is. I think the kids who are seventeen, eighteen now are going to be long hairs. And that's the difference in Indians, whether they're long hairs or short hairs.
GINSBERG: What's Leary's grandfather?
LEARY: My grandfather was a watchmaker who had a nervous house with about 40 people living in it and he lived on the third floor in a room filled with books. (laughter)
GINSBERG: What city?
LEARY: Springfield, Mass.

LEARY: I have to leave now, and I want to make one motion, that we act upon every idea that was expressed tonight (laughter).
GINSBERG: You were very clear tonight. Very clear. I would say a little...funky...at moments, (laughter) but for practical suggestions, and for definition of drop out...
LEARY: What were you tonight, Allen?
GINSBERG: The majesty of the law! (laughter) ...just sitting here listening, and sort of re-reflecting my experiences in Berkeley.
LEARY: Yes, you've been very influenced by your turn-on session with Mario Savio. In addition to you turning him on, he turned YOU on...And you're concerned about him.
GINSBERG: Well, I sought him out.
LEARY: Yes, but still he turned you on, and you're concerned about him...and we consider him a tremendous energy center for good in this country, and that we want him to move along with us, dropping out, turning on, tuning in and dropping out and dropping in and turning on. But he's got to keep turning on.
GINSBERG: Well, turn on to drugs necessarily? To marijuana or LSD?
LEARY: I mean get out of his game...
GINSBERG: He IS...He lives without a telephone. He's less GAMED than any of us.

And wondering whether the Haight-Ashbury people would survive because he's facing jail. As many are facing jail in the Haight-Ashbury, many are also facing jail there in Berkeley.
LEARY: Well, I'll give one message of reassurance to him: If anything will survive in the whole world, it's going to be Haight-Ashbury, because Haight-Ashbury's got two billion years behind it. I worry about Clark Kerr and Governor Reagan and the Berkeley activists, but one thing will survive, and it's what is going on...
GINSBERG: But there's some big weird fascist stomp-out, which is what he thinks about.
SNYDER: Yeah, but Tim is right. Weird fascist stomp-outs only last for a few generations.
GINSBERG: Now wait a minute!
SNYDER: Well, sometimes they last for a millenium.
WATTS: I suppose many people who are now in jail on charges of pot smoking and so on, will in a later age be regarded as martyrs and saints.
LEARY: Let's get away from martyrs; that's a messy game.
WATTS: Wait a minute...Aren't you playing that game?
LEARY: No.
SNYDER: Oh come on, Tim...
GINSBERG: That's a really good question. That's beautiful. Aren't you playing the martyr game?

LEARY: What! Don't you think I'm happier...
GINSBERG: It's whispered in all the urinals of Cornell that you're playing the martyr game. (laughter)
WATTS: Oh, you can be a happy martyr! But I do think that there may well be, in times to come, a second Saint Timothy. And I feel honored that you're with us this evening.
LEARY: We're writing our new myth...and we have to, in our sessions, relive the Christ thing, the Buddha thing, the Krishna thing...
WATTS: I know we do, right...
LEARY: We are creating a new myth, and we won't have saints.
WATTS: But we do it, everybody in his own way discovers the immemorial truth which has been handed down, and that's the only way you can get it.

Because you can't imitate it ...you can only discover it out of your own thing, and by doing your own stuff you keep repeating the eternal pattern. This probably is the sort of situation we have.
LEARY: The seed-carrying soft body should not be embedded in steel, it does no one good, and I have no intention of going to jail, and I won't go to jail. No one should go to jail.

And I'm not going to provide any kind of model for people to go to jail for spiritual purposes.
WATTS: Well, that's gutsy; I like that (laughs).
LEARY: That's cellular! Shanti, shanti.
WATTS: Shanti, shanti.

[THE FOOL'S PLAY]

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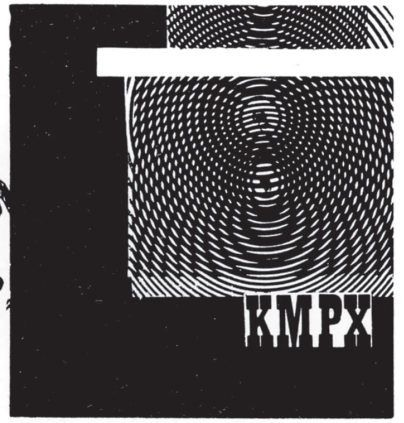

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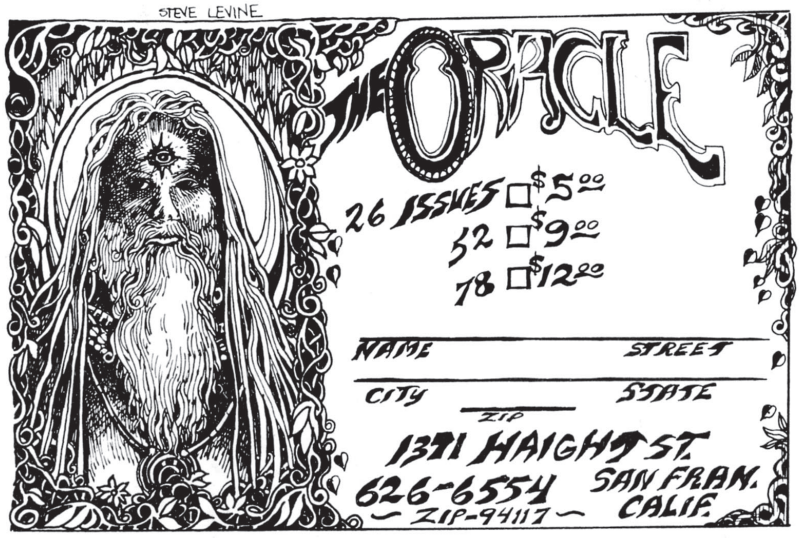
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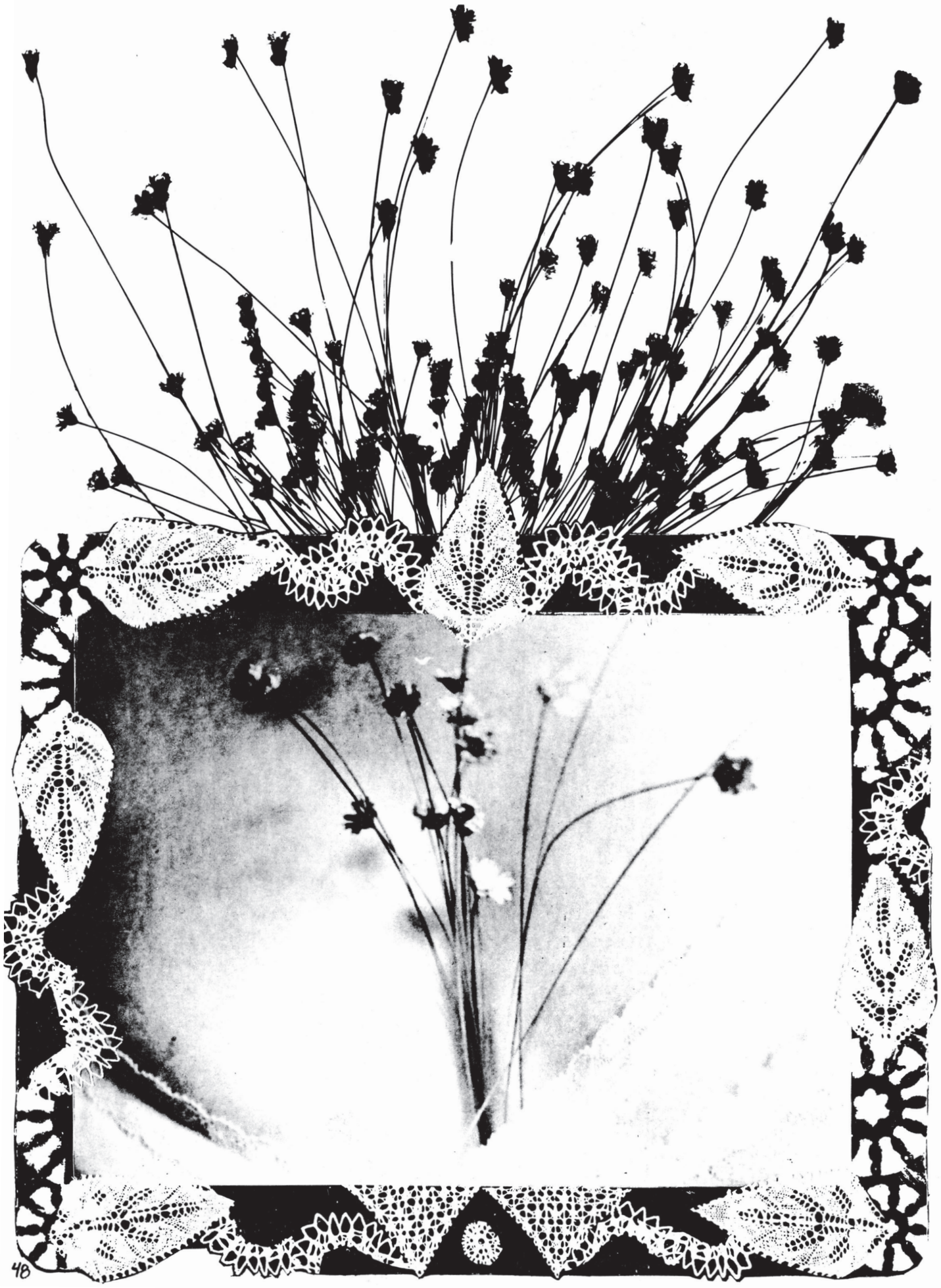

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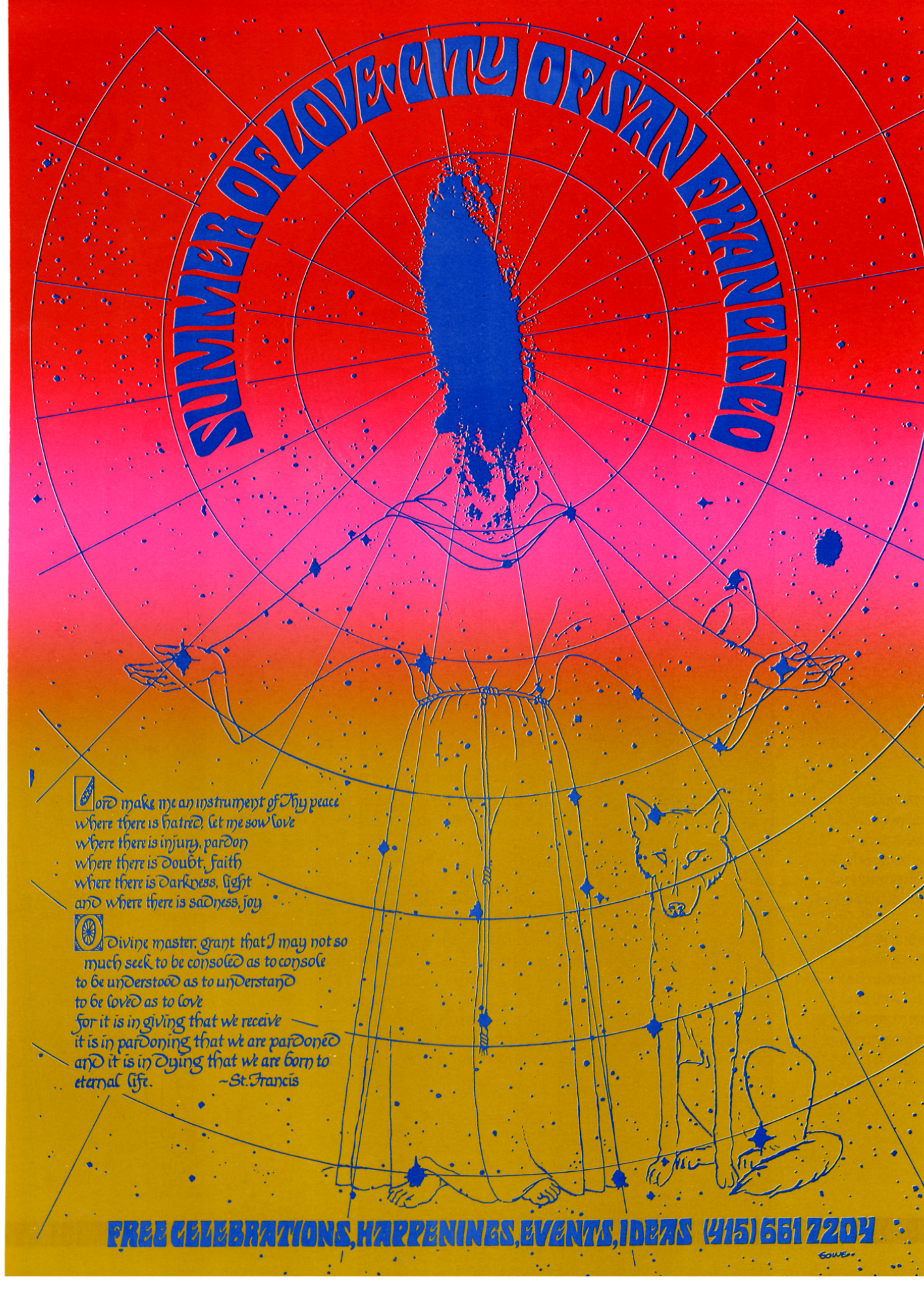

Lord make me an instrument of Thy peace
where there is hatred, let me sow love
where there is injury, pardon
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where there is darkness, light
and where there is sadness, joy

O Divine master, grant that I may not so
much seek to be consoled as to console
to be understood as to understand
to be loved as to love
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it is in pardoning that we are pardoned
and it is in dying that we are born to
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BOWER

W.A. Recently our instruments have revealed to us objects which are too bright to be stars and too small to be stars. They emit radio waves. We call them "quasars," which is short for "quasi-stellar radio-sources." The fastest of these quasars are speeding away at 76,000 miles per second, which is half the speed of light.

E.P. Our sages have taught that the fundamental energy of the universe is of the nature of what we call "consciousness," and they have taught also that this statement can be verified on his own person by anyone who wishes to take the trouble to do so, regardless of intelligence.

W.A. I don't understand what you are talking about. But about these quasars. On the assumption of the theory that the universe is expanding, speed of recession is proportionate to distance. This reckoning places the quasars at least four billion light-years away from the earth. It makes them the most distant objects yet identified.

E.P. A further teaching of our sages, asserted to be equally verifiable, is that "time" and "space" and their derivatives "speed" and "distance," do not exist PER SE; rather they are to be thought of as patterns of consciousness, the forms that the fundamental energy assumes when manifesting as what we we call "matter."

W.A. I take it you are saying that one must be careful in applying relativistic space-time concepts to what may be con-concentrations of pure energy, i.e., non-matter, or "anti-matter," as some of my colleagues have chosen to call it.

Another extraordinary fact about these quasars is that in order to be visible at such an enormous distance, a luminous object must give as much light as 50 entire galaxies, each containing an average of 100 billion stars. In other words, the energy given off by these sources is equivalent to that of 5,000 billion "suns."

E.P. In the GITA, when Arjuna finally sees the God Vishnu in his supreme universal form, he exclaims: "If there be the effulgence of a thousand suns bursting forth all at once in the heavens, even that would hardly approach the splendour of the mighty Lord."

W.A. Very interesting. I must say though that most of us scientists do not like to use words such as "LORD" or "GOD" in talking about the results of our observations.

E.P. Your methods of observation, which are external, lead you to invent concepts such as "speed of light," "electron," etc. Our observations are internal, since we regard our own consciousness as a microcosm of the universal consciousness. And the results of our observations have sometimes been formulated in terms of concepts such as "God," "Lord," etc. Such differences in language stem from differences in the technique of approaching truth, and should not be insurmountable obstacles to our ability to communicate with each other.

W.A. Well, at any rate, none of our astrophysicists have yet been able to formulate an acceptable theory to explain the origin of the terrific amount of energy given off by quasars, which outranks in brilliance anything in the known universe. In particular, none of the theories put forward so far has begun to explain the fact that quasars flicker strangely, varying in brilliance by as much as 10 per cent a month. Since nothing can travel faster than light, any object that changes in brilliance cannot be larger than the distance light would travel during the period of fluctuation. Therefore an object that flickers so fast would have to be less than one light-year in diameter (whereas normal galaxies are many thousand light-years in diameter).

E.P. Our sages hold that the universe is a radiating "field" of energy-waves, not unlike what you call an "electro-magnetic field," expanding and contracting in alternate cycles. These expanding-contracting cycles have also been called "creative-destructive," and poetically symbolized by the deities Brahma and Siva. The expansive cycle, the "day of Brahma," is several hundred million years, and we are at the present time in its last quarter, the KALI YUGA, the one most charged with destructive potential. At the end of this phase we will go into a contractile cycle, a "night of Brahma" when the creative forces sleep, lasting the same amount of time as the proceeding expansive period.

Now, clearly, the center of a field of radiations which is pulsating, must of necessity exhibit manifestations of concentrated energy far in excess of those observable in the outlying portions. The center also will seem to be pulsating faster than the periphery, just as a small wrist-watch seems to tick faster than a large clock, even though they are keeping the same "time."

W.A. If I could put that into mathematical terms it might help us. But what about the fact that apparently these quasars are not scattered at random around the universe, like the galaxies, but instead seem to possess a definite, as yet undetermined plan of arrangement?

E.P. Well, here we come to another cycle perhaps. After 100 Brahma nights and days, we reach the end of the kalpa (5 billion years) and all matter, all forms, are withdrawn into a sort of super-condensed state, which the Buddhists call "the seed-realm of the densely-packed." All creation and destruction, evolution and involution come to an end; only pure energy-consciousness is maintained. Vishnu, the preserving principle, sleeps at the bottom of the "Milk Ocean," until such time as at the beginning of a new KALPA, the observable forms of the universe manifest again, like dreams out of his quiescent consciousness.

W.A. But that seems to me to be going way beyond any possible observations or data.

E.P. Not at all. If you remember, I told you that our belief (verified by some specialists, and verifiable in principle by all, just like your astronomical observations) is that the fundamental energy of the universe is of the nature of consciousness and can be experienced in one's own psyche, which is a microcosm. The sages hold that this seed condition of the universe when Vishnu sleeps in the Milk Ocean, is at the same time a state of consciousness, here and now. It is beyond space and time and hence "exists" within the observable world. Gautama Buddha called it "the unmade, unborn, uncreated, unconditioned" without which the made, the born, the created, the conditioned would not be possible. It has also been called ALAYA VIJNANA, or "store-consciousness." The two states of the basic consciousness-energy

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THE FOURTH WORLD

by Richard Grossinger

Born into it: we were fiery whelps. The number four, as such (one, two, three, four) irrelevant---irreverent too. This is the Hopi number four anyway, rooted in the way the Hopi count days. This is the magic number four of the American Indians (on the fourth time even a god cannot keep from telling the truth). This is the number of dimensions in a solid moving through pollen.

The Navaho take the seeds of plants and suffocate young hawks in a deluge of them, breaking the strength of the torrid wings with the magic weight of grain: taking then the grain to the new-born child and dousing him with it, baptizing him in its blood and yolk.

These are the young hunters, continent herders before the days of Cortez and the Spanish (they who came in their migrations by the route of the Hopi to the Hopi themselves, while the Mongolian Navaho swept down from the North, crisscrossing the Great Mesas in a scurry of continental transformation); these are the young hunters of Asia proper (who came to see the strange lost tribe of Hopi dance before the lunar wheel with snakes in their mouths) This is the planet called America (or Mars) before coming of the White Man.

And so today we see the conjunction of America with herself (as a rock conjoins with Peter to make the Church of Rome, as gold ore conjoins with the sun to make the alchemical hearth): end of democratic metaphor, ripening of maize and myth.

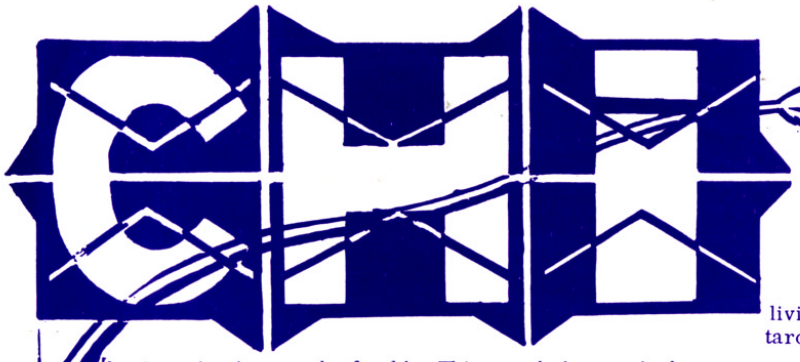
It took a century and then almost another century for the land to catch up to itself, to reclaim itself: the Fourth World, entered first by the Hopi children, entered from beneath the ocean, from beneath the Cretaceous mantle of swans and barnacles, entered through a reed with the aid of spirits in the forms of animals, who became the first creatures of a mythology developed on the surface.

Or America who is not the discovery of Columbus (that romantic color-blindness of the Western World turning east), who is a secret land, discovered as yet by no one. And still powerful enough to give its resources to the entire globe without revealing its name: magical, proud, and patient, named scum, and yet lies there in its dunes and forests, the snake it is, refusing to strike back, just yet.

They speak of patriotism: the lex patriae of this patria is a lush dense outwash, given to peaceful people to develop it by ceremonial means, to be milked cyclically (and then re-fed in prayer), to be reaped and mined under the correct stars, to be reaped and mined for the slow propagation of the indigenous spirit-forms, those that dwell in the forms of animals and grasses.

The masters of America do not hold the key to the land. Caught in a mythic trap, they lash out at the rest of the mysterious planet. They have cast their lot in this Indian country; in many battles they have established their Day of Judgement here. And their words are quick, but not quick enough to be wrapped around their deeds. There is a nakedness about their latest war that is embarassing even to the lords. In their frustration they ignite further artificial forces, thereby increasing the national debt and hastening the reckoning.

This is the hypothesis then: cosmic calling time for a deadened kingdom to pay off, to pay up; consequential forces seething in the heart of the land (as in an allegory the spirits choose their costumes, and come....and they come). And this, sir, is why black children walk your streets with those occult markings on their shirts. This is why your radio writhes with code words and accidental puns. This is why your warfare contradicts itself, and contradicts the flag (Betsy Ross, Andrew Jackson, Audie Murphy, and company), despite the strong effort of troops and ad-men, despite the careful training of troops and ad-men, despite the endless reef of supplies and words. This is why semi-conscious killers roam the streets, committing the sodomies of your dreams, while you dream. These are secret agents of a resurrecting power: eating the bones clean, lashing out at female nerves and the sperm bank of Fort Knox and Playboy Club. This is why chemical blood fills the arteries, calling to the princes of alien stars. This is why motorcycles thrive in nocturnal alleys. This is why societies of traditional ma-gic extend their power over the cells. And why flying saucers patrol, while power lines sag under the dead weight. Dead spirits glow in legions under the earth. counting backwards. Heat thrashes at the sands. The waters of dry cities are flooded through wet cities. Psychic forces hang like vultures, waiting to burst the bloody corpse. And small groups are routed; objects are reaffirmed in their names. No one believes that this is anything more than a thunderstorm, a pretense. For mally, it is the pretense of the uncompleted completing present-future active-for-round-objects-advancing-in-groups-of-four. Somewhere in America there is a magical door in a condemned building; when it is opened the actual dancers will fill the streets. To what skies do you think you are looking for help (first brigade of the defenders of her supposed fag-majesty)? There is not a blessed tree left in this land. No sacred rivers were spared. The active rocks have been ripped from their sequence to be used as parts in other machines. The sacred names you have forgotten. An Indian here and there holds a syllabic trifle that will get him out in time and then.... This is a land named after rapists and racists, named Cortez, De Soto, Sherman, Boone, Franklin; this is a land named after its conquered, the Dakota, the Ojibwa, the Iowa, the Cherokee (marching--or marched--West out of their holy jungles to hot Oklahoma turf, their land once winnowed in cycles and breaths now seized in one annual leap



by America in search of gold. This people has soaked occult sources for every dime and not paid back one watt of power; this race has chased all message-bearing birds down-canyon, out of the known sky, in psychotic search for its own clear image of society and sanctity; unwilling to share, unwilling to mix, now they must face the deep allies: they think they can win.

In the fire of the streets (incandescent cells and bombs) the blackman sees

impossible and mad colors sees
into in back of his cells sees

prowling lions
streaking

high birds
and jungle growth green
into the heart of green-
growing vine

hears the chants of a language he cannot understand breaking thru finally into the

single cry of
Simba
lion
bright orange
jungle

birds red
and hot little things
king of ceremonial Africa

the foamier rivers
the more fertile

black earth
new moon and

Simba
the blackman
coming
yes the
free assumption of black skin by the stronger animals at birth
free mixture

of panther and man

in the sperm

living fields of sorghum wheat and taro-blo

he would

come running back

into the filthy streets
of America calling

to every blackman to look into

rhythmic flashing cells
deeply turning gums would find the language

and speak its words
blaze its name
for lion
on his child's shirt
yes on his child's heart.

And Stokely Carmichael speaking to the American people saying of the blackman:

we are your
janitors we are
your maids
your porters
your DICK-DIGGERS yes!

not retracting the slip,
but affirming the strong black cell from which it came

cont. p. 6

These blacks: allies to the dead and lost Indian sons, friends to the deserted spirit-wings: these blacks the avengers of time itself, the few who were brought from magic rings of Africa to a world a million years in the future, brought as the the slaves not realizing they were the seed, and that when they were to march out from Egypt there would be a new Sinai, new laws, and heaven and earth would be a little bit closer.

"It is only materialistic people who seek to make shelters. Those who are at peace in their hearts already are in the great shelter of life. There is no shelter for evil. Those who take no part in the making of world division by ideology are ready to resume life in another world, be they of the Black, White, Red, or Yellow race. They are all one, brothers." -- Hopi Seer.

to god or any other power that would be larger than his own.

And all magic breaks down into the chemical sum, all symbols approaching the center by tonal paths: the Hopi prayer and the Swahili prayer: the blessings of the prayer-wheel, the contemplation of constellations and galaxies, the seven stars and lost sister Alcor, or the lost son, or the lost ram (trilateral root for eight stars), the careful planting of the grain and the observance of the equinox, the beasts, the dyes, the songs, the phonetics of intoning: these races the complex migratory pattern of physical bodies gyrating toward their destinies: the angels watch over all.

While the Hopi people are slowly buried the black-man picks up the message (cosmologies serve as tensor products for transformations into other awakenings). Amidst the total warp of time and woof of vibratory tone the answer is given and has been given; the priest is, always, merely playing out his hand, patiently sure of the chronology that is already self-assured. The Hopi say it will be:

"...a spiritual conflict with material matters. Material matters will be destroyed by spiritual beings who will remain to create one world and one nation under one power, that of the Creator."

The whiteman watches these clandestine operations in mixed scorn and disbelief: 'put up or shut up!' is his religious motto, and that

Dolls are carved out of native wood. Colored earth is set in matrix with the stars. Elemental grain, food of every ray and position. Warriors and priests lie comatose in antelopes and snakes. Sacred writings are kept in the roots and genetic shapes of plants. Psyche inscribed with res aegyptiaca. Soyal dancing churns the equinox of red snows. And faraway among web of buildings and machines: 'Burn, baby, burn!'

This is tradition: penises of sea disgorging tribes to the jungles, worms and Big Flies telling the farmers the secrets of the earth's cycles: what was inside the worm was inside the long thin cells of the shaman's brain, and by the use of certain needles and intonations he went there.

fir, beaver, uranium, water, sugar, cotton, grass, quartz, rape, gold, pine, trout, ant, hawk, goldenrod, meadowlark, silver, tufa, morraine, cumulus, chichen hawk, rain, dolls, gold, time, rugs, abalone, salmon, space, oil, gold.

Days moving on torque-time, star-time, time of convoluted cycles, end reflected in beginning of first movement, streams turning into animals and running away, life born in sizzling waters, heavy woven leaves.

Frank Waters: the end will come:

"...when the Saquashohoh (Blue Star) Kachina dances in the plaza. He represents a blue star, far off and yet invisible, which will make its appearance soon."

They marched across a continent in haphazard obsessive compulsive order, envisioning a deep religious drama in which they were soldiers of, as Ben Franklin saw it, "the design of Providence to extirpate those savages in order to make room for the cultivators of mankind."

source: berry, squash, honey, rice, milk, maple, salt, gold, meat, bean, yucca, malachite, tobacco,

These cultivators sucked up ten thousand years of slow ritual accumulation in a day: with their turneries and reverseries and amalgameries and alloyeries and compulseries and produceries and piperies and reduplicateries and vatteries. They set loose the swirling alchemical waters: led out through a vast conduitery: tapped, dripped, filtered, revved, bottled, packaged, wrung out, patented; this was a design only of the devil, to defeat god in time or space alone as he cannot do in space-time.

moki	deer	*totoko'wa*	rock formed by many bodies of plant life
taweyah	magic shield	*kuwanyamtiwa*	beautiful badger going over the hill
chu'si	snake flower	*sakwaitiwa*	animals running in green pasture
sikyatavo	yellow rabbit	*tuwahoyioma*	hatching and growing on the soil
pasopna	sweet water root	*tuwalanmomo*	bee which protects the hive
kwakui	plant with red seed	*simocho*	squash flower before it opens
sikyasvu	yellow mineral, gold	*kuwannumtiwa*	beautiful rolling green hills

And in Watts:

"White man, you started all this the day you brought the first slave to this country."

"You created this monster and its gonna consume you!"

The worms go through the matter of manufacture, releasing colors back to the fiery source, unhinging tubes into the open universe. The soyal comes; Ramadan comes: at which the rays about the earth, the anti-sun earth, turn on the equinox, turn on the stomach (source of earthly yearning), and head back through the open end of the universe: this is the time of anti-matter, spirits rejoicing in positronic and anti-neutrinic huts.

The stars will have new names, phonemes that reel with the rediscovered fire; the hills of black space will crawl with the vibratory return of Sufis and wisemen. Ripe seas: depositing new sacred animals on the caked chambre-shores, kicking deer, kangaroo, llama, bear. (The Navaho Times, a newspaper published by whitemen on the Navaho reservation, tickles the fancy of the local Indians by publishing a cartoon of an Indian standing on a stylized moon as first lands commissioner. Point missed: spirit-moon, Blake-moon, left-handed moon from the other portion of the sand-painting, from the other dimension of the sky.)

To the forgotten children: this is not history; do not believe it; do not take it seriously; they are not allowed to rename the rivers and the mountains as they have; the shores on which you emerged from the sea will be the shores on which you dance to the wild returning sea; you will know the names and call things by their right names.

Don't you see it in the streets, Whitey, end of Jesus-make-believe, end of one god extension metaphor conquest, end of tense tight dancing to polemic vision, end of migratory path, in America, in Asia, in Australia, in Africa (you will never reach to colonize the spirits on the moons of Jupiter.) Moth, don't you hear the dark cries brewing in the ghettoes; can't you recognize the cries of your own, the hebrew, the navaho children in bondage, the earth ready to turn over and bury your crop, end of your verbiage, heavy sharp nouns, bang-up sales, quips, square dances, care races, special buys, water-color goddesses.

Is not the vibration of the mythic earth zoo loud enough to shake you in your beds at night? To come at you the other way, man: aren't your images dry enough to send you thirsty into every morning, past vats and kettles that you cannot touch?

Or do you believe that your exterior scene will be older than the earth itself, you the clearest straightest cat that ever was? Do you believe in that lesser part of prophet Einstein, astronaut space, slow continual industrial pipes edged on the universe, yeast aging only by seconds?

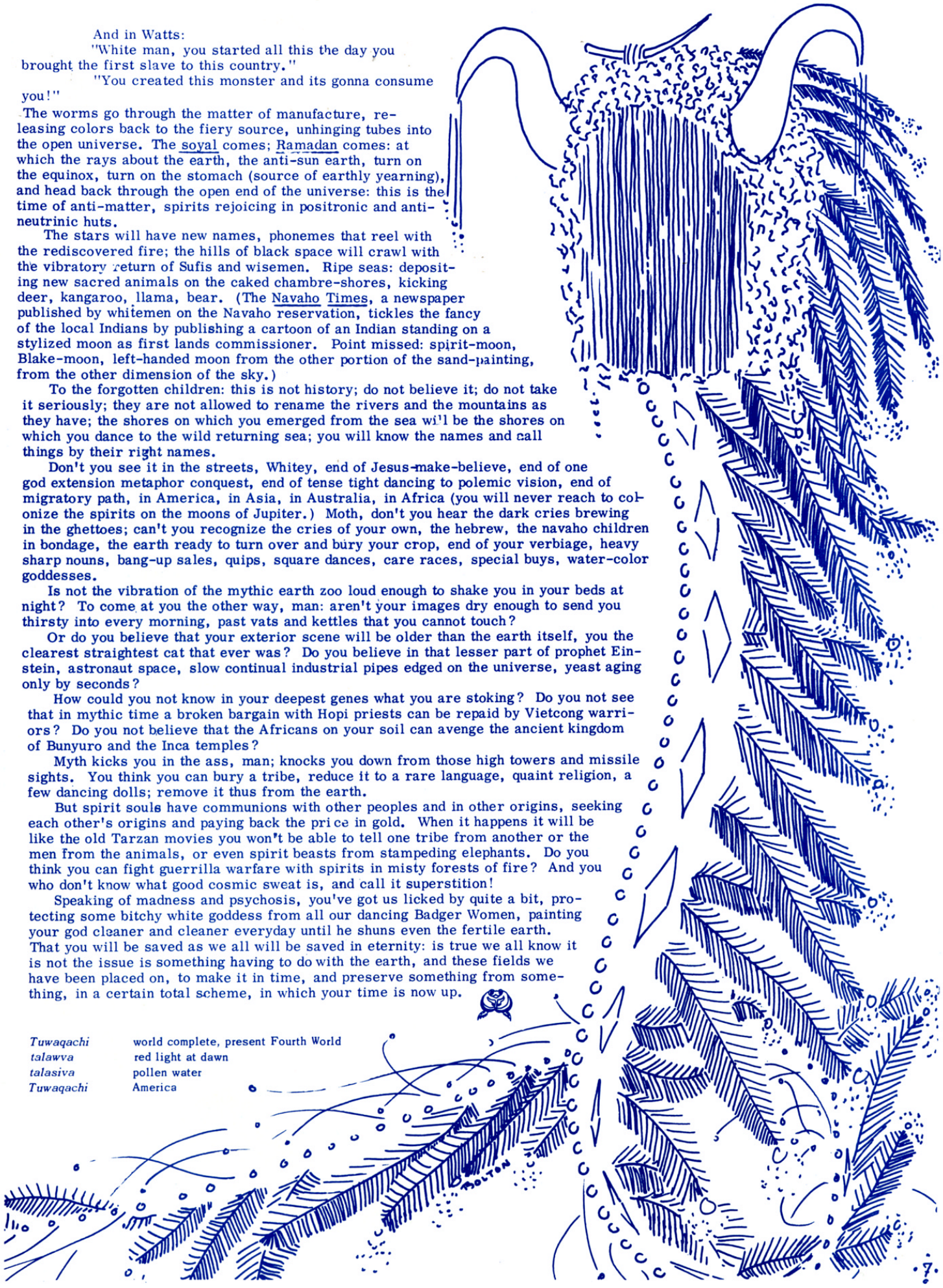
How could you not know in your deepest genes what you are stoking? Do you not see that in mythic time a broken bargain with Hopi priests can be repaid by Vietcong warriors? Do you not believe that the Africans on your soil can avenge the ancient kingdom of Bunyuro and the Inca temples?

Myth kicks you in the ass, man; knocks you down from those high towers and missile sights. You think you can bury a tribe, reduce it to a rare language, quaint religion, a few dancing dolls; remove it thus from the earth.

But spirit souls have communions with other peoples and in other origins, seeking each other's origins and paying back the price in gold. When it happens it will be like the old Tarzan movies you won't be able to tell one tribe from another or the men from the animals, or even spirit beasts from stampeding elephants. Do you think you can fight guerrilla warfare with spirits in misty forests of fire? And you who don't know what good cosmic sweat is, and call it superstition!

Speaking of madness and psychosis, you've got us licked by quite a bit, protecting some bitchy white goddess from all our dancing Badger Women, painting your god cleaner and cleaner everyday until he shuns even the fertile earth. That you will be saved as we all will be saved in eternity: is true we all know it is not the issue is something having to do with the earth, and these fields we have been placed on, to make it in time, and preserve something from something, in a certain total scheme, in which your time is now up.

Tuwaqachi	world complete, present Fourth World
talawva	red light at dawn
talasiva	pollen water
Tuwaqachi	America



The first Sound...

What's the first sound you ever heard? Can you think of that for a moment? The first sound. Did you think about it? And what happened? You couldn't hear shit because you were thinking, right? Or something was. Have you been able to hear anything, anything at all, ever? Or has your hearing, that aural apparatus of the spirit that you mistake the ear holes for, been so hidden away from you, your noise, that you have never had any idea that there was really something to hear, within, of yourself, not thinking, not even really speaking, but yourself, voiceless, burning, protecting itself from you, washing, always washing the crap and clatter and clowning grinning acid dance you drag inside, the slow wash and burning of your souls silently and in God knows what terrible sacrifice staying with you, within you, hoping you will wise up enough to steady the sanctuary that you are to things you know not, steady it enough to allow, within, space and silence to that voiceless and nameless scented song that each of you still might be if you have not yet let the ego rot of this vast American factory corrode the singer, the bow-sprint singer who dips to white waves and foam to take his song.

Who do you hear from -- inside, inside. Have you done, ever, anything with that inner space other than put stuff in there...food, dope, noise...have you ever taken anything out, made the noise of that goddamn thinking stop, shut your mouths to everything except the air, the aethers the quiet kiss of the other tongue? I doubt it, for I walk among you and see your greed, can taste it on your speech, that stupid sputtering noise you make and call speech is greed of your personalities, your comic strip lives. Do you call yourselves men and women, real animals? Then know this, the only place animals make such furious unreasoned noise is in zoos...the forests are places where only the birds speak.

Yeah, yeah, I know all about how much you think you are gods, or acid thinks you are. Keeping your cool is not keeping silence. First you got to fight for it, each of you, alone, a big fight against all the noise that's ever been and seeped into your holdings, not just your heads but your guts, arms, legs, hearts. What does your heart sound like...is it warm, and does that sound of that warmth radiate into that huge electric machine in which everyone got stuck at such an early age that no one can remember, is allowed to remember what it was like before the world got a hat put on its head, the hat of a howling mind that runs the deadly governments from one war to another and deals the hateful hands of cards to the people to play with minds and speech one against the other be ye pirate, prelate, protestor or police?

What does the heart sound? More than a mute thump I can tell you. What is conscious thought, and do you know that you do more of it asleep than awake? Do you pay attention when you are asleep, not only to the dreams of the Mind Projector but to what you really do there? Do you hear yourselves screaming from sleep for your help and your protection, for that is you down there in sleep loving you with everything you got hoping almost beyond hope that you will wake up and love yourself back. Will you give thought beyond thinking?

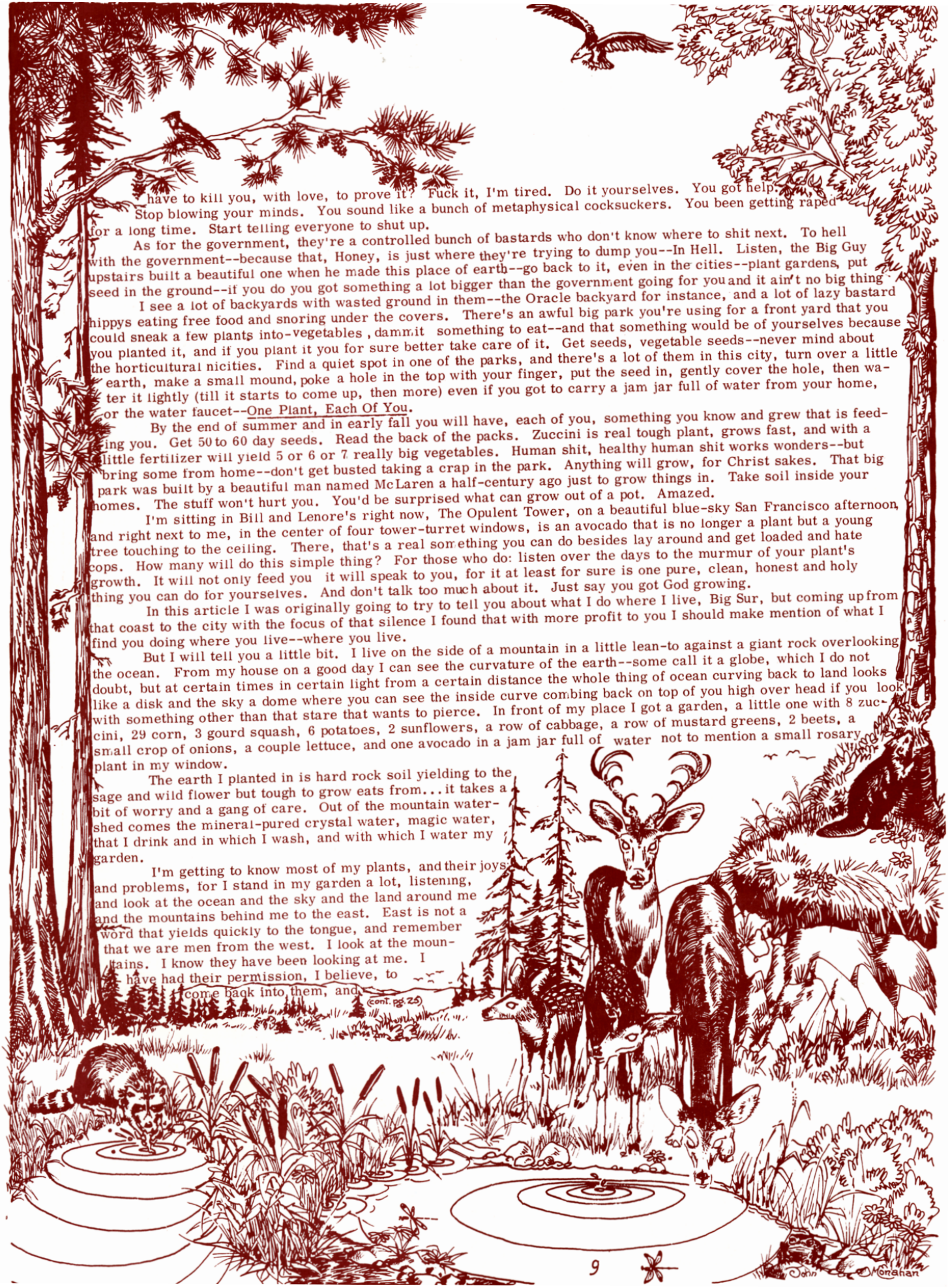
"Can you hear without ears,
a drum in your dreams?"

the poet, Zack Walsh, did ask.

You haven't yet, you know, or do you know? Do you know how to love your hate enough to use it, beautifully? Can you save your own life, or do you even know you have one? Do you own a soul, or does something else own what you thought was yours? Does something else beside you control your part of God, that part of Himself that He gave you to keep for Him, or Her. It is your Maker I speak of. Did you know that you had one? Did you know that you were made and given to yourself <u>in body</u> (such a gift!) to keep, and care for, and to make grow? And did you know that your stewardship, your guardianship, your caretaking of yourself is being watched and by not only That who gave it you? And from inside as well as out?

Well you had better wise up, Honey, and for a start--listen within--it ain't no group thing--and as you listen you will find two tools of yourself immediately available for your use on you--your <u>Focus</u> and your <u>Balance</u>. Masterwords. To use them you must stop, still, sit down, don't fake no lotus like been doing playing your bunch of basketcase buddhas, just stop, and listen--pay attention to yourself and protect your heart from your head until you can fill that damned and noisy dome with the warmth and silence of the heart--and, depending upon where you start from and what with, it can be done mechanically--with the machine. In fact for some specimen citizens it must needs be done that way. Sit, or stand, or walk, or work, or however it is, whatever you are doing pay attention to the animal and how its wonders work...it hasn't, you know...not for a long time. Don't fuck around with it. Clean it out.

purify it, in other words. There are a few manuals laying around that can help you. The Bible is one. Lighten up on all that literature that wants you to do a lot of heavy head business. Get simple, and silent. I didn't say stupid. Do your work--never mind the play, the work will become that, and prayer as well. Realize that you got captured a long time ago and that for the most part you, every one of you, are idiots. Love? Yeah, OK, Love. Fuck Love. Stop talking about it. I love you. How's that? OK? Do you believe me or do I



have to kill you, with love, to prove it? Fuck it, I'm tired. Do it yourselves. You got help. Stop blowing your minds. You sound like a bunch of metaphysical cocksuckers. You been getting raped for a long time. Start telling everyone to shut up.

As for the government, they're a controlled bunch of bastards who don't know where to shit next. To hell with the government--because that, Honey, is just where they're trying to dump you--In Hell. Listen, the Big Guy upstairs built a beautiful one when he made this place of earth--go back to it, even in the cities--plant gardens, put seed in the ground--if you do you got something a lot bigger than the government going for you and it ain't no big thing.

I see a lot of backyards with wasted ground in them--the Oracle backyard for instance, and a lot of lazy bastard hippys eating free food and snoring under the covers. There's an awful big park you're using for a front yard that you could sneak a few plants into-vegetables, dammit something to eat--and that something would be of yourselves because you planted it, and if you plant it you for sure better take care of it. Get seeds, vegetable seeds--never mind about the horticultural nicities. Find a quiet spot in one of the parks, and there's a lot of them in this city, turn over a little earth, make a small mound, poke a hole in the top with your finger, put the seed in, gently cover the hole, then water it lightly (till it starts to come up, then more) even if you got to carry a jam jar full of water from your home, or the water faucet--<u>One Plant, Each Of You</u>.

By the end of summer and in early fall you will have, each of you, something you know and grew that is feeding you. Get 50 to 60 day seeds. Read the back of the packs. Zuccini is real tough plant, grows fast, and with a little fertilizer will yield 5 or 6 or 7 really big vegetables. Human shit, healthy human shit works wonders--but bring some from home--don't get busted taking a crap in the park. Anything will grow, for Christ sakes. That big park was built by a beautiful man named McLaren a half-century ago just to grow things in. Take soil inside your homes. The stuff won't hurt you. You'd be surprised what can grow out of a pot. Amazed.

I'm sitting in Bill and Lenore's right now, The Opulent Tower, on a beautiful blue-sky San Francisco afternoon, and right next to me, in the center of four tower-turret windows, is an avocado that is no longer a plant but a young tree touching to the ceiling. There, that's a real something you can do besides lay around and get loaded and hate cops. How many will do this simple thing? For those who do: listen over the days to the murmur of your plant's growth. It will not only feed you it will speak to you, for it at least for sure is one pure, clean, honest and holy thing you can do for yourselves. And don't talk too much about it. Just say you got God growing.

In this article I was originally going to try to tell you about what I do where I live, Big Sur, but coming up from that coast to the city with the focus of that silence I found that with more profit to you I should make mention of what I find you doing where you live--where you live.

But I will tell you a little bit. I live on the side of a mountain in a little lean-to against a giant rock overlooking the ocean. From my house on a good day I can see the curvature of the earth--some call it a globe, which I do not doubt, but at certain times in certain light from a certain distance the whole thing of ocean curving back to land looks like a disk and the sky a dome where you can see the inside curve combing back on top of you high over head if you look with something other than that stare that wants to pierce. In front of my place I got a garden, a little one with 8 zuccini, 29 corn, 3 gourd squash, 6 potatoes, 2 sunflowers, a row of cabbage, a row of mustard greens, 2 beets, a small crop of onions, a couple lettuce, and one avocado in a jam jar full of water not to mention a small rosary plant in my window.

The earth I planted in is hard rock soil yielding to the sage and wild flower but tough to grow eats from... it takes a bit of worry and a gang of care. Out of the mountain watershed comes the mineral-pured crystal water, magic water, that I drink and in which I wash, and with which I water my garden.

I'm getting to know most of my plants, and their joys and problems, for I stand in my garden a lot, listening, and look at the ocean and the sky and the land around me and the mountains behind me to the east. East is not a word that yields quickly to the tongue, and remember that we are men from the west. I look at the mountains. I know they have been looking at me. I have had their permission, I believe, to come back into them, and

(cont. pg. 25)

John Morahan

SUNBEAR SPEAKS

I am an Indian in blood and in spirit. I wish to tell you about my people. The American Indian had a sense of living and belonging with the land and blending with nature. Because of this, he referred to the animals as his Little Brothers. His sense of responsibility to the land was such that he never killed anything he didn't eat, and when going out to gather a plant for medicine or food, he didn't take from the first plant he saw, but, offering a prayer, he would go to the next one of the species and harvest from it.

The average medicine man has a knowledge of about 150 herbs he uses for treatment of sicknesses and in ceremonies. The sense of giving and being part of the land was such that in farming, he would always give to the land in the form of fertilizer such as fish, and never disturb the topsoil any more than necessary in planting. He left the stumps of trees in his garden and planted around them.

When invaders from across the Great Water tried to force treaties upon my Brothers, and make them sell their lands, their reply was, "The Earth is our Mother. We do not sell our Mother." And such it is, for every living thing receives sustenance from the Earth.

Friends, Brothers, if you wish respect and friendship of the traditional Indians, or other communes with the land, be not like the tourist, but bury your cans and other rubbish, so that the Earth will remain clean to the eye of its keepers.

The American Indians' religion was such that when the first Europeans came to his lodges, the Indian people said, "Come, sit down and have something to eat, Brothers," and gave them gifts. And their way was to treat the stranger as the Great Spirit in disguise. Hospitality was a sacred thing to us. That is why it is a sad thing to come up on the streets of your city and stop someone to say Hello, and their eyes freeze over, and their philosophy is to treat the stranger as the Devil in disguise. "I don't know, so I don't trust him," is their thought.

It is the old way to give food or medicine to one from behind a mask so that he will not feel obligated to the giver, but think of it as a gift from the Great Sprit. It is the way of my people, in the spring when the fish run to spawn, that we spear extra fish and give them to the old people and women without men, so that these may also share the gift of the Great Spirit. The old way in the buffalo hunt was the same. When Crazy Horse killed buffalo, his first buffalo was for the families who had no hunter to get their meal for them.

When a man went to become a chief, he would fast, and say, "What can I do that will best serve my people?" The Indians fasted because at a time when you take no food or water, you are closest to the Great Spirit, and your mind is not dwelling on things of the belly. A man was chief only so long as he did the will of the people. There were cases where a chief got too "chiefy" and arrogant. He would go to sleep at night, but while he slept, the band moved away, leaving him to be chief all to himself.

For many years the American Indian had neither freedom of religion nor freedom from religion, in that he could not practice his own beliefs, and yet missionaries of all sorts were assigned to his particular reservation. If he didn't attend their churches, he was regarded as a "bad Indian." Chief Joseph, the great Nez Perce wished to follow the way of his people, the Dreamer's religion, but he was forbidden to, and his battles in defense of his people and their way of life is recorded in your histories. Sitting Bull was murdered for standing up for the rights of his people and for following the Ghost Dance religion. Today there are many Indian people who are practicing the old ways still, and others who are returning to learn of them.

The sweat lodges are used by many people to cleanse their bodies and give a sense of feeling with the land. For in this ceremony, one sits naked upon the Earth in an enclosed dwelling with hot rocks in a pit. Sage is first thrown into the pit. Then the rocks are pushed in from outside. Cold water is thrown on the rocks, bringing up steam. The steam sweats the body, cleansing it of poisons. The sweat runs off, back to Mother Earth, and you step forth, a new person, to walk upon the land.

Brothers, learn this. Learn to walk upon the land. Learn a sense of balance and blending with the land. Do

CONTON PAGE 25

PSYCHEDELIC YOGA

BY SRI BRAHMANSHI NANDA

The fact that psychedelic drugs induce a greater sensitivity to subtle spiritual and psychic energies and speeds up the influx of impressions from deeper levels of consciousness raises the immediate question of how these energies can be properly understood and handled.

Obviously if these energies are not guided they can do more harm than good. The application of traditional Yoga meditation techniques while under psychedelic experiences provides a constructive solution to this problem.

According to Yoga philosophy, the most spiritual and powerful aspect of man's nature is the faculty of attention or consciousness. The most fundamental aspect of man's free will is the choice as to what he allows his attention to dwell upon. The attention always has to be on something but we can choose what we allow it to dwell upon.

The goal of all Yoga practices is to discover and directly experience what the attention or faculty of consciousness in man is. The yogi seeks to know that principle by which all else is known.

This goal is achieved by observing the observer or placing the attention on the attention itself. This may at first seem very abstract and hard to grasp in terms of practical application but there are workable time-proven methods for achieving this state of pure consciousness which when consistently applied and practiced are bound to yield results.

It should be constantly remembered during a psychedelic session that whatever perceptions, thoughts and even hallucinations occur, they are the creations of one's own mind and consciousness and are filtered through one's own instrument of perception.

These perceptions are patterings of our own psychic energy. We give energy to whatever thoughts and feelings we allow the attention to dwell upon. Wherever the power of attention is focused it generates mental and emotional energy in the form of its own lower overtones, thus feeding and energizing the thoughts and emotions which the attention dwells upon.

It becomes clear that the key to remaining in control of a psychedelic experience is in controlling the flow of attention. Distractive experiences can be avoided in the first place and the flow of attention can be properly directed by the use of Raja Yoga techniques of meditation.

The following is a description of several such techniques which can all be applied while under the influence of LSD, marijuana, mescaline, IMT, hashish, psylocybin or other consciousness expanding drugs.

At this point, let us consider a basic rule to apply in case of paranoia or other unpleasant or frightening experiences while under the influence of a psychedelic drug.

Realize that whatever you may be thinking, feeling or experiencing is being experienced by the consciousness within you. Then place your undivided attention on that consciousness which is experiencing whatever is happening to you. This process returns your consciousness to its own pure nature and disengages the attention from mental and astral thought forms.

These destructive thought forms dissipate and are dissolved back into the homogeneous vibrational energy of the plane of energy substance from which they were originally molded. The strong light released by consciousness observing itself helps to quickly dissolve and dissipate destructive thought forms. This happens because the strong lower overtones of pure consciousness which are generated cancel out the discordant out-of-phase vibrations of destructive thought forms.

If the attention wanders while practicing any of these meditation techniques, immediately bring the attention back to the process of meditation, doing this as many times as is necessary until the attention remains centered on the particular form of meditation which you are practicing.

Inexperienced meditators have a tendency to fight distractions which in itself becomes a distraction. The attention can only dwell on one thing at a time. Simply bring it back to the thing you are meditating on.

Another way of stopping distractions is simply to temporarily suspend the breathing process by breathing neither in nor out. Since breathing is intimately tied to every biological process in the body, the instinct to survive developed over millions of years of evolution will interrupt the flow of attention into distractions and bring it to center on the awareness of the cessation of breathing. It is then an easy matter to resume normal breathing and center the attention on the particular form of meditation being practiced.

Focus your full undivided attention in the center of your brain where the pineal gland is located. Listen with your attention for whatever sounds present themselves.

After a while you will hear sounds of various tones and pitches. At first you may only hear the low hiss of random molecular noise in the ears but in time definite tones will present themselves like sustained notes on an organ.

This sound is perceived directly by the brain and the subtle bodies themselves and not through the outer physical organ of the ears. It is the sound of the vibration of conscious energy as it flows through the physical body and vibrates and circulates within the subtle bodies.

You should focus your entire undivided attention on the sound of the highest pitch that you can hear and let it draw you up into higher and higher states of consciousness and intensify the spiritual light. The better your concentration is the louder and more distinct the sound will become.

Experience the vibration of this sound expanding until it includes your whole ear, your whole body, and ever-expanding volumes of space surrounding you. By this means you will tune into the music of the spheres and your whole being will become a receiver and transmitter of the harmonious rhythm of the universe.

When you open your eyes after such meditation you may find your surroundings filled with blazing light. In the beginning the sound current may appear in one localized part of the head; most likely in one of the ears.

You should not listen to the sound current in the left ear because this is psychically harmful. Listen to it in the right ear and gradually try to move it to the center and top of the brain until it fills the entire head and expands beyond the head into the surrounding space. This is one of the classical methods and can lead to the highest type of experience.

To practice this form of meditation, close your eyes and observe your inner field of vision by focusing the attention at the point in the center of the forehead just slightly above the point between the eyebrows.

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This location is called the third eye center or Agna Chakra. It is related to the faculty of clairvoyant vision. The physical manifestation or anchorage point for the Agna Chakra is the pituitary gland which is located in a bony cradle in back of the root of the nose.

When you close your eyes, look steadily into your inner field of vision until light colors and patterns begin to appear. This is looking with your attention and not with the physical eyes which should remain relaxed.

When most people close their eyes in the beginning they see a black void but by looking steadily into this void various colors and patterns will begin to appear. When this happens, simply observe them with your full undivided attention as though you were intently watching a movie.

Then periodically focus all your attention within the smallest point that you can see in the center of your field of vision and pierce through that point After you have done this the light will again blaze forth from the point in a new burst of energy and you will find yourself on a higher rate of vibration or plane of energy.

With continued practice of this form of meditation you will become immersed in a blazing sea of light and you will become a center from which that spiritual power is radiated.

By concentrating the attention in the Sahasraram Chakra or thousand petaled Lotus at the top of the head, an experienced meditator can release an even more powerful radiation of light and spiritual energy. It may take more work to activate the chakra and the beginner can get more immediate results by looking through the Agna Chakra or third eye center.

Once activated, the Sahasraram wheel is the highest chakra, called the doorway to the infinite and the Brahmarandra or hole of Brahma is the most powerful and spiritual of all the centers that can be awakened in a man with the possible exception of the heart chakra which is considered by some yogis to be of equal importance.

When the Sahasraram chakra is fully activated in a perfected yogin or saint, the white fire of cosmic kundalini descends upon him and blends with his own rising kundalini force and the white light of spirituality radiates for miles around.

Meditation on the Heart Center

To practice this form of meditation, sit in a quiet place and focus your entire undivided attention in the tiny point, or node, of radiation of the life force in the right side of the heart and feel the energy that is there.

Visualize a multi-coloured flame of fire radiating out from this point which is pure and crystal clear in its essence. All of the colors in the flame are but the specific lower overtone vibratory rates which the infinitely fast crystal clear essence of the Atman has induced within its own essence.

Realize that this center within the heart is the holy of holies, the dwelling place of the most high, the spark of divinity within man. From this center goes forth the power of love which unites all in Oneness.

From the spiritual flame within the heart, the life force goes out which sustains life in the body and each of the subtle bodies. In the physical body it is carried through the blood.

In the Etheric Body, it circulates through the nodies or subtle energy channels. In the astral body it radiates out in waves of energy of beautiful color pulsating with the heart beat. These pulsations go out to the perimeter of the astral body and flow back into the heart center to be sent forth again.

In the mental body, a golden light is radiated out from the heart center and on the Buddhic plane in the evolved soul the white light of illumination and love blazes forth.

Meditation on the heart center develops the love aspect of one's being and leads to a strengthening and purifying of the emotions. The faculty of clairsentience or clairvoyant feeling also becomes highly developed. This is the capacity to feel energy directly on the subtle planes independently of the physical sense of touch. Clairsentience is the capacity of the subtle bodies to sense or feel vibration patterns in space independently of the physical body.

Man and his body are an inseparable part of the vast infinite music machine which is the universe.

Observing the rhythm of the heart beat while meditating on the heart center, will produce similar and equally powerful results. The rhythm of the heart beat and the rhythm of the breath are the means of attunement to the inner cellular rhythms of the body and the rhythm of the flow of pranic and spiritual forces through the body.

All the levels of man's being are harmonically and perfectly attuned to each other on the physical, etheric, astral and mental and spiritual levels and are attuned to the cosmic astrological rhythms. Then illumination can take place and man becomes a perfect instrument of the infinite power of the one omnipresent atman.

Observing the breath is also a good means of quieting the body, mind and emotions prior to practicing one of the other forms of meditation described in this article.

Observing the Breath

To practice this form of meditation, simply watch your breathing process without trying to change or alter it in any way. Simply observe the breath as it goes in and out any way. As in the practice of all forms of meditation, keep your spine straight and sit in an erect posture.

Assume the lotus position if you can maintain it comfortably or else sit cross-legged or in the sidasana pose in which one foot is placed on top of the other calf and ankle. Sitting on the heels with the knees together in front is also a comfortable meditation posture for some people.

This process of observing the breath will quiet the mind and attune you to the inner rhythms of the body. As long as the attention is one pointedly engaged in observing the breath, no mental and emotional distractions can arise and a state of inner calmness is induced which is favorable for spiritual revelation.

As you continue in this process you will experience yourself breathing not only air but also living pranic light or subtle electromagnetic energy through every pore and cell of your body.

The breathing rhythm is intimately and inseparably connected with all of the cellular metabolic processes that go on in the body because every cell in the body is dependent for its life upon the oxygen supply which is carried through the blood from the lungs to all of the body tissues.

Through the breathing process a more subtle etheric essence which is called prana is also absorbed from the air. This pranic energy feeds the etheric body which is responsible for interpenetrating and sustaining cellular life in the physical body.

The heart is responsible for pumping the oxygen and prana laden blood to every part of the body and returning the waste carbon dioxide to the lungs to be exhaled every time we breathe out.

These processes of oxygen supply and prana supply determine the health of the nervous system and glandular system which are man's instruments for receiving and attuning his body to the spiritual energy of the higher dimensions.

By observing the breath, one's mind and emotions become attuned with and harmonically in phase with the inner metabolic biological rhythms of the body which have developed and evolved over billions of years.

Meditation on the Chakras

By focusing the attention on various locations within the body where the chakras are located, it is possible to activate these chakras and facilitate an increased flow of energy between the higher planes of energy and the subtle body thus releasing an increased amount of spiritual energy.

There are seven major chakras in the body which link together the physical body and the subtle energy bodies.

The chakras are revolving vortexes of energy which act as mechanisms for the absorption and radiation of spiritual energy. In the physical body they relate to glands and major nerve centers.

In the etheric body they are like wheels with flower petals which are created by a sort of stroboscopic effect of the revolving energy. The etheric chakra flowers are connected by a sort of funnel-like stem to the glands or nerve plexus to which they belong.

In the astral body the chakras appear as whirlpools of energy like the eddies in a stream of water or in a basin of water when the stopper is pulled out. In the mental body they appear as converging lines of light.

The muladora chakra is at the base of the spine and is the seat of the Kundalini fire which when aroused, in the advanced stages of yoga, rises up through the center of the spine and activates the highest chakra in the celebral cortex called the Sahasraram chakra.

The next chakra is called the sacral center or the Swadisthana chakra. It relates to the adrenal glands and is related to the absorbtion of pranic vitality which is in the air. The air absorbs this energy from solar radiation.

There seems to be some differences of opinion between various texts as to whether the muladora chakra or Swadesthana chakra relates most directly to the sexual functions.

The next chakra is the Manipara or solar plexus center which relates to the digestive functions and vitality of the astral desires and feeling emotions. The Anahala or heart chakra relates to the source of spiritual energy and the higher emotions of love, altruism and benevolence.

The Vishuda or throat chakra is related to the thyroid gland and has to do with the power of speech and relates to mantra yoga and the capacity for artistic creativity. This center is activated by chanting and singing.

The Agna Chakra is located on the forehead just above and between the eyebrows. It is related to the pituitary gland and the subcorticle areas of the brain.

The Agna Chakra has to do with the higher mind faculties of clairvoyance, scientific reasoning, willing and philosophical thought. Development of the chakra awakens the ability to see and regulate astral and mental forces on the superphysical level.

The Sahararam Chakra or thousand-petaled Lotus is related to the pineal gland and the cerebral cortex and is located at the top of the head. It relates to the sound current and the faculty of clairvoyant hearing and is the most spiritual of all the chakras.

When this chakra is fully developed, union with God consciousness is possible and illumination takes place. By focusing the attention in any one of the chakras the lower overtones of the concentration of consciousness in that location activates that chakra and increases the energy flow in it making possible a conscious entry into the superphysical planes of energy.

Meditation on the first three chakras namely the Muladora chakra, the sacral chakra and the solar plexus chakra is not recommended because this can arouse lower emotions and sexual passions. This can allow entry to undesirable astral influences and cause psychological imbalance.

It is better to work with the Heart Center, the Agna Chakra, and the Sahasraram Chakra because these are the most directly related to the unfoldment of superconsciousness and when awakened will automatically develop the lower chakras by changing the glandular balance of the body and circulating new pranic forces through the energy channels or nodies of the etheric body as well as purifying and strengthening the astral and mental bodies.

The hormones which the pituitary gland secretes regulate the other glands in the body including the thymus gland, the thyroid gland, the adrenal gland, and the sex glands as well as other glands.

Once the pituitary gland is fully activated by the development of the Agna Chakra all the other glands are brought into proper chemical balance thus helping to properly develop and raise the vibratory rate of all the lower chakras.

In advanced yoga practice in what is called Kundalini Yoga, concentration is done on the Muladora Chakra at the base of the spine in order to arouse the Kundalini fire and bring it through the center of the spine to activate the highest Sahasraram Chakra at the top of the head.

If however, the Kundalini fire is prematurely aroused and not properly directed, great damage can be done to the nervous system and to the etheric body. If the kundalini force is not properly directed upwards it can revert downward causing abnormal sexual desire and perversion.

Therefore, arousing the kundalini should only be done in advanced stages of yoga when a great deal of purification of the subtle bodies has taken place and soul control over the personality is well established.

The Kreya Technique

To practice this form of meditation, begin by concentrating your attention at the base of the spine and

as you slowly breathe in (feeling the passage of the air against the back of your throat) bring a point of concentration slowly up through the center of your spinal cord and through the brain to the third eye center. Hold it there for a few seconds

Then as you slowly breathe out bring the point of concentration back down through the center of the spine to the muladora chakra and concentrate your attention there for a few seconds while you hold the air out of your lungs.

Then as you slowly breathe in, feeling the air against the back of your throat, bring the point of concentration slowly up through the center of your spine and repeat the entire process. Do from 12 to 24 cycles of this exercise and then finish by meditating in the Sahasraram chakra or the agna chakra.

The Kreya technique is good for activiating the roots of the chakras which are located along the spine and for improving the circulation of energy through the nervous system and through the energy channels or nodies in the etheric body.

It will also help to make you directly aware of these forces. The chakras are stimulated by this exercise and the flow of energy between them and through them is facilitated.

Meditation on the I Am Principle

In the practice of this form of meditation consciousness is made to dwell upon itself. When properly and sucessfully practiced this is the most powerful and highest form of meditation.

While focusing in the heart chakra or the Sahasraram chakra at the crown of the head, place the attention on the attention itself. If any distractions come in the form of thoughts and perceptions of a specific nature then immediately concentrate your attention upon that consciousness in you which is the experiencer of those thoughts and perceptions.

Even the manifestation of Light and Sound current should be regarded in this way. The sound current and the light are merely the lower overtone manifestations of the pure consciousness upon which you are meditating.

The more you hold your attention steady in concentration upon itself the more the light, sound current, electrical sensations, in the body's feelings of magnetic force, sensations of weightlessness, etc. will manifest automatically.

If, however, you allow your attention to become distracted by any of these manifestations then you will become subject to the limitations of the thing by which you have been distracted; the focusing of pure consciousness will be interrupted so that all of the things which are the lower overtones, by-products of the focusing of pure consciousness possibly including the psychic manifestation which distracted your attention, will also stop.

Seek ye first the kingdom of pure consciousness and all of these other psychic manifestations will be added unto you. Placing the attention on the attention itself can be done in any location in space since pure consciousness which is the same as God is an omnipresent principle. In the beginning it will be found easiest to do this in one of the chakras, preferably the Heart Chakra or the Sahasraram or Head Center. The third eye center, located on the brow, or agna chakra, can also be used with good results but it is better to use the Sahasraram chakra if you can activate it. With practice of this form of meditation, your pure consciousness will experience itself as a blazing sea of white light extending infinitely in every direction. The pure consciousness itself is crystalline and colorless but it generates the white light which is the simultaneous presence of all of the colours which are the specific lower overtone rates of vibration that the pure consciousness generates.

The placing of the attention on the attention itself brings about a condition in the chakra being meditated in, in which the vibration structure of that chakra is harmonically and geometrically aligned in all of its planes of manifestation or rates of vibration.

There occur in the inner plane structure of the chakra common node points. Vibrations of different frequencies and different wave lengths all begin and end together at these common node points.

This is made possible by the fact that the wave lengths of the various vibrations and their frequencies all bear exact mathematical rates to each other, like the notes in the musical scale.

Any vibrations which are out of phase in terms of their spacial distribution or vibratory rates are automatically canceled out by interfering with other waves.

At the common node points where several wave lengths both short and long begin and end their cycles together, it is possible to slip through the dimensions and experience the higher spiritual rates of vibration and approach the atman which moves with infinite speed.

At these common node points, the exchange of energy from one octave or plane to another also becomes possible and a flow of energy from the higher dimensions into the lower dimensions and a transmutation of those vibration patterns which exist on the lower dimensions into the higher ones becomes possible.

The soul is then able to control the personality structure and make it a fit instrument of spiritual expression in the affairs of men. This form of meditation develops one-pointed concentration.

The Combination of Mantra Yoga and Meditation

When doing Om chanting or other mantras it is possible to activate various chakras. By chanting at varying pitches you will make different tissues in the body vibrate thus stimulating the nerve centers and glandular centers and activating the chakras associated with them.

With a bit of experimentation you will find what tones or pitches vibrate which parts of the body and which chakras. When this has been ascertained, then chant with full forces while meditating in the chakra you wish to activate.

The sound waves create vibration patterns in the etheric, astral and mental atmosphere which you can develop the ability to see. They are multicoloured and very intricate and beautiful sometimes forming geometrical patterns and mandalas made out of threads of light.

Music will have a similar effect. Just listen to the music during a psychedelic session while observing the inner light through the agna chakra or third eye center. Then watch the colour patterns change and develop with the music. Classical music and Indian ragas are especially good for this purpose.

The Akashic Records; Memory and Remembering Previous Incarnations

Through the use of certain yoga techniques it is possible to look very far back into one's memory and even remember previous incarnations. To do this, start with some present strong memory, physical characteristic, or character trait in yourself which you believe might have important karmic linkages with the past.

All memories, thoughts, attitudes and sensory perceptions are recorded in the mental body in the form of akashic imprints or photographs in the energy substance which constitutes the mental body.

The attention or power of pure consciousness in you can see or focus on any of these thought forms or akashic imprints. When this is done by an act of the will, then energy flows from the higher octave energy of the focusing pure attention into the lower overtone mental plane patterning of the thought form being concentrated upon.

This is because wherever consciousness is strongly focused, it generates lower overtone vibrations. This vivifies the akashic imprint and causes it to send out vibration waves keyed to its particular set of tones and overtones with their relative intensities.

This forms a vibration key which will make related akashic imprints in other parts of the mental body respond by induced resonance. When the other associated akashic imprints begin to vibrate by induced sympathetic resonance they stand out due to the vibration induced in them so that the scanning attention can then locate them.

Once located these associated memory thought forms or imprints can be strongly focused upon by the observing consciousness so that it will be vivified and activate other memory imprints by the same process described above.

By these means karmic linkages can be traced back until details about previous incarnations can be remembered.

Music which has memories associated with it can often be of considerable help. Try playing music from various periods of history from various parts of the world to stimulate past memories. Sometimes assuming certain physical postures will also help to stimulate past memories.

Once during a session the author was sitting on his heels in a sphinx-like posture and began to remember an Egyptian incarnation.

If you are having a session with another person try looking steadily and directly into each other's eyes. Gradually the etheric body will take on the appearance of the previous incarnations and the karmic circumstances behind your present type of physical body will reveal themselves.

This can also be done by looking into one's own eyes in a mirror. The akashic records in the mental body and in the higher octaves of the soul are like a vast library. All the information you need is there, but there also must be some means of finding the right book among the thousands that are there. There must be a card catalogue.

Memory imprints are not only transferred from thought form to thought form within the mental body, but by means of higher and lower overtone reflections are communicated between the mental body and the soul and are transmitted from the mental body to the physical brain by means of reflections in the astral and etheric bodies.

A new mental body is formed in each incarnation from the permanent seed atom or higher overtone vibration imprint of all the previous mental bodies of all the previous incarnations. This seed atom exists in the energy octaves of the soul. At the beginning of each new incarnation the soul focuses energy in this seed atom and causes a lower overtone reflection of it on the mental plane which forms the basis of the new mental body for the incarnation about to take place.

There are seed atoms in the soul for the astral, etheric and physical bodies which form the basis for the creation of these bodies by a similar process as well.

Since the records of the events which transpired in the previous incarnations are usually not recorded in the mental body belonging to this incarnation it is usually necessary to receive in the present mental body the lower overtone imprints of akashic records which exist in the soul on its own plane or octave of manifestation.

The soul will, of course, exercise its own judgement as to whether you are prepared to handle such knowledge and would benefit by it in a manner conducive to spiritual evolution.

When a certain degree of spiritual unfoldment has taken place and the motives are pure then the soul begins to reveal its knowledge of the previous incarnations to the present personality.

The same process described above of concentrating on a particular memory imprint in the mental body will through its higher overtone reflections activate certain akashic imprints in the soul which can then reflect back into the mental body creating imprints in the mental body which corresponds to the memories which the soul has. These in turn reflect in the astral and etheric bodies and finally in the brain.

Since the use of psychedelic drugs stimulates the flow of a great amount of energy from higher planes into the lower planes any thought and emotion patterns created during a psychedelic session are strongly imprinted and have a great deal of energy incorporated into their vibration structure.

These thought and emotional patterns then act as powerful unconscious conditioning factors in our daily lives. It is therefore of the utmost importance that constructive imprints be made during a psychedelic session. This can be insured by remaining in control of the attention.

In this regard, I would like to give a few final points of advice. Do not allow the attention to skip around too much. Stay with a thought or meditation process until it is complete.

Don't panic if frightening visions or hallucinations occur. Fear will make you concentrate on them all the more and thus feed them with the power of your attention.

CON. to P.30

KIVA

Kiva:
A proposed way of life by which we mean to discover harmony with nature and god and to evolve spiritually through the creative expression of human energies.

Beings myth-oriented at birth and given to fancy, one of the current myths that have arisen among us out of the history of this continent into the dread circumstances of this world assumes the shape of beauty in embrace of continents and men, telescoping time and wedding space to space. Transcendent merger of Hindustani mysticism and Amerind spirituality, suspending the one word INDIAN in the fact of two peoples, disparate in place, time's aliens, no one imagination sired, woman-borne up from the flood streaming from a borrowed sea inscribing continents of history in the dread circumstances inked in the fossil blood of time; naming two peoples, seeming to make one, vast Deccan and wide prairie, Himalayas and Rockies where races of men assume a oneness as well.

Still others stand in awe of what they consider the epitome of American Indian spirituality, embodied as they believe it to be in the essential nature of a tribe we call the Hopi, a people as few in number as others seem many. The Hopi peace is their due for their reverence of belief, and it is contained in the character of their traditional rituals, where it has survived exposure to an everywhere rampant aggression, untroubled by visions of a continental destruction that is to end the historic America of the white people and their peculiar relation to the land. These people venerating and venerated by the stars, beloved of the earth which they love, are devotees of peace serving its shrine, and they are sacred to man.

City people in the Haight-Ashbury are seeking ways and means to bring into existence a communal center for the tribes that will provide, within a building, space for teaching skills related to personal growth; facilities for the production of art and publications; a meeting place for the promulgation of activities and services, leaders and groups; a library; a safe storage for members' valuables; a children's school; a center for self-supporting rural communities.

Intuitionally drawn to the idea by happenstance, blundering upon the word 'Hogan' as a possible name for the center, these people came upon the thinking of the Hopi Indians, within whose concept of the Kiva one realizes a most peaceful and enduring form of collective will to serve the self and god.

A Kiva is more than a meeting hall, a building, or a function. It is a broad, all-inclusive matrix for liberation. As Bufano told us: "It is a temple," and he has offered a piece of statuary, a monolith of beauty valued at several thousand dollars, to be used in the furtherance of the idea.

It has been variously estimated that from ten to two hundred thousand young people will come to the Haight-Ashbury this summer, fleeing answers that compose burning questions, seeking answers to questions that compel them, wanting of enlightenment, and ecstatic. If so, they will be the most beatific crusade since the middle ages.

It is possible that such a Kiva could become one more of the positive elements in a Haight-Ashbury self-renewal that is already one of the spectacularly non-government supported neighborhood improvements in existence. By practical statement to our visitors, illustrating ideas of a positive nature that they could take into themselves and so equipped, return to their cities and towns, their homes.

The Kiva could be a means of rapport with these voyagers that would make possible the provision of some degree of care, interest, advice, and assistance to them. It could endeavor to relate to as many as ten thousand transient youth.

The wonderful thing about the Kiva is the effective way such things work. At the Be-In when a poet asked the assembled crowd to practice Kitchen Yoga the people picked up the litter, and where they did, flowers seemed to grow-in at the Polo Grounds after over twenty-five thousand had maintained an atmosphere of calm and beauty all throughout a long day of love. The Kiva could be similarly maintained.

As money is donated to the Kiva in excess of its needs, large areas of land could be purchased for the founding of schools, places of worship, natural human involvement, etc., thereby moving the Kiva and its people to the country.

The Kiva could be a first model for new approaches to living in country and city alike, inspiring many of the young people who arrive here this summer by creating an inclusive and permissive environment so that when they return to their homes they may establish other centers of energy in halls, warehouses, old churches, stables, and ferryboats.

Funds used in a community have a total as well as a compartmentalized meaning. It seems reasonable to use monies that are to be spent to experiment with new rituals, particularly when the new rituals lead away from destruction and friction and the old, all too often, lead to these very things. Even government machinery can find a way to do this if it chooses. Certainly, private enterprise can.

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LIVING WITH THE LAND

BY S.B.

Those who seek being rather than status and who decide to return to the land often wish to attain an ethical relationship with nature. This requires knowledge and appreciation as well as good intent. Nature is reality, so we must consider the real consequences of our actions, not just their utilitarian, symbolic, or poetic implications. Consideration and respect for other humans should be extended to include regard for the environment and for the intricate web of living beings who, with us, depend on it. Entities which have been millions of years in the making should not be brushed aside thoughtlessly.

Extreme examples of the destruction and impoverishment of nature are all too apparent, from the bulldozers running rampant over woodland and marshes to replace them with subdivisions and parking lots to contemporary industrialized farming regions where vast areas are planted to a single crop, the status quo in this unstable situation (in natural systems complexity makes for stability, simplification results in instability) being maintained with increasing difficulty by a continuous aerial barrage of toxic chemicals.

Imposing an abstract technological ideal (greatest efficiency of production for maximum profit in the shortest interval of time) on the land (whether via slaves as in the late Roman latifundia or by supermechanization as in the present American industrialized farm) can only result in deterioration of the environment and loss of man's intuitive feeling for and rapport with nature.

In other parts of the world, many nonindustrialized peoples destroy their environment through ignorance, by burning forests, cultivating steep slopes, and overgrazing with livestock. There are even today some so-called primitive societies which live in harmony with their surroundings but many more have lost their rapport with nature and do not forsee the consequences of their actions.

The best hope for a mutually advantageous man-environment relationship would seem to be through the wise application of scientific knowledge with a cultural attitude of respect for nature.

With more and more small farmers being forced into other occupations by the competition of agri-business, there is a corresponding opportunity for individuals and groups who wish to cultivate small acreages for reasons other than an immediate cash profit. Patches of cropland too small or irregular for efficient industrialized farming are become increasingly available, providing that means can be found to buy or lease them.

Growing your own food (rather than foraging in the supermarket) requires good soil, adequate sunlight and water, experience, and effort.

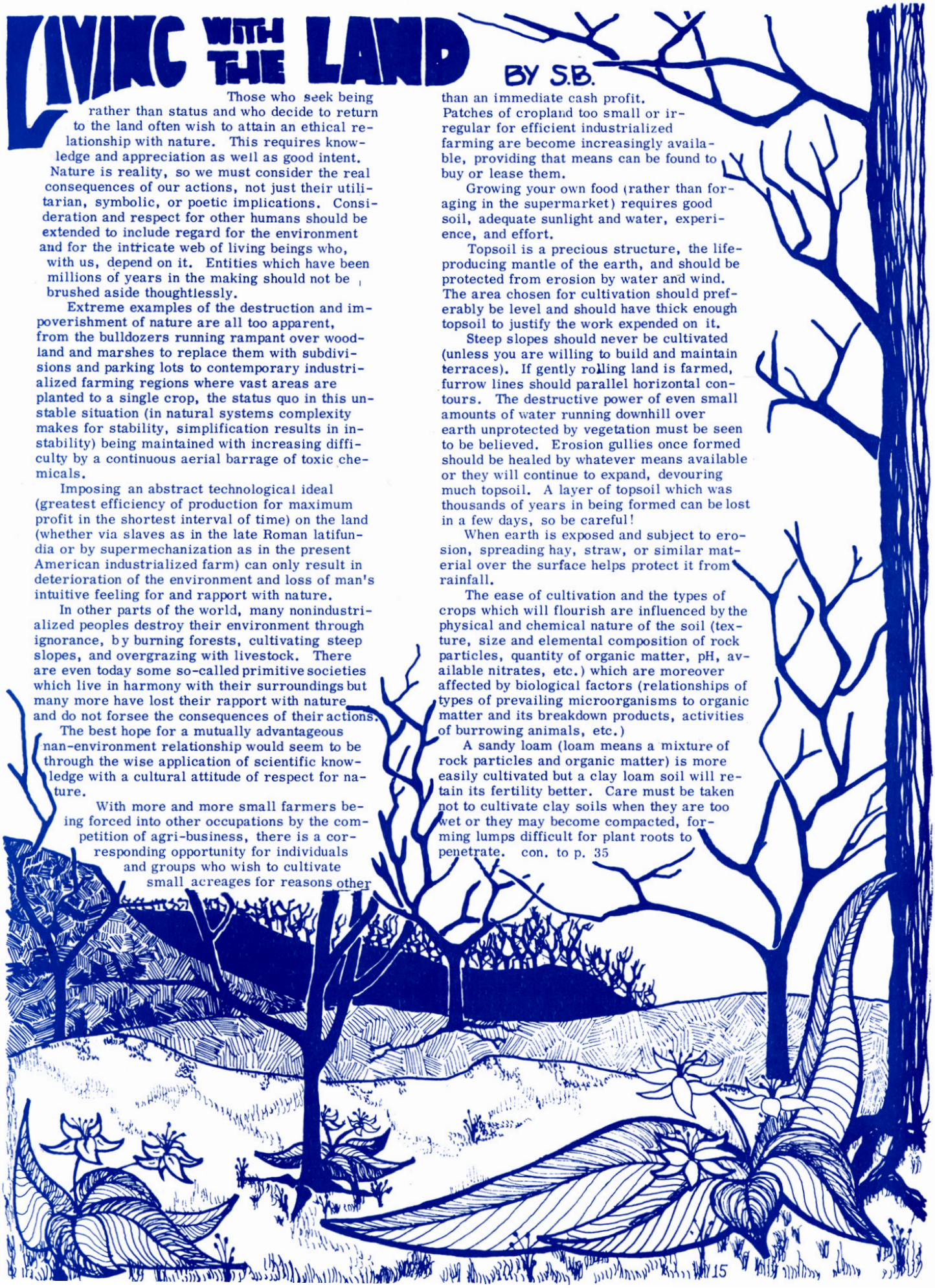
Topsoil is a precious structure, the life-producing mantle of the earth, and should be protected from erosion by water and wind. The area chosen for cultivation should preferably be level and should have thick enough topsoil to justify the work expended on it.

Steep slopes should never be cultivated (unless you are willing to build and maintain terraces). If gently rolling land is farmed, furrow lines should parallel horizontal contours. The destructive power of even small amounts of water running downhill over earth unprotected by vegetation must be seen to be believed. Erosion gullies once formed should be healed by whatever means available or they will continue to expand, devouring much topsoil. A layer of topsoil which was thousands of years in being formed can be lost in a few days, so be careful!

When earth is exposed and subject to erosion, spreading hay, straw, or similar material over the surface helps protect it from rainfall.

The ease of cultivation and the types of crops which will flourish are influenced by the physical and chemical nature of the soil (texture, size and elemental composition of rock particles, quantity of organic matter, pH, available nitrates, etc.) which are moreover affected by biological factors (relationships of types of prevailing microorganisms to organic matter and its breakdown products, activities of burrowing animals, etc.)

A sandy loam (loam means a mixture of rock particles and organic matter) is more easily cultivated but a clay loam soil will retain its fertility better. Care must be taken not to cultivate clay soils when they are too wet or they may become compacted, forming lumps difficult for plant roots to penetrate. con. to p. 35



from Philip Lamantia "Selected Poems" to be published by City Lights Books in July 1967
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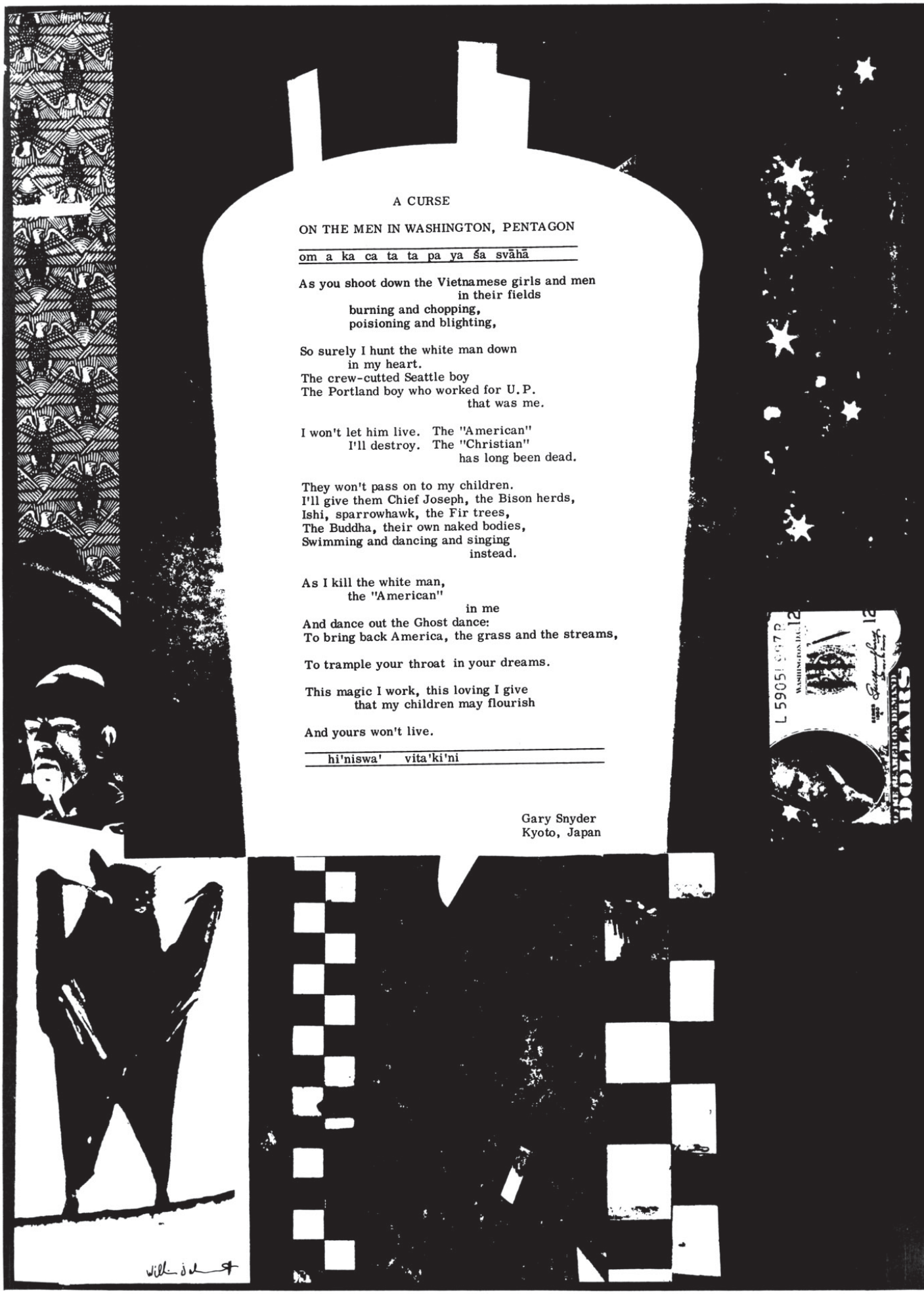
ASTROMANCY

PHILIP LAMANTIA

The stars have gone crazy
and the moon is very angry
The old civilization
that rolled the dice of Hitler
is surely bumbling
into a heap of catatonic hysteria
Another civilization
secret for six thousand years
is creeping on the crest of
future, I can almost see the
tip of its triangular star
I'm writing this from lost Atlantis
I wonder when I'll get back
to the alchemical castle
where I can rebegin my work
left off in the Middle Ages
when the Black Beast roared down
on my weedy parchments and spilled me
into an astral waiting room
whose angels, naturally in flaming white robes,
evicted me for this present irony
idleness, manny & The Dream
instead of getting down to
the super-real work of
transmuting the Earth with love of it
by the Fire prepared from the time of Out
No matter, I'm recovering
from a decade of poisons
I renounce all narcotic
& pharmacopoeic disciplines
as too-heavy 9-to-5-type sorrows
Instead I see America
as one vast palinode
that reverses itself completely until
Gitchi Manito actually returns
as prophet of a new Iroquois Brotherhood—
this needs further development—
I foresee a couple of essential changes:
a Break-Out Generation
of poet-kings setting up
The Realm Apart
of sweet natural play
and light metal work
matter lovingly heightened
by meditation, and spirit
transmuted into matter,
the whole commune conducted by
direct rapid transcription
from a no-past reference
anti-rational, fantastically poetic
violently passive and
romantically unprejudiced
Each one his own poet
and poetry the central fact
food & excrement of culture
I see you smiling tolerantly-
O liberal lip (another utopian
bites the dust) but no! you just
can't see what I'm reading while
in the act of transcribing it
I know at least three other
supernatural souls who envision
much the same under different names,
but the nomenclature's not more than
the lucid panorama I relescope
as, on this summer night's
torpor, it passes from under my eyelid and

grabs you, earth returned,
into the middle of Aquarius,
one millennium forward.



A CURSE

ON THE MEN IN WASHINGTON, PENTAGON

om a ka ca ta ta pa ya śa svāhā

As you shoot down the Vietnamese girls and men
in their fields
burning and chopping,
poisioning and blighting,

So surely I hunt the white man down
in my heart.
The crew-cutted Seattle boy
The Portland boy who worked for U.P.
that was me.

I won't let him live. The "American"
I'll destroy. The "Christian"
has long been dead.

They won't pass on to my children.
I'll give them Chief Joseph, the Bison herds,
Ishi, sparrowhawk, the Fir trees,
The Buddha, their own naked bodies,
Swimming and dancing and singing
instead.

As I kill the white man,
the "American"
in me
And dance out the Ghost dance:
To bring back America, the grass and the streams,

To trample your throat in your dreams.

This magic I work, this loving I give
that my children may flourish

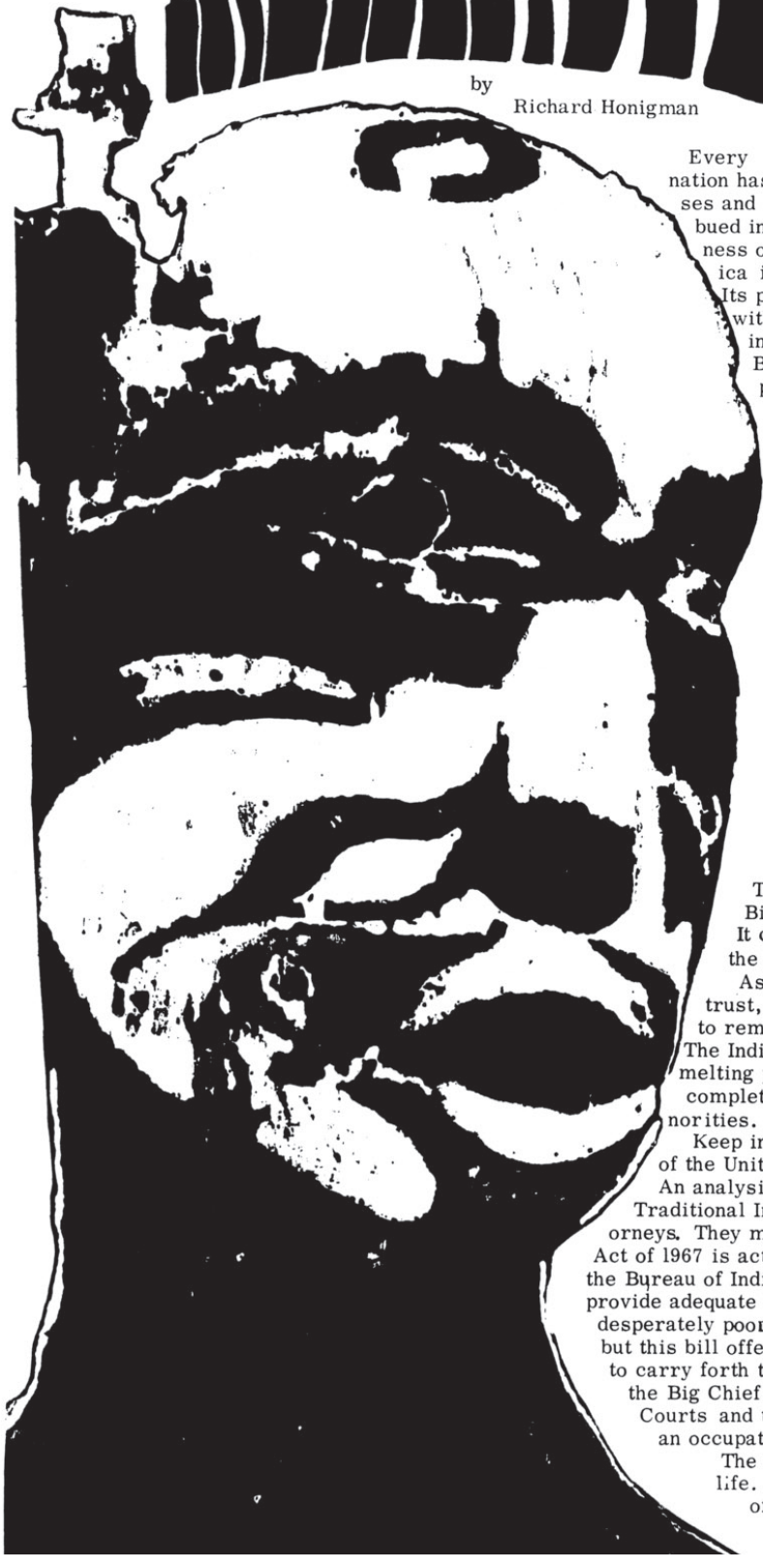
And yours won't live.

hi'niswa' vita'ki'ni

Gary Snyder
Kyoto, Japan

INDIANS FOR SALE?

by Richard Honigman



Every nation has phrases and myths imbued into the consciousness of its people. America is hardly an exception. Its past and present is riddled with ideas about destiny, divine intervention, strength, and justice. But there are some concepts which are particularly characteristic of America, or rather of its fantasies about itself. "America, the great melting pot," "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to be free," "The land of great opportunity."

These phrases certainly have a basis in fact, but as America becomes increasingly entangled in bureaucracy and manipulation, we find ourselves clumsily tripping over complacent conceptions as we race towards a forced homogenized conformity. The slogans and schemes bandied about by corporations and governments often utilize threads of these conceptions in their P. R. phraseology. However, they are less and less real every year; the once poetic boasts of a vigorous new nation are increasingly tinged with paranoia, guilt, and greed.

The American Dream is a nightmare for more of its people than would care to admit it. But we dream on, while inept or sinister politicians attack phantom problems beyond their their understanding, further brutalizing and entangling people too helpless to escape.

The governing of the American Indian is a case in point. The Indian Resources Development Act of 1967, the Omnibus Bill, is, at best, an incredible example of confused intention. It could also be a rotten scheme to steal the Indian land; to break the last vestige of communal tribal life.

As the machine increasingly dominates our lives, replacing, trust, love, and sense of community, Uncle Sam finds it necessary to remove to Indian heritage and plug its people into the system. The Indians are not a resource to be developed! "America, the great melting pot" has turned into a coerced illusion, forcing the Indian into completely relinquishing his real heritage, as it has done to most minorities.

Keep in mind, however, that American Indians are not minorities of the United States, but sovereign nations surrounded by Americans. An analysis of the Omnibus Bill was prepared by Techqua Ikachi (The Traditional Indian Land and Life Committee) with the help of several attorneys. They made it quite clear that The Indian Resources and Development Act of 1967 is actually a termination act for Indians: "It increases control of the Bureau of Indian Affairs over the lives of the Indians, ... and it does not provide adequate technical or financial assistance." Most Indians are indeed desperately poor and without opportunity in respect to modern American life, but this bill offers a trap door into more misery and oppression, not a way to carry forth their destiny. It will make the Secretary of the Interior the the Big Chief of all the remaining Indians on reservations. The Federal Courts and the Bureau of Indian Affairs will replace the necessity for an occupation army.

The United States rarely comprehends tribal or communal life. Misconceptions of the Indian and an absurd logic of of Democracy run rampant through the bill, as is

evidenced by these sections of the lawyer's analysis quoted below:

ANALYSIS OF PROPOSED

BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS

'INDIAN RESOURCES DEVELOPMENT

ACT OF 1967" (OMNIBUS BILL)

"The individual loses such land and is not compensated for it...

Similarly, the following sections, 302-310, permit some Indians (only 25 per cent of the total when eleven or more own the property in question) to force a sale or partition of all such land. Although the owners who object to such sales or partition have a right to purchase the property under certain circumstances, they will now have to pay for the land which they previously occupied without charge. If they cannot pay, as most will be unable to do, they will lose their land (unless it is capable of being partitioned in kind and the Comissioner decides to partition it.)

"Thus Sections 301-310 make easier the loss of their land by the Indians: Sections 311-315 are even more drastic in permitting the involuntary break-up and loss of undivided Indian restricted or trust land, for they permit the Secretary of the Interior, on request of only 25 per cent of the owners, no matter how many there are, to acquire such land (at its 'appraised value' -- the method of appraisal is not specified -- plus a 'bonus', which in most cases will be nothing, and can never exceed $1,000.

"Under these provisions the United States shall hold such land up to ten years, during which period it is to be used 'to the best advantage of the United States' - not the Indians. While Indians may purchase the property during this period, if they have the funds to do so, the land "may be disposed of by sale, added to the public domain, a national park system, or devoted to any other use which the Secretary determines is in the best interest of the United States' (Sec. 313 (c) -- not the Indians. Undoubtedly the Indians will derive great satisfaction from knowing that visitors to these national parks will listen with interest when the park rangers speak of the Indians 'who used to live here.'

"The title of this bill, 'The Indian Resources Development Act of 1967,' is not without irony, considering that it will have the effect of permitting or causing many Indians to lose their only asset, land. Furthermore, it is rather bizarre that a bill supposedly designed to assist Indians economically requires them to purchase the very same property which was previously held free (in trust or restricted status) for them. Yet that is the effect of Title III (Heirship) as the Secretary himself admits on page 26, in his explanation of the Bill.

"If there is any doubt that this is a termination act, one need only read the 'Relinquishment of Tribal Membership,' among provisions on livestock trespass, soil conversation and employee trading Section 505 (a) provides an incentive (or bribe) to terminate payment to the Indian for his share in the tribal assets. Why it should be necessary to give up all Federal rights and status as an Indian in order to obtain one's share of his tribe's assets is not altogether clear.

"If termination meant truly preparing Indians for participation in the mainstream of American life, they might well think it desirable. But, in the past, and under this Act, it means abdication of responsibility by which the actions of the BIA may be judged.

"The Omnibus Bill increases the control of the BIA over the lives of the Indians. The principal way in which this law would increase BIA interference in the lives of Indians is its authority to withhold, grant, condition, and revoke 'land management certificates,' all without any standards by which the actions of the BIA may be judged.

"The entire act embodies a philosophy of paternalism which limits and degrades the Indians but contains no checks to assure that the BIA is accurately performing its duties. Section after section bestows on the Secretary of the Interior unlimited discretion (for example, Sections 101, 108, 113, 201, 205, 301, 302, 311, 401) with no means of administrative or judicial review provided.

"Thus, the Secretary of the Interior can 'adopt rules and regulations governing the use of Indian lands whenever he concludes that such are necessary to conserve, protect, or promote the interests of the Indians (Sec. 113). And 'A (corporate) charter issued under this title may be revoked by the Secretary in accordance with such rules and regulations as he shall proscribe,' under Section 205. The constitutionality of such broad delegations of legislative power to the Secretary is dubious.

LAWYER'S CONCLUSION

"The foregoing analysis touches only some of the most serious defects in the proposed Omnibus Bill. There are numerous others, both of substance and procedure. Underlying the entire Bill is a continuation of the BIA's policy of dominance without real assistance in becoming self-sufficient. In fact, rather than helping to make the Indians self-sufficient a number of factors in this act, such as the fragmentation and forced sale of land, and inducement to relinquish tribal membership weaken such resources and unity as the Indians now possess."

SITTING BULL CORPORATION ?

Much of the reasoning behind the dissent that many Americans feel today towards war, American World Economic Dominance, and the insane consumption-oriented society can be extended to the Indian issue. Must these people be forced into the American form of life, where trust and brotherhood are impossible; where anxiety, neurosis, conformity, and greed dominate all else in society? A society diametrically opposed to Indian Spirituality, Life, and Community? The Indians need help now! Help -- before the railroads and corporation minerologists find a way to gobble up sacred Hopi land, and clap-tract housing have the effrontery to call themselves Apache Estates or Pawnee Village.

Many Indians are already acculturated; others beaten and with little hope. There are many, however, who are trying to retain their rightful heritage. The people involved in the creative, spiritually oriented phenomenon that has been emerging in our society could do much to help the Indian.

Many young people look towards the Indian for some spiritual guidance and for communal and ecological guidelines. This is not a free ride! If it is, then we are simply Ugly Americans stepping over poor dark foreigners. Americans are not Indians, cannot form a traditional Indian Tribe, but we can help each other and work toward a proper development of our respective Karmas.

Remember the Hopi prophecy that the day of purification will come, Armageddon, when they are removed from their rightful land and life. When the consciousness of separate, individual, titled non-community pervades all of this country, the protection of the Great Spirit will be removed. Land is to be lived within, universally, in a spiritual system --not lived on, bartered, sold or consumed. This ill-conceived Omnibus Bill will throw the American Indian into the bottom of the puritan American melting pot within a generation, assuming the Hopi prophecy is delayed. The melting pot which scores of individuals are trying to climb out of today. If everyone helps each other in communion and conscious ness, we can do what is necessary to find the way, and bring about a more natural and spiritual reality: for all.

WHO IS AN INDIAN?

I am an Indian.
I come from the great Southwestern Plateau.
I am a Pueblo man, a farmer, and my beliefs are ancient.
I was here before you came and, in spirit, will remain
after you have gone -- you white people of machines.
Your captains and missionaries have fought us.
Yes, you have destroyed the wild hunters of the Plains.
You have crushed the acorn pickers of your California,
crushed the silent forest hunters everywhere,
the spearers of salmon,
the clam eaters,
the whale harpooners.
But the Pueblo people are still here.
We still guard the mysteries.
We converse with the coyote.
We caress the rattler with eagle plumes.
We caress the earth with our feet and plant corn for fertility.
The earth is our church.
Each dawn is our renewal,
each season a new dance prayer.
The winter is the quiet time,
the spring the fertile time,
the summer is wealthy in rain and growth,
the fall the rejoicing time.
We Indians are going nowhere.
We came from nowhere.
We have always been here, year after year.
How long?
We were here at man's dawn.
A dim brother of mine, a great hunter,
left you a fluted stone spear point,
lost or left in a hunt for beasts
that have long since perished,
the shaggy monsters of our childhood.
We slew these monsters.
Each Indian has a dream memory
so that we know what the world was like then,
when our forefathers ran naked after the great tusked beasts.
The spear point was driven and lost then.
You white people found it near Folsom, New Mexico.

We Pueblo people came out of the earth.
We have friends down there,
and great Gods live down there.
At Shalako time in Zuni, in the great cold of mid-winter,
You once had a paradise,
but you forsook it.
What did you do that made your God drive you
out into the barren world?
We live in paradise,
or at least did before YOU came.
We committed no crime.
We lay together in the fertile fields.
God smiled, flowers covered us, and gentle rains fell on us,
until YOU came.
You driven ones, fleeing nature,
jealous and furious over our nakedness, our naturalness.

They say you have done this everywhere you have wandered.
Are you fearful that you might find a paradise that you lost?
Yes, you sinned,
Not just against man but against nature.
Your crime was your scheme to beset nature, to conquer her.
To save harmony and peace God drove you forth.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, WHITE MAN?

Pass on, and leave us our earthen world.
What will you find out there where no life exists?
Will you find paradise?
It is here on the green watered earth that there is a paradise.
Learn from us!
Take heart.
We Indians are not all perishing.
We are left on earth to be your teachers.
And too, the earth people have many families.
We Pueblos are just one of the nature people.
I know we have faraway relatives.
My people have legends of the great oceans,
the ancient ones had abalone shells.
Even beyond this water we have relatives, people like us,
who have the ancient secret, the wisdom.

WHAT ARE YOU FIGHTING?

We used to fight for the honor of touching the enemy,
to gain strength from his strength.
You started your wars on the edge of the eastern forest.
You toppled the trees,
you fought and killed your way into the West
for three hundred years.
WE were the savages you were killing.
You even taught us cruelties.
Finally you fought your way to the western shores and killed again,
those peaceful Pomo, Miwok, Maidu, Yahi,
the Yurok, the Karok, and Hoopa.
Especially you hated them because they too lived in harmony,

we feast these Gods.
They come out of the earth heralded by the down-below people,
the Mud-Heads.
They come hooting over the plains at sunset
blessing the way of the Shalako,
great people, three times the height of a man.
We welcome them to Pueblo shrines,
fresh built earthen rooms where we wait to feast them,
dance before them in the firelight till dawn.

All good comes from the earth;
all good returns to the earth.
Snakes know this.
Relatives, the Hopi, entertain the rattlers in the Kivas,
converse with them, dance with them,
and let them return to the earth.
Down into the center of things they return
and give our prayers to the earth ones.
But the white men fight our nature Gods.
They fight the earth.
It is their devil place, their Hell.
You white men fight nature because it springs from the earth,
trees, flowers, and especially apples.
For you fruit and plants are evil.
My relatives in Isleta trusted the whiteman's God,
who YOU say lives in the air.
For hundreds of years by Isleta relatives
started their rain dance in the Christian church yard,
for your priest said, "God is everywhere."
So we looked for him down under the church.
Your priests are liars.
The Catholic Father in Isleta, just two years ago,
became furious because we prayed to God
under the church yard.
He waved his cross and pointed to heaven, saying,
"God is only up there!"
And he ordered us out.
But my relatives went on dancing.
Then the priest paved the churchyard with cold cement,
man-made stone that sealed off the earth.
Isleta's dancing feet could no longer send down love
and thanks to the earth ones.

That is YOU.
With your machines you pave the earth,
cut down the trees,
flood the fertile valleys,
or cut the soil so deep that it bleeds to death.
WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?
A child who has lost his way?
You even want to leave the earth itself, away, out, up!
What is an Indian?
Look at yourself and you will know.
We Pueblo men are all that you have lost.
For one thing, we are people of harmony,
and you are not.
Our destiny is here,
in the wet mud of an irrigated corn field.
Destiny for you is UP, and OUT, and ON.
You are the driven ones.
We are the quiet and waiting ones,
that contented ones.

those shell-fish eaters and acorn gatherers.
Indeed you found again paradise
and drove nature into the sea!
And now you fight on
against oriental forest and earth-dwellers, there,
machines in the air,
machines leveling forests,
driving, driving ...
What are you fighting, white man?
It's a fight of flame and gun and explosion,
but the fight is not just in the East;
we see you fighting all around us.
Your cars screaming down Highway 66.
Your jets thundering over our corn fields.
We have worked in your cities,
seen the lonely hatreds,
or the broken hearts of so many grown children.
If you do not learn from us,
WE LEARN FROM YOU.
We heard your sermons, we tasted your salvations,
we weighed your gospel and considered your Christ.
But there was a flaw.
We were suspicious of your God, who never failed you,
always loving, a Christ with no human faults.
We knew there was a terrible truth you did not want us to hear,
for there are no Gods or people without faults.
The terrible truth was that your Christ carried Hell
with him, and that each of you had a Hell, a darkness.
You are torn, lonely and wandering,
still fleeing all that is natural,
still fleeing from your nakedness.

Yes, you taught US the strength of our Indian-ness.
By you we learned the bliss of our natural world.
White man, we know when to leave,
and many of us DO leave.
We return to Hopi, Zuni, Santo Domingo, or Taos,
for the great renewing ceremonies.
WE still have a holy land and you have none.
We came from nature and we can return to nature.
WE ARE INDIAN!

AFTER THOUGHT

I am the white man, the anthropologist.
I listen to the Indian.
His view of the white world IS true and historical.
But I also see there is an Indian in all of us,
submerged but gnawing.
We hurt in the same way the Indian does.
Our bloods mingle in this hurt.
You long-hair people, Beatniks, Hippies,
call yourself what you will,
are you also living in an ancient memory,
listening for a forgotten beat,
listening for wind sounds and sea sounds?
Aren't you seeking that paradise of forest stream
and meadow?
to witness a flower,
the brilliance of fire,
the magic of the obscure and shadowed.
You too yearn for the Eden of simplicity,
of a life with urges, fulfillment and rhythms.
You turn your face from the future.
You seek the child within you,
not just for childishness,
but rather for the wholeness of personality that exists,
before the harried and split self of what we call maturity.
Nature people have this wholeness,
and the wisdom that can only come from this self possession.
You listen to be enlightened by the child's clear voice.
This child within you IS the hunger for the Indian.

Have you not turned your back on the tumult, the speed
the driven-ness of machines?
You too stop time, in your own psychedelic way,

John Collier Jr.
April 1967

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SIOUX SONGS

1.

Father is away somewhere
will come home howling

Mother is away somewhere
will come home howling

Father is away somewhere
a buffalo calf in his belly

Mother is away somewhere
will come home howling

Now she returns
in a sacred manner she returns

2.

I thought I was a wolf
but the owls are hooting
& I'm afraid of the dark

I thought I was a wolf
but I'm so hungry
I'm tired from just standing

I am a wolf
I go to many places
I'm just tired of that one

3.

In wild flight
I sent the swallows
in wild flight
I made them go
in wild flight
before the clouds were gathered

In wild flight
I sent my horse
in wild flight
a swallow flying running
in wild flight
before the clouds were gathered

4.

Here I am
look at me
I am the sun
look at me

Here I am
look at me
I am the moon
look at me

5.

Owls hoot at me
owls hoot at me
I know what it's all about
I've heard them before

Wolves howl at me
wolves howl at me
I know what it's all about
I've heard them before

6.

Way up north
where the wind blows
they are walking

Way up north
where the hail beats down the grass
they are walking

Way up north
in all that weather
they are walking

7.

I thought I saw buffalo
& called out
I thought I saw buffalo
& called out
let them be buffalo

They were blackbirds
I walked toward them
& they were blackbirds

I thought I saw buffalo
& called out
I thought I saw buffalo
& called out
let them be buffalo

They were swallows
I walked toward them
& they were swallows

8.

When I was courting
they told me I had no horses
so I'm looking

Crow, Crow
watch your horses
they say I'm a horse thief

Keep your eyes open
I'm wandering around anyway
I might as well look for horses

Night is different
than day
may my horses be many

9.

As the young men go by
I look for him
I always look for him
& he has gone
I will always look for him
& he has gone

10.

a wa wa
wa be
still sleep
a a
wa wa
wa be
still sleep
a a
wa wa wa
wa be
still sleep
a a
wa wa wa
wa be
still sleep
a

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This is a corrected transcript of remarks made by Craig, a messenger for the Hopi and other traditional Indian leaders on this Great Island, recorded near Old Oraibi, December 22, 1966.

HOPI LIFE PLAN

This petroglyph, or picturecraft, is called the "Hopi Life Plan" these days because it depicts in very brief form where the Hopi came from, why they came here, what happened to them after they came here, what is happening to them now, and what will happen to them and to all other people on this land, and perhaps all other life on this Great Island, if the present dictator conditions (violations of Creator's Law in Order) are not corrected.

This petroglyph was first shown to me by John Lanza of Oraibi several years ago and after awhile he told me it was all right to mention it to David Monongye of Hotevilla, implying that it was all right to tell the story and reveal this petroglyph to the outside world. David Monongye, in turn, told the interpreter for Traditional Hopi Leaders, Banyacya, about this stone and the picture story on it, and since that time Banyacya and others have come to see this stone many times. In fact, there has been such keen interest in this Hopi Life Plan rock that an auto road has even been made in there.

The trail, or Path of Life, travels straight up from the underworld and is being held by Maassau, the Great Spirit of this Land and Life. He is pointing downward with His right hand to show where we, the first people, came from. Here, somebody has scratched an arrow in His right hand pointing out the direction from which we came, but the arrow symbol is not part of the original petroglyph.

The Great Spirit of this Land and Life is holding the Life of this Land, all human life and all other forms of life. It is His; it all belongs to Him or is under His responsibility or authority. He is holding this Path of Life or controlling it here in the Beginning. He is standing on it, controlling it here at the End. The Great Spirit said, "I am the first and I am the last. I am the First Person here and I will be here at the last, at the End."

On Maassau's right is a bow with an arrow beside it which was very faint when I first saw this picturecraft. In fact, I don't even remember seeing it at that time. It may have been scratched in afterwards. It refers to the Bow Clan which was instrumental in bringing the first people from the Underworld at the time of the last Great Flood and onto this present world.

When the first people came onto this land the Great Spirit met them near where Grand Canyon is today and He gave them permission to live there with him. He also gave them basic instructions as to how they should live upon this land in order to have a long and happy and fruitful life, a perfect and complete life.

Basically, He emphasized a simple, humble life, not a life involved in the acquiring of material possessions. Also, the duty of us mortals is to use the land for the purpose of producing and sustaining life. In other words, life itself is the supreme value above all other values as far as we earth people are concerned.

According to the Life Plan or prophetic blueprint of human history or destiny on this land and in this era, as we trace the Path upward we find that the first people on this land would heed and follow the Great Spirit's Sacred Instructions and live a happy life, a life of paradise, until someday, someone would come to us with the Christian-type cross.

The cross, you will notice, is off to one side of the Great Spirit's path of Life and not attached to that basic or true path. It is kept away from the Great Spirit's path by the large circle, which, perhaps, refers to the complete creation, or to the whole earth, or to the sun. It may also refer to a complete or perfect life which in this picturecraft is guarding the right side of the perfect Life Path as the Great Spirit guards the left side.

The cross is very clear. It is off to one side. We must beware of the person who brings it because we are warned that his message is not in harmony with the Great Spirit's Plan and Path of Life.

As we travel the Path of perfect life upwards, past the Great Guardians, and the Great Threat, we come to a large rectangle. This rectangle represents the beautiful life of paradise on this land which would continue until that someone would come along with the new life plan, (the one associated with the Christian-type cross) and start that new path which takes off to the right from the rectangle and is sometimes called "the Upper Road" or "Sky Road."

That new path would appear to most of us to be similar to and even parallel to the Great Spirit's Path, the lower or down-to-earth or practical or true one. But it would not really be parallel. There would be errors within this new life path or plan.

As the converted or changed-over people went along this new life plan or path, those errors or mistakes would manifest themselves and be followed by a testing, a shake-up indicating to the people of the world that something was wrong with this new life path.

So there is this circular symbol on the life path showing that the righteous would experience a great shake-up. They would recognize it, the first great world war. Then there would be a certain period of time for the righteous, followed by another great world war.

Then, as we continue along the True Path, the people who followed this diversion path or upper path, and thought they were going to escape, would go through this third or last great world war or Purification Day

Some of the people, at this late date, would recognize their mistake and try to (cont. p. 30)

SUN BEAR CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

not try to conquer it.

Do not try to exalt yourself above your Little Brothers, the animals. They share the land with you. Do not be like the foolish white man who declares some animals like the coyote and fox as predators, and slaughters them wantonly. Disturbing the natural balance of nature caused 100 million mice to become a plague upon the land at Tule Lake, California.

To the Indian, everything was natural, and because of this, he had no double standard of sex, where one was a holier-than-thou philosophy, where one refused to talk about it and sat with folded hands, and the other, dirty pictures on outhouse walls. To the Indian, sex is a perfectly natural thing--his Little Brothers did it, and so did he.

Sex is the He and She rains. The light and heavy rains that bring strength to the crops in the desert. Sex is the ceremony of the Return of the Sun--by watching the Sun-Watcher Peaks to determine when the Sun has reached its southern-most point. At that time the solistic ceremonies start in celebration of the Return of the Sun, the Rebirth of Life. Father Sun bringing new life from the Earth Mother. Sex is a beautiful thing--the giving of new life to the land which means food for people. It means fish spawning up a stream. It means ducks bringing forth their young in the marshes. This is why the Indian people regarded it as a natural thing. It was part of life.

But they were first able to live on Earth as men and women and then reach up for higher things, because of having a balance and not complexes and psychiatrists and scribes who consumed a lifetime writing volumes on sex.

To the Indians, sex was not a spectator sport. It was between the man and the woman who participated only.

At this time, the Indian people are concerned with creating new industry and an economy on their reservations. In some places, this is slanted toward tourist recreational developments, improving and developing land for farming and ranching, setting up co-operative hand craft stores, and in Nevada, we hope to go into silk-screening Indian designs on skirts and blouses and making other handcraft items.

My advice to our Brothers who wish to return to the land is: learn which crops you can grow for your own use in a given area, and then have your craftsmen who turn out items marketable in other areas. The greatest failure of communities of people living together in a tribal manner has been not having a practical means of survival. It is good--the amount of free time you have for study and meditation when people work together and co-operate. I hope in the future to be able to find people to help us market Indian made products.

We want to retain our land and develop it and live together as a people rather than be pushed off of what we have left of our Earth Mother. It is hard to get small craft and industry projects going without capital, in most cases. But the Indian people are becoming more united and we are making progress along this line. In fact, more progress has been made in Nevada in the past three years than in the 75 years before.

THE FIRST SOUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

when I leave the city in a couple of days and go back down the coast I'm going to go back in there. I'll ask a friend to tend my garden while I'm gone, as you must do if you plant and then leave, and I'll take a few things, some eats and a bag to sleep in, and pen and ink and paper maybe, in and be there for a while.

What happens when an angel fucks a star--do they become stunned in their gorgeousness, and locked together?

But here, in this, now, I have for man something which as an idea and practice may be both reality and help: Silence. Consider, if you can, what might occur upon you each individually for an instant or a moment or an hour or a day the entire world went suddenly stone silent--nothing of sound except an all absorbing synchronized inhalation of the breath of all that lives, and the slow quiet letting of it out—and then, perhaps, the possibility that through man and all the animals of this earth which are his keep all other beings might begin to breathe together. Consider it--all beings breathing. You have now enough strong men to insure it. Find them, but do not praise them. Take of them, but do not take away from them the individuals that they are. If

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

Sounds from the Seedpower Sitar

While day by day the overzealous student stores up facts for future use,
He who has learned to trust nature finds for ever fewer external directions.
He will discard formula after formula, until he reaches the conclusion: Let Nature take its course.
By letting each thing act in accordance with its own nature, everything that needs to be done gets done.
The best way to manage anything is by making use of its own nature;
For a thing cannot function properly when its own nature has been disrupted.

--from the Tao Teh Ching
(translated by Archie Baum)

ON WILDERNESS LIVING

Read How to Stay Alive in the Woods by Bradford Angier, Collier paperback 02805 (95c.) (Collier Books, 866 3rd Ave, N.Y....Also, Early Uses of California Plants by Edward K. Balls, U. of Calif. Press, and Edible and Useful Plants of the West by Muriel Sweet, Nature-graph Press, Healdsburg, Calif.

INSIDE INDIAN CALIFORNIA

"Most of the California Indians learned one trick that was characteristic of their culture, an ability to deal with and a consequent dependence on, acorns produced by the wide spread of abundant Oak tree of the country. Most of the California tribes could grind acorns into meal. and leach this to extract the bitter tannin and make it palatable. Acorns rather than corn and buffalo meat where the staff of life in Indian California These were supplemented by a wide variety of edible plants and by animal foods ranging from grasshopper and sea mussels to elk and antelope," --- Dasmann, The Destruction of California.

"The acorns are collected when ripe, spread out to dry in the sun, cracked, and stored until the kernels are dry, care being taken that they do not mold. The kernels are then pulverized in a mortar to a fine meal, with frequent siftings to remove the courser particles, until the whole is ground to a fine flour, this being essential. The tannin is then dissolved out by placing the flour in a filter and letting water percolate through it for about two hours, or until the water ceases to have a yellowish tinge. (One form of filter is contrived by laying a coarse, flat basket of strainer on a pile of gravel with a drain underneath. Rather fine gravel is now scattered thick, over the bottom and up the sides of the strainer, and the meal laid thick over the gravel. Water is added, little by little, to set free the tannin. The meal is removed by hand as much as possible, then water is poured over the remainder to get it together, and thus little is wasted. The meal by this time has the consistency of ordinary dough.)

The dough is cooked in two ways: First, by boiling it in water as we do corn-meal mush, the resulting porridge being not unlike yellow corn-mealmush in appearance and taste; it is sweet and wholesome, but rather insipid. The second method is to make the dough into small balls, which are wrapped in green leaves. These balls are then placed in hot ashes. some green leaves of corn are laid over them, and hot ashes are placed on the top, and then the cakes are baked.....

----from Horace Kephart, Camping and Woodcraft

NOTES FROM THE GENETIC JOURNAL

STEPHEN LEVINE

As poet and participator,
vortex and forcefield, I seek an understanding of this thing
which is the American Indian consciousness. But I am not an American
Indian and question one culture's apperception of another. So I watch the watcher, translating the vibrations of my mind-stuff to the overtones of language.
I chronicle my genes.

Having been sped through the forms and phylums of the womb, towed from the sea, gills sealed, chest pumped full of air, jerked erect and led to the mouth of the cave, I am Man, homo sapien form-in-transit engaged in evolution.

I am born into time with the Genetic Witness as my ancestry, containing the previous mind-forms that history the procession. Genesis chiming in my cells.

And I make contact the only way possible, via Original Man totemed in my chromosomes. I am allowed examination of this thing which occupies some part of my consciousness as the American Indian, holy land creature, horse trader and coup warrior, fire dancer and animist magician; Being also.

In the genetic reiteration I experience the land as common denominator. Man and the land an inseparable progression of the lifeforce. Man as outcome of his natural environment: created from it and constantly returning to it.

The land truly our mother of whom we are born and suckled, the sun our grandfather, our history.

As Man, most recent song master of the phylums, mutant-in-process continually altering to the melody of coincidence, I discover that the forests never stop evolving into me and I never cease becoming something else.

And I feel Man's breath as the ebb and flow of the planet. Strophe and antistrophe to the tides, cave-original counterpoint. And that all life breathes. The Earth sighs and murmurs in the sun.

It is on the land that we discover a certain life-style instantly recognizable in ourselves. Extant in the constant flow that begins beneath a rotting log, at that point where dissolution is met by creation, where decomposition creates sufficient compost and warmth for the expansion of life.

This is the life-style that is the natural stride in perfect harmony with the pure octaves of the land. And I perceive its reception obstructed by attempts at mastery: covering the ground with concrete, erecting amazing tonnages and spinning a drought of machines causing an unnatural modulation in the planet's natural/ecological melody.

By interposing masteries between ourselves and this intrinsic harmony we create a discordant perversion manifest in the human psychology as property and theft, protection and murder. (And that even the American Indians may not have comprehended this totally, though the potlatch and the coup-bow-touch were several octaves above present intercrime.)

And I possibility that in, and from, our cities we may be in the process of producing a new ecology, a New Mechanical Ice Age, accomplishing a permanent change in the Earth's metabolism. That the continual radioactive pollination and poisoning of the airs and waters may find a toxic rhythm of its own, a metallic cacophony that disposes of whole species, dispensing with the forests and devoid of soil; destroying the instrument on which the tune is strummed.

With the genetic retention released and percolating in every cell comes the essence of this harmony with the land: Man's internal rhythms consonant with the Cambrian cadence of evolution as it moves through him and all living matter. Man sharing a mutual frequency with all that grows and changes.

It is evolution that Man shares with the land: this is the bond of Original Man, this is his spiritual order, his grace. This is the order that the genetic nucleus affirms. The substance of two billion years precedence that transports us to the here & now.

Citied in flat stone and moved by machine, Man is an alien; suspended in that which has ceased to grow. Wombed in plastic. Seedless.

In his megapolis, compressed by false horizons and bisected by the motion of machines to either side of him, Man is a superimposure, imbalanced by the predominance of lateral energies. Flanked by gliding herds of stamped metal, curbed at the intersection of the cross: Out of Order. Substrata to the birdless chasms lined in glass that reflect the horizontal riot of energy. Jaundiced by neon.

Unobstructed, Man moves within the continuum that rustles the trees above and germinates through the soil below; realizing Copernicus in the flight of clouds, finding Newton in a stream that flows from the mountains to the sea: recovering relativity on its banks.

Thus these are the compassings of the genetic directive: a reintegration of the spirit as a part of the whole. To be accomplished on the land or perhaps in the cities yet to be devised. This is the recognition that extends from Original Man to today's alienated street creature. The song a generation rising sings, more a choir than a tribe, in prana-harmony to the remarkable Order of Things.

And I in translating these cellular oscillations preclude the possibility of originality; it is the antithesis of "original," a product of the genetic sharing of the collective cortex, a molecule of the common substance of all Man, his past, his present. It is a reading from the Genetic Journal.

TEO NANA ATL

by Gene Grimm

The religious traditions of the North American Indian encompassed concepts that were as varied as the features of the land they inhabited, but all had in common a focus on duty toward the Supernatural, including basic beliefs and practices that united them: "common world property, the use of wonder-working objects such as tokens and amulets and the propitiation of animals and plants to be used."

Common attitudes were also expressed between humans: "... fear of menstruating women, fear-avoidance of the dead (various degrees of submission to, and attempts at, eliminating fear), and the office of Shaman and medicine man."

The practice of these beliefs was manifested in taking care of the land and the people that inhabited it; proper care of both was elemental in the life of the North American Indian since the land provided for the fulfillment of man's material and spiritual needs. "The Hopi land is the Hopi religion. The Hopi religion is bound up in the Hopi land."

The necessary materials for sustenance were always present in the land; man needed only to gain knowledge of their working.

The deities that created the land and the Indian are at times vague and undefined, but relationships between deities and humans were nearly always positive and worked for the benefit of mankind. The earth abounded in gifts from the deities and it was the major preoccupation of an Indian's life to use them wisely. The plant herbs used in ceremonies were such gifts.

Traditional Indian literature and modern research show that in the most remote North American Indian cultures man used plant sources of chemical energy to alter his consciousness.

The ceremonial use of these herbs was essential to religious practice, providing the context for an individual or group to celebrate his religion according to the traditions of his tribe.

These ceremonies were the essential means of making contact with the spiritual world because the ritual activity itself was believed to have been set by Supernaturals.

The dancing, singing, and the ceremony in general moved much as the subject of interest moved, i.e. eagle dancers representing mating eagles performed their dance beautifully, hoping to gain the approval of the eagles themselves.

The myth that accompanied the ceremonies might be vague and undefined, however, "... these rites, the Indians believed, were on a plain established by the Supernaturals long ago to avert evil, bring good fortune, and keep man's world operating as in the beginning."

The purpose of the ceremony and the use of the herb was to renew the partnership between man and the Supernaturals. These herbs were offerings, "... reminders of a contract between friends and equals, for the spirits long ago had made it known that, on presentation of the proper token, their favors would be granted."

In Ages past, the Supernaturals "... had set the life of men and animals moving in the right way. To keep it moving thus, man had only to reenact the events of the beginning, thus keeping them as real and powerful as ever."

During the ceremonies any one of a number of mind-altering agents might be used, but the most widely used ceremonial herb was tobacco, and in eastern North America it may have been the sole agent.

Tobacco was believed to be a sacred gift from a great spirit, and that through its agency the great deities and their subordinates could be appealed to for the blessings one might desire.

It was also the principal medium through which the priests and the medicine-men received their inspirations. "No people on the face of the earth (were) more devoted to their cult (tobacco) than was the American Indian." Tobacco was a sacred herb and was regarded as among the Indian's most treasured possessions.

Tobacco was used as a sacrifice and offering to appease the wrath of the Indian's deities or to assure success in important undertakings. It was burned on the alters and shrines, that the aroma might be wafted to the deities far and near.

The Iroquois believed that its smoke went to the Culture-Hero-Creator, making a path for their prayers, and this smoke also carried their petitions to the Great Spirit. They believed that tobacco was given to them as the agent to attain communication with the spiritual world.

The Iroquois use of tobacco as sacrifice to the spirits is in general typical of all North American Indian usage.

The Pima of southern Arizona regarded tobacco as "A plant of divine origin that in its death, burning in a cigarette or pipe or as incense, released a spirit (odor and smoke) that was wafted by the breeze to the home of the magic beings that shape man's destiny."

The Algonquin human deity, Great Manitou, was dependent on mankind as mankind was dependent on him; so he took measures to insure his peoples' welfare. He gave them tobacco (Nicotiana Rustica) that induced a "magical" euphoria, and the Indian attributed to the spirits the same yearning for a smoke that they felt themselves. "The Great Manitou had thus provided them with a tool with which to coerce the Supernaturals." The Algonquin also believed that a man who smokes the pipe is obliged to tell the truth.

Hopi ceremonial smoking of tobacco produced a cloud that, because of its fragrance, would attract the attention of the heavenly powers who controlled the rain-bringing clouds upon which so much of Hopi life depends. This smoke cloud carried the Hopi prayers for rain.

The preceeding examples are indicative of the tobacco usage among North American Indians. Tobacco was also used as a peace offering to other persons or tribes, and was given to one from whom a favor was expected or when a man anticipated an answer to a question. It was believed to be highly prized by all the deities, and no prayer was complete without it... No request addressed to the elders for esoteric information was valid without being accompanied by the herb.

Cont. pg. 28

TEONANACATL--continued

Tobacco was sent out, together with an invitation, to members of a society or to people who held common interest, whenever a meeting was contemplated. "Nothing of a serious nature was undertaken, or even attempted, before indulging in smoking and contemplation."

"Everything that exhibits power is WAKAN. All life is WAKAN: whether in action, as the winds and drifting clouds, or in passive endurance, as the boulder by the wayside. Even the common sticks and stones have a spiritual essence that could work for the benefit of mankind if spiritual union and respect was forthcoming from human beings." Tobacco was the means of demonstrating that spiritual union and respect.

Tobacco was used in a dry-state as an offering in propitiation ceremonies. When a Ponca dug up a medicinal plant, he sprinkled tobacco into the cavity left in the earth to thank Mother Earth for her gift.

Offerings of tobacco to inanimate objects were common. The Great Lakes area abounded in rocks, spirit stones and waterfalls that contained spirits, and to them they never failed, when passing, to make offering of tobacco.

The animatistic attitude bound man in a direct relationship with animals. "Man-Animals were once the only creatures on earth, but they gave up their position as masters of the earth and retired to the woods and streams, willfully allowing their bodies to be used for food, demanding only spiritual union and respect from human beings." An animal's powerful spirit would then reappear only occasionally in visions to favored human beings.

An inanimate object would be treated with tobacco smoke so that it would carry messages to the spirits (Hopi and Navaho prayer sticks). Sacred objects in a war-bundle or medicine-bundle were often accompanied by tobacco so that the spirits solicited would be pleased.

Tobacco was used in so many ceremonies (Birth, death, planting, harvesting, war, peace, etc.) that it involved most aspects of an Indian's life. Many tribes of North America considered the plant to be sacred and the idea appears one of the most ancient and original among them. Tobacco was offered in religious rites and solemn ceremonies with the same earnestness and fervor as was frankincense and myrrh by their brothers of the Old World.

The North American Indian actively solicited supernatural power and tried to gain for his own use some aspect of that power. Possible means of making contact with the spirits were fasting, prayer, worship, purification, self-torture, or unusual and prolonged physical exertion, all according to a plan inherited ultimately from the spirits themselves. A person might also inherit or buy the knowledge necessary for the practice of that power.

Spiritual experience for some Indians included only the use of tobacco as a sacrament, but for many Indian cultures the use of more potent herbs was evident.

Throughout the southwestern United States, prior to the extensive use of peyote, many tribes used the mescal bean, datura, and in very limited usage, various forms of mushrooms and morning-glories. All of these were used as vision and dream-inducing agents.

They were used during or immediately before a vision quest, an initiation rite, a lone vigil, a dream, or a group ceremony that celebrated some aspect of tribal life.

The importance of the vision and dream experience as a means to acquire a supernatural helper necessitated the use of hallucinatory agents; their usage was a guarantee that a dream or vision would occur. The tribes of the southern plains, southwestern United States, and central and lower California were such people, at least in modern times.

In nearly all of these tribes one or more of these agents was once used. During these experiences, the user might have communicated with spirits that appeared either as animals, mythological characters, or possibly, as a great spirit.

The agents were used in ceremonies that were readapted to fit the social needs of each particular social group. These needs were satisfied when the ritual was conducted, initiating the participants into a ceremonially and politically self-conscious group.

Ingestion of the mescal bean in ceremonies has been discontinued; in instances where it was used it has been replaced by peyote. Mescal bean usage at one time, however, fairly saturated Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and the southern plains area.

The mescal bean was a powerful hallucinogen. One of its alkaloids cytisine altered behaviour, producing prolonged periods of sleep, dreaming and hallucinations, preceeded, and sometimes followed, by ceremonial dancing, singing, and game-playing.

The user was usually accompanied by an elder, possibly a shaman or medicine-man, and it was a customary time for the transfer of traditional knowledge from the older, practiced patriarch, to the initiate.

This experience might also provide an opportunity for the initiate to acquire insight into a particular source of supernatural power. Specifically, the buffalo-medicine-man may have acquired his knowledge of the buffaloes' secrets during an experience following the ingestion of the mescal bean. The spirit of the buffalo may have appeared and spoken to him, telling him how to use the buffalo for the benefit of mankind.

Recent usage of the mescal bean occurs as dress and ceremonial ornament and is still found among the contents of a medicine-bundle or other traditional repositories of sacred totems.

The various forms of mushrooms and morning-glories had a very limited usage in North America (definite limitations should be recognized when considering the use of any agents other than tobacco, peyote, and datura).

Sometimes a behavior-changing herb might have multiple usage because of its medical value: astor (stimulant), juniper smoke (depressant), cassine roots (emetics); alcoholic decoctions made from the giant cactus, mescal bean, or corn; plantain (to make a person more agreeable), jimson weed (to cure a person of his meanness), and a smoldering fire of juniper (to quiet a misbehaving youngster).

Datura and peyote had a long and popular usage. (A discussion of peyote necessitates more attention than space permits here. See Weston La Barre's The Peyote Cult.)

Nearly all the tribes in Arizona, New Mexico, the southern and Rocky Mountain area solicited the power within datura. This spiritual experience was of tremendous importance in the life of these vision and dream-seeking people.

The type of ceremony wherein datura was used varied. A large number of California tribes shared a datura drinking ceremony, but the ceremony was almost always readapted to fit the particular needs of a distinct tribe or cultural group.

Datura (jimson weed) had a multiple usage: medicine (pain-killer and anti-venom), native beer, and pleasure food. But its ceremonial importance reaches from its ability to markedly alter the level of consciousness, thereby complementing attempts at divination and prophecy.

A shaman spoke of datura as "Grass that could talk." Hunting and war party leaders consulted the grass as to the location and number of their quarry. It might also reveal the whereabouts of lost property or tell a medicine-man of a hidden infirmity in a patient, and possibly the treatment for the illness.

The Navaho used it only as a last resort to control excessive pain. Several south plains tribes used it as a clairvoyant and prophetic agent solely in matters of warfare.

Boys and girls in an initiation ceremony would hear a ceremonial leader address the datura decoction, "This boy (or girl, person) is going to drink you. You give him a good life. Show him what he wants to know."

The Zuñi rain priest, the A'Shiwanni, put a small quantity of the powdered root into their eyes when they went out at night to ask the birds to sing for rain. The birds were not afraid to sing if the rain priests had the powder in their eyes.

The gathering of these herbs was part of the ritual too. The Zuñi rain priest would dig the plant from the earth, placing in the excavation plume feather offerings, and addressing it, "I place my prayer plumes, and I take your medicine that I may talk to the birds of the six regions, that the rains may come and fructify Earth Mother and make her beautiful."

Author's Note:

Gathering information about the consciousness of a people for presentation in a journal obligates one to honesty, compassion, and conscious unity and respect. I sincerely hope that this limited, generalized article represents progress into expanded consciousness for you as it has for me.

The information presented in this article is drawn from many experiences and text sources, especially Ruth M. Underhill's book, Red Man's Religion: Beliefs and Practices of the Indians North of Mexico Chicago, University of Chicago Press (1965).

Joyously, Gene Grimm

KIVA CONT.

The Indian tribal model of existence suggests a direction (motion) that human beings might refer to for a beginning form. Thus the proposed form for bringing human energies together is the creation of the Kiva. The assumption is that new tribal forms are evolving and that this may be the time to venture a concrete manifestation of tribal existence.

Pursuant to thinking embodied in the Kiva proposal, its basic premise and ultimate assumption, a decision has been taken to create: I) a board of directors to incorporate and hold legal responsibility: II) a tribal council consisting of twelve guides to serve the Kiva in whatever way the best interest of the Kiva required it. The participants to operate on a principle of self-responsibility for their words and actions; III) a depository or organization to hold monies until the Kiva gains tax exempt status; IV) the sponsorship by the Kiva of a series of meetings in the Haight-Ashbury district for community expression to discover the proper evolution and growth, both in vision and numbers, that will assure a healthy life cycle for the Kiva.

Now the realms of dream and speculation are approaching reality. The Kiva has secured a large vacant lot on Hayes St., near Golden Gate Park. The area with its shrubs and trees will be improved and utilized to its fullest practical extent. Cleaning and building projects are already starting.

Everyone is invited to contribute and become a living part of the Kiva. A temporary office has been established at 715 Ashbury St., Telephone number (415) 661-7204, to handle inquiries and contributions of resources, love and money. Correspondence and monetary contributions will be attended to at the above address (checks should be made out to the Kiva). The Kiva and its surrounding spiritually oriented community will grow and function in the limitless directions of its diverse people; it's yours, come and do it.

The following have been asked to serve on the tribal council: Chester Anderson, Michael Bowen, Don Cochrane, Peter Cohan, Allen Cohen, Jerry Garcia, Chet Helms, Ambrose Hollingsworth, Steve Hughes, Arthur Lisch, Tony Price, Hillel Rosner, Travis Rivers, Tsvi Strauch, Emmett Grogan, Richard Honigman.

A board of directors is required by law in order that an organization may be incorporated as a non-profit organization. The directors are: Bert Kanegson, Harry Monroe, Ron Thelin. They are to fuction as the instrument of the tribal council.

PLEA

Bob Kaufman

Voyager, wanderer of the heart,

Off to
a million midnights, black, black
Voyager, wanderer of star worlds,

Off to
a million tomorrows, black, black,

Seek and find Hiroshima's children,

Send them back, send them back.

Tear open concrete sealed cathedrals, spiritually locked
Fill vacant theaters with their musty diversions,

Almost forgotten laughter.

Give us back the twisted sons
Poisoned by mildewed fathers.
Find again the used up whores,
Dying in some forgotten corner,
Find sunlight, and barking dogs,
For the lost, decayed in sorry jails.
Find pity, find Hell for wax bitches,
Hidden in the bowels of male Cadillacs.
Find tomorrow and next time for Negro millionaires
Hopelessly trapped in their luxurious complexions.
Find love, and an everlasting fix for hopeless junkies,
Stealing into lost nights, long time.

Voyager now,
Off to a million midnights, black, black
Seek and find Hiroshima's children,
Send them back, send them back.

from the forthcoming GOLDEN SARDINE to be published by City Lights Books in July 1967.
c 1967 by Bob Kaufman

Psychedelic Yoga, cont. from p. 13

Remain detached and place your attention on that consciousness within you which is experiencing the hallucinations. Remember at all times that God exists in you in the form of your own power of attention and that that power when properly directed will control all lesser forces.

It is believed by some researchers that psychedelic drugs stimulate the secretion of the pineal and pituitary glands which are known by yogis and occultists to be related to the Sahasraram and agna chakras which are also called the thousand-petaled Lotus and the third eye center.

This stimulation increases the flow of energy between the etheric body and the physical body. In some way psychedelic drugs place the cells of the physical body under stress so that they must speed up their activity to overcome the stress. When the cells increase their activity their vibratory rates increase thus putting them harmonically in resonance with higher rates of vibration on the subtle superphysical planes of energy.

This process makes possible the expression of a higher level of consciousness through the glandular system, brain and nervous system.

The increased physical cellular activity requires more work and activity in the etheric body to sustain the stepped-up activity of the physical body. The vibratory rate of the etheric body is thus accelerated requiring an increased activity in the astral body to sustain and remain harmonically in tune with the etheric body.

The increased vibratory rate of the astral body requires a stepped-up activity and increase in vibratory rate in the mental body. This in turn more fully tunes the mental body into the power love and wisdom of the soul.

Thus an alignment of the whole being on all planes is facilitated and a more rapid exchange of pattern imprints and energy between the various octaves or planes of energy takes place.

Not only is the love, wisdom and power of the soul brought to bear in the life of the personality but the fine organization of the physical body, the etheric, astral and mental bodies which have been produced by the evolutionary process are harmonically reflected and preserved in the soul.

While the physical body is the least permanent, the densest of the bodies and composed of the substance of the lowest physical plane, it is in terms of evolution the oldest and most highly organized in terms of structure. Therefore, a complete replica of it made out of the energy substance of the subtle planes is an evolutionary gain for the soul and the subtle bodies.

When the physical body is sufficiently vivified by the influx of energy from higher dimensions it begins to create higher planes and thus, its pattern is preserved and made immortal. Thus when properly used, psychedelic drugs help to speed up the evolutionary process.

When man has evolved to superman, he will under the direction of the superconscious mind in accordance with God's will (as it manifests in evolution) take an active part in molding and directing the evolution of the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms.

Even today, his vibrations intimately affect for good or bad those kingdoms in nature. It may be also that psychedelic drugs have a chemical structure such that they are perfectly in resonance with the lower overtones of certain key frequencies in higher planes and can therefore act as a point of entry for the reflection of these vibrations in the physical body. They would therefore help to create the common node points in the vibration structure of several different dimensions.

Hopi-Life Plan. cont. from p. 24

correct themselves, and perhaps get back on the proper path of life. Most of them, however, would in their own way try to cover up their mistakes, or nullify and cancel out the sacred and unchangeable Life Plan that was laid down in the Beginning by the Great Spirit, and in these wild, last-ditch attempts would go off at extreme tangents, making great mistakes, making a crook in their own or new life path and then, trying to cover that mistake would make an even worse mistake. Eventually they would just go crazy, like forms of lightning, shown here by these jagged forms, and just end. That would be the end of them and their life plan. The same would happen to the other group, likewise depicted by a flash of lightning.

Meanwhile, the three people standing upon the new or upper path of wickedness and destruction, very subtle wickedness--so subtle that most people would not recognize it--realizing that their days were numbered toward the end of their time, realizing that they do not have the power to divert or change the Life Plan laid down in the Beginning by the Great Spirit of this Land and Life would begin to cry.

When I first saw this Life Plan rock I could see tears on the faces of these three men and I could see their heads were severed from their bodies. Since that time, however, somebody has joined the heads to the bodies because that somebody didn't like the Great Spirit's decapitation prophecy.

But this picturecraft of severed heads signifies that these three great wicked world leaders who would be leading many people along the new life path would, in the end, lose their heads--some say symbolically, some say literally. Their heads would be chopped off along with the heads of other forms of wickedness that would be destroyed upon this Land at the time of the Great Purification

Day, the Day signified by the third and last circle or great war which nobody can escape.

On that Great Day everybody that is going to survive at all will have to go through the purifying experience, and, of course, many will not survive. However, the pure ones, if there are any, the ones who will be qualified to carry on the responsibility for the human life stream, will be given that authority and will live to a ripe old age. To indicate this you can see the cornstalk that looks like a cane on top referring to plenty of food and an old man: a symbol signifying a very long life, life everlasting, so to speak.

This combination corn-and-cane symbol is followed on The Path by the bent old man holding a cane in one hand and a direct line to the Great Spirit's Path of Life in the other. This symbol, the last symbol of this Hopi Life Plan picturecraft, may actually refer to the Great Spirit Himself, for He is the first and He is the last. He was here in the Beginning and He will be here with us at the End. And after Purification Day, the Path of this great Life Plan goes on forever.

East-West. cont. from p. 3

--the "store consciousness" and the manifest field of materialized energy--can be experienced in one's own consciousness and the time cycles of the macrocosm "read off", as it were, by extrapolation from the microcosm. The time cycles thus projected do show a remarkable "fit" to the figures derived from from your telescopic observations and calculations.

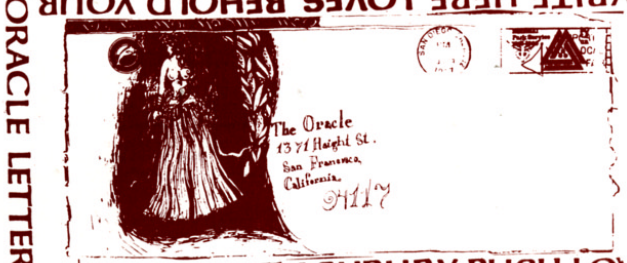
To use a three-dimensional image, we may picture the store-consciousness as the calm ocean and the "observable universe" as the same ocean in waves. "Form" and "shapes "shapes" appear on the surface of the ocean, arising out of the interaction of innumerable waves, the troughs and crests of which correspond to expansive-contractile phases, yet the calm depths of the ocean remain undisturbed. In the calm state, the forms are present potentially, in a "seed-state"; they require the illusion-producing power, the MAHAMAYA, to become manifest.

Of course, this is a crude matahor and you have to remember that basically the energy of the universe is one, unitive field. This field has two conditions, charged and uncharged, dynamic and static, manifest and potential, Vishnu projecting dream-forms and Vishnu in dreamless sleep. When manifest, the positive and negative poles interact and thus forces are generated --creative, destructive and preservative. Out of these three forces all other manifestations that we call the "observable universe" flow. The patterns of these manifestations, the rules of the cosmic game, are what you call the "laws of nature "; they are the objects of scientific knowing. The seed-state of consciousness, on the other hand, can be known only inwardly, intuitively, through direct "enlightened" perception -- that is, perception freed from the distorting lenses of the ego-centered mind.

W.A. Observable regularities of form, "rules of the game" are all very well--but the question that bothers me most is what is the purpose of it all? WHY are these games being at all, and why is it so hard for us to see through them, why do we have these distorting lenses?

E.P. There you touch upon the greatest mystery of all, a mystery which our see-ers have only hinted at, by calling it LILA, the divine play, purposeless sport, the juggling of galaxies. We may call it QUASAR-LILA.

Ralph Metzner



TO: THE HONORABLE MEMBERS OF THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

Gentlemen:

I realize the breach in protocol involved in my approaching the full Board on a matter previously heard in Committee, and apologize for it. I represent the Haight-Ashbury in the State Legislature and am a long time resident there. I feel that I should address you prior to your consideration of this terribly ill-advised resolution.

It appears to me that you are in danger of making a very fundamental mistake concerning both your own identity and that of the young people who are coming to us. They are not some horde of invading foreigners. They are our children, yours and mine, excercising their right to move freely about a country which will soon be very much their own. You for your part are not some select group of medieval town chieftains who can, at will, pull up the drawbridge, close up your town and withdraw behind the walls of your own closed society. The City of St. Francis deserves better from you.

Whether we like or dislike, agree or disagree with the "Hip" community is not the issue here. The issue is whether you can by fiat declare a minority "unwelcome" in our community. If you declare against these young people today, what minority is going to bear the brunt of your discrimination tomorrow?

I am not unaware that there are severe problems in the Haight-Ashbury community, my family and I live and shop there, my kids attend school there. I am also aware however that there are a variety of Haight-Ashbury community groups that are trying to deal constructively with existing problems and the new ones that are sure to come. I ask that you reject this negative resolution. I suggest instead that you direct the city agencies to a positive effort of cooperation with the organizations trying to deal with the problems rather than to suppress them.

We can have a summer of relative peace or of dreadful discord. Bearing in mind that young people all over California are watching what you do here today, the decision is in your hands.

Very truly yours,

WILLIE L. BROWN, JR.

P.S. As a small start in the right direction I might suggest that you direct the placement of a few more (and larger) trash receptacles on Haight Street and in the Panhandle near the playground. The best efforts to keep the area free of trash (and I personally observed them at the concert this Sunday) were to no avail because there was no place to put the stuff once it was picked up.

March 31, 1967

Dear Loring:

I was happy to hear from you and I read with great interest, and not a little wonderment and puzzledness, the ORACLE. I was astonished at first by the illustrations which are reminiscent of Aubrey Beardsley and the last decades of the past century. I thought the youth in your region was eagerly looking for a future world, new art-expression -- including a repudiation of the sour and dull legacy of Victorian bourgeoisism and decadence. And your leaflet POW WOW speaks of the "gathering of the tribes". Are you eager to return to the tribal life with its intense patriarchal or matriarchal (as may be the case) organization?

And how can the most harbor-like, fog-bound harbor, San Francisco, be identified with Tibet which is essentially a symbol of mountainous height, cold crisp air and intense light? If there is a "Tibet" of North America, it is obviously the "Sacred Land" of North Arizona and New Mexico with its Navajos and Pueblo Indians. And perhaps more, of course, Peru and its Inca past.

I do not agree with Gavin's dating of the Aquarian Age, though it all depends what you consider "beginning", i.e. the level of manifestation you are looking at. I am sending you an old SEED booklet which will give you, at least partially, my attitude toward this confusing matter. The preceding issue is out of print. You can use this material, but it would presumably be too long for the ORACLE.

I am not too sure of what you mean by "information regarding the Dharma up here in San Francisco". Do you mean the Dharma for the youth which congregates in the Haight-Ashbury section of the city -- or for the city as a whole?

San Francisco is a very exciting and "charged" place -- most beautiful when the fog lifts; and I have felt that Tamalpais was a very significant, powerful place. It was significant that H. P. Blavatsky went and stayed there a while at the time of the Gold Rush, and that Abdul Baha visited only that city on the West Coast during his 1912 trip to the U.S. It is, I believe, a Neptunian city with strong Plutonian undertone, I guess. This whole West Coast may be related to the Near East from Arabia to Asia Minor; but it is still in the fog stage. Perhaps San Francisco can be compared to the Syrian region of Beirut, Edessa, the Lebanon back of it (Yosemite and the Sequoias); very much in history occurred there, since the days of Urfa (Orpheus-Arjuna) several millenia ago. Alaska above Calif-Oreg-Wash-B. Col. resembles morphologically Asia Minor -- and it may become much warmer sooner or later.

Is it this type of thought you are interested in?

As to the Aquarian Age, I expect it would greatly disappoint the people who think of it in such idealistic terms, if they could look at, say, year 2500 or before. I see it as an Age of Power -- not at all sentimental or angelic. Do not forget that when the Roman Empire began with Augustus, the intelligenzia of that day were expecting a glowing, universalistic New Age full of light and peace. A global society will probably at first, for centuries perhaps, be more totalitarian in reality than idyllically free, democratic.

I feel that what we need is to build a strong, effectual, realistic philosophy which at the same time justifies a global collectivism and shows the need for strong, equally "global" individual persons, secure in their own selfhood.

I doubt very much that the San Francisco public of the ORACLE is taking a constructive road toward what is needed -- even though I deeply sympathize with its rebellion against the Establishment and our hypocritical and goal-less society. But would it be ready to listen to a voice that would present to them the task of working arduously and steadily toward a new order instead of indulging in misty dreams of "love", mysticism, and -- let us be frank about it -- in escapes from an avowedly senseless old order? I wonder.

Well, I must close this, perhaps to you very unsatisfying letter---yet, perhaps not.

Your old friend,
DANE RUDHYAR

An open letter to Alan Watts

Dear Mr. Watts:

What is an organic society and how can we get one? Alan Watts suggests we return to tribal life, to society that is organic rather than political. He wants us to acquire "material competence," learn how to grow our own food, make our own shows. He deplores executives who know how to shuffle papers but not how to get dinner, and who have, in Mr. Watts' eyes, atrophied and become helpless. But growing food, cleaning house, making clothes—aren't these activities maintenance? To devote one's life to maintenance is to forget what civilization is for. A primitive spends his whole life picking berries, hunting, skinning hides—in other words, on maintenance. He also has a narrow range of choise. If he doesn't happen to like skinning venison, that's tough. The whole point of civilization is to provide a wide range of choice, to enable each man, through specialization, to choose an occupation that really actualizes him. The point of technology is to free man from maintenance so he can be creative, so he has time to get in touch with his insides. Civilization and technology ought to be catalysts to self fulfillment. They ain't. Why not?

At the end of the 19th century a man named Henry George wrote and lectured about how we could achieve an organic society in an advanced civilization. He is a unique thinker in the social sciences because he didn't go off into a room by himself, dream up some ideal way of life we all ought to have and then try to get us all to have it. Instead he took a look at what actually was happening and tried to read, from what he saw, how things moved. Then instead of trying to replace what was with some ideal system of how things ought to be, he tried with a kind of judo, to swing with what was. He saw that when society advanced to occupational specialization, the members became more dependent upon one another and individuals more dependent upon society. At the primitive level each man could provide for himself if he were utterly alone in the forest, but at the complex level, a man who has spent his life shuffling papers doesn't know how to catch, kill, dress and cook meat or grow vegetables or make clothes. As society specializes there is a tendency for some men to specialize in power. As society advances to a specialized level, it is no longer possible for men to make it outside of the society and the society evolves a life and a purpose of its own which may not be the purpose of the individuals in it. The danger is that the individuals who specialize in power may somehow make their purposes the purposes of society and subject others to them, tolerating no threat to their position and no alternate sub-cultures. Society then begins to break up into classes who have opposing interests. This has a spiritual effect because people begin to think they are their class or their social role. The members of the various classes view one another with contempt, build defensive walls against one another, walling themselves in, others out. Violence is a reaction against power, and regulation is the reaction of power against violence. Violence and regulation increase until everything is knotted up so tight that nothing moves and people begin to drop out. The social fabric rots, there is a return to primitive life, and people are free to move until the whole thing builds up again, and it does build up again because people want the freedom from maintenance and variety of chioce that technology and civilization offer.

Why is the typical middleclass person hostile to hips? Why can't he simply say "he's leading a life that would not suit me but he likes it so that's o.k.?" The modern businessman is the last living remnant of the old hunting and gathering culture. His life style is to move about aggressively and pick up on what there is around and use it to create wealth. With the growth of regulation and centralized power, he does not fear so much that he will have to share his wealth as is commonly supposed. His real fear is that his maneuverability is being cut down. He shares the position of the redman watching the passing of the buffalo. With his aggressive life style, his instinct is to fight against this cutting away of individual maneuverability. In this battle he wishes support and the hippies are not supporting him, they are dropping out. Worst of all, they are questioning whether economic freedom is even worth fighting for. He feels stabbed in the back on the battlefield, left to take the whole rap. Nothing else would explain the contempt in a businessman's glare and remark "There's a sonafabitch who ought to get a haircut."

But must we continue this round of social samsara forever? Henry George had a kind of judo about these things which could enable us to be liberated. He spent years simply watching and wondering and one day a chance remark by a passing stranger "crystalized my brooding thoughts into coherency as by a lightning flash and I then and there recognized the natural order--one of those experiences which make those who have them feel thereafter they can vaguely appreciate what mystics and poets have called ecstatic vision." Here at the Henry George School we want to make Henry George's vision and the judo that grew out of it available to anyone who walks through our doors. We don't have formal classes but discussion groups which try to have the participants arrive at their own vision. The discussion leaders focus on drawing out the participants. We charge no tuition. We use "Progress and Poverty", the most central of Henry George's eight books as a basis for discussion. We sell it for $2.00 and lend it to anyone who doesn't have the money. I would like to extend my warmest invitation to any who would like to attend.

All the best,

Meighen van Nieustadt
Administrative Asst.
Henry George School of
Social Science

Dear Sir:

In your issue of Feb 26 you have a photograph by Tom Weir showing two people in various stages of sexual intercourse. I would like to know if it would be possible for you to send me the names of the people who are the subjects.

Thank you

Yours truly
Kenneth

Ray Nelson
333 Ramona Ave.
El Cerrito, Calif.
94532

Dear Oracles,

Sometimes, as when reading the Watts/Ginsberg/Leary/Snyder pow-wow, I get the feeling, strange but good, that whatever I do now will fit in with what we are all doing, and that if I don't do something, someone else will do my thing for me.

But I don't see why we have to throw away the Western technology routine, or turn it over exclusively to the metalheads. I had a great vision just as I woke up a few mornings ago. It was a vision of a transistor radio made by hippies almost from the naked raw materials. The radio was called the Turn-on Tuner, and it was cheap and really worked, yet it was made without factories, in people's kitchens and in parks and coffee houses. The printed circuits were made on a silk-screen press, the same sort of press that many hippies already use for art prints and sweat shirts and dress material printing. The transistors were "grown" in crystal baths. The cases, in swirling colors, were made of casting resin (available in hobby stores) or of wood, as were the knobs. The speakers were handmade, even to the point of handwinding the magnets.

Each part of the Turn-on Tuner was made by a different independent craftsman, who sold his particular part to some other independent craftsman. Thus was avoided the centralization of economic power that takes place where the means of production are not owned by the workers. By working at home, as many hippies already do, the manufacturers of the Turn-on Tuner were able to restore the family life that centralized production has destroyed.

How many products, particularly in the field of electronics, really need to be produced in a factory? I think, in this age of micro-miniaturization, not many. Hi-Fi sets, particularly, are often sold as kits, rather than being preassembled in a factory, and it seems to me that various "hobby" crafts have been developed which now make it practical, without the outlay of very much initial capital, to make at home even many of the separate components of all sorts of electrical equipment.

Then I really started to dream. I dreamed of custom-built electric guitar amps...why stop there? I dreamed of new musical instruments based upon the principle of the signal generator which could be tuned to any scale in or out of the Hindu raga system, or even to Harry Partch's forty-three tones to the octave scale, by simple adjustments of knobs. I dreamed of devices for modifying the timbre of notes so that one instrument could imitate all the others, and originate an infinite variety of new sounds.

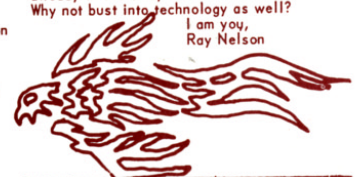
And all this without factories. All this with the means of production remaining in the hands of the worker.

And I dreamed of the flexability this means of production produced, of the variety of new products that could be developed in such a system, where the lack of any expensive central hunk of hardware and high-rent real estate made it possible to take chances on new ideas, instead of being forced to stick to products that were "sure things."

I saw hippies setting up tables in the flea markets of the Bay Area that now abound in Drive-In Movies (during the day) and elsewhere. I saw them underselling the big electronic corporations, and with a better product. I saw vast networks of hippies getting rich without licking the boots of any boss, all remaining free, independent small businessmen. No haircuts. No neckties.

In electronics, and in many other fields that have been "hobbyized", I don't see any reason why we should drop out. Not if we can beat the metalheads and the big companies at their own games. I once visited the IBM factory and watched how the components in the big computers are made. You know what I saw? A lot of little Japanese girls winding cores... with their fingers. We have fingers too, and minds, and a willingness to accept, if need be, a lower standard of living...and social cohesiveness. We are setting the pace for the world already in the arts, in fashion and in music. Why not bust into technology as well?

I am you,
Ray Nelson



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PROFESSIONAL MUSICIAN

It's happening all over!

Dear People Of The Oracle,

Hi! This is very urgent so read this carefully. Last week I sent a letter to you - for a subscription to your paper. I sent a check for 3 dollars. My dad mailed it, but after he did, he realized where he had mailed it to. Well, my parents hate hippies. They yelled at me for a hour about communist run, etc... papers. It was really sorta funny till my mom said that she was going to read the whole paper before I could. I thought that would be O.Kay till this guy showed me your last issue which was just a little bit dirty! If my parents ever saw that issue I would be locked in my room for 20 years. I'm not kidding either. I would be in so much trouble. So that's why it's so terribly important you cancel my subscription. Keep the money. Give my issue to somebody on the street who doesn't have any money. Just please, please hurry and cancel my subscription before an issue ever reaches me. The subscription was made out to: Thanks so very much!

Love,

P.S. please hurry & cancel it!

P.P.S. I'll still read your mag-just won't subscribe. BYE!

Dear Allen,

Oracle gets grander & grander looking. I'm getting closely involved with the Japanese group, the "Hobo Academy" & others, seeds of the new thing, happening mostly in Tokyo but signs of it elsewhere. They are starting a sort of sweet-potato and fishing-subsistence ashram on a tiny island half-way to Okinawa (it still belongs to Japan) this summer. I'm going down for about a month. Catch fish by swimming after them with a spear, over the coral & submerged lava flows.

Here are some photos, if you can use, or collage, them, of the April Festival held in Shinjuku, Tokyo. About all the news for it is:

The Bum Academy called for a festival. About 80 people gathered on top of a hill and walked a couple miles into the heart of the Shinjuku district. It was cold and raining. They carried signs, "We are primitives of an unknown culture" and "There is a dream dreaming us" in several languages, singing mantras and songs, & carrying flowers. The citizens, who had never seen anything like it (beards and hacked-off blue denim shorts are rare in Japan, to say the least) either looked the other way, or laughed and sang with us. The next day, April 17, the Academy gave a free five-hour thing in a Shinjuku hall, with yoga-exercises, mantra-singing, zazen, poetry-reading, spontaneous free-words & music making, jews-harp concert, a happening specially produced by Harry Hoogstraten of Amsterdam & his wife, and an impromptu argument with some happeners of another group who came in and wanted to kill a live chicken. We wouldn't let them, and took the chicken away from them and protected it.

Gary Snyder

Heads Inmind
An Attempt to Communicate
P.O. Box 909
Tempe, Arizona

Lovers of Love,

I feel I have to communicate the feeling of being a part of a Tribe that is just forming. The Tribe in Tempe, Arizona is just beginning to communicate, grow, and find the Love that is within each of us. The influence of the San Francisco Community is being felt in this area and the ideas in use there are being put to use here. We have the beginnings of various head shops, an underground newspaper (the Morning Sun), a diggers type organization is in formation now, Love-ins are beginning to happen, and dance concerts put on by the local freaks are beginning. There is a definite feeling among the Families that says-This Tribe will grow and grow and...

Peace to You and all you Love
Scott Douglas

MANDALA PRINTSHOP 522 S. CANNON
SPOKANE, WASH., 99204 (509) MA4 5926

Dear friends,

Because of the intellectual vacuum in Spokane we have started a 'hippie mission'. At the present time, we are few in number & could use a little help.

Small groups of punk drunk teenagers have broken into our shop, stolen jewelry, vandalized the premises & have threatened to kill us. This evening, while two of us were closing, six to ten young toughs kicked the locked door open. They came & left rapidly on foot so that we could not get a car license. They are becoming organized.

Police harassment is no trouble but one must be clean. We would welcome several generally non-violent, not hung up on drugs hippies and/or action people. Rent is cheap, tho work is scarce. There is room for small shops.

Our present shop is a non-profit 'intellectual free zone', selling a few items to try to make expenses.

We really would like company and help-could house & feed several people over 18 yrs old & willing to avoid drugs. This is a really up tite, right wing, conservative town but there is already a large group of groovy local people glad that we are here and want to help but have jobs & can't stay around enough. We need tireless talkers of very stable noninsultable type who realize that the message of love & peace must be available everywhere to everyone who is searching.

Already there is another shop, similar to ours, planning to open on the day of Spokan's Be-in, "Flower Power," on May 6. We could certainly use salable posters & prints to help make up for the stolen jewelry.

Be happy
Peace,

Russ Nobbs
Mandala Print Shop

Living with Land

con. from p. 35

and fish and edible crustaceans have in many instances been depleted. Farmers have in recent years begun a gradual shift to other insecticides that break down more quickly and are not stored (prompted largely by the ability of insects to evolve resistence to almost any chemical used against them consistently, a feat which, unfortunately, most vertebrate species are unable to emulate rapidly enough to save themselves). These organo-phosphates and carbamates have as disastrously disruptive effects on the checks and balances among insects as do the chlorinated hydrocarbons, which are still very widely used. All of these broad-spectrum insecticides tend to aggravate rather than correct insect outbreaks.

A very ancient but still extremely important way in which man inadvertently injures nature is by overgrazing with livestock, especially sheep and goats. Flocks of these animals have created or vastly extended deserts in southern Europe, the Middle East, Africa, and Latin America. For examples of their jaw and hoof work one need only look to the American Southwest, where thousands of square miles of New Mexico, Arizona, and other states have been scalped of topsoil, the present surface of the ground being as much as fifteen feet below the level where bunch grasses grew less than a century ago. Sheep and goats should be kept in fenced pastures or fed on forage brought from elsewhere. They should not be allowed to wander over hillsides or through forests.

Modern attemps to distort our land beyond recognition, such as the water engineers' proposal to eliminate trees and shrubs from vast areas of the arid west in order to trap more water underground for pumping, or to cover the High Sierra watersheds with plastic, result from a basic lack of respect for external nature (and ultimately, man's own nature), which is predominant in our culture.

Saint Francis' doctrine of the spiritual autonomy of all parts of nature (see Lynn White's article, "The Historical Roots of our Ecologic Crisis," in Science, March 10, 1967) has so far failed to influence the attitudes of Western man. Perhaps the present generation will find it more useful.

THE EXCHANGE
(a tribal-commune co-ordinating center)
715 Ashbury San Francisco, Calif. 94117
661-7204

The center has been created to compile (through a humanized computer) information pertaining to communes in existence in rural areas, their structure and needs, and to establish a base for the exchange of both information and materials sought by the communities involved. It is an offering of love, and the service, except for shipping, will be rendered without cost to its beneficiaries.

Anyone having and caring to donate materials such as sleeping bags, garden tools and seeds, saws and axes, lanterns, fishing equipment, books (on wild life, survival, etc.), rope, packs, clothing, blankets, kitchenware, generators, building materials and tools, fencing, plastic pipe, cable and/or other things such as these, please bring or send them.

If you have land to share or donate for the use of people realizing the beauty in communal living, this is what is needed most. We are associated with the Kiva of San Francisco, a non-profit religious organization. Its ultimate goal is to assist the thousands of seekers coming to San Francisco in finding their way back to nature. And the need, of course, is for land in the country—land upon which these voyagers might settle and discover their relationship to the earth.

If you know of or are involved with a tribal-commune, (and if you feel the importance of this effort) please respond to or pass on the enclosed information format to someone who might.

Who is happier: the giver or the receiver?

MESSAGE FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO ORACLE

The Haight Ashbury has been practicing the warless way of living and loving and creating and exchanging for a new age. New forms, successes and failures and dreams have drawn great attention to the Haight Ashbury.

While America nightmares its military hells of the mind, Americans loving love and hoping peace and seeking wisdom and guidance have turned toward the Haight Ashbury and are journeying here. Our best efforts have so far failed to gather civic support and material resources for the many thousands expected.

We feel that every community in America must practice the warless way and communicate among its races and between young and old; CELEBRATE, COMMUNE TOGETHER, PRACTICE FREE GIVING AND RECEIVING IN YOUR OWN CITIES AND COUNTRY-SIDES.

If you want to journey to San Francisco you should bring in addition to flowers and bananas: 1) Money for rents and food. 2) Sleeping bags and rucksacks (or packframes) 3) Extra food (brown rice and soysauce - 100 lb. bags at rice mills for $12 4) Camping equipment for living in wilderness and national parks 5) Warm clothing for very cold foggy San Francisco summer climate 6) Proper identification.

SHANTI SHANTI

I often wonder if Sir Galahad, the perfect knight
Had often wished his armour not so bright.

-- john monahan

THE FIRST SOUND--continued from page 25

you choose to love then be unto them faithfulness, for your love given to them becomes to them their responsibility. There are men now swollen in their sinews by such strength. Find them. And if there would be women unto such men know that such a man wants from a woman what God took from him and put into her, that which is called her, and he seeks to deliver unto her he of himself.

I am told that anywhere between 60,000 and 2,000,000 young ones are to invade this city, San Francisco, this summer — can your imagination hold an atmosphere of this many silent children attentively minding millions of plants and hidden gardens while praying to each other in all forms of caress and quiet tongue? Let this be a golden horde and let it be true. What is the first sound you ever heard?

Poem To A Mountain Girl

Slowly, past this day, you sleep,
and as you lightly breathe a river burns from me...
all the final voices forever said —

and in your sleep I awake, here,
have eaten an orange,
have gone to the creek and bathed
listening to its thin and liquid speech,
its joy to run so free and clean.

Now, returning to this ragged tent,
sanctuary to your sleep, your real sleep,
I wish for your waking
so that we together could take cool pause
at the hidden pond I found down stream,
our bodies quick and chilled
by the water,
our bodies breathing — holding.

Now, here as pen point and shadow
touch this page
I look up almost stunned to
know that from your sleep you have loved me,
and from my awakening I have loved you back.

Kirby Doyle

IT ALL DEPENDS ON...

TO SONS, TO DAUGHTERS, TO MANKIND, AND TO ALL THE WEAVINGS OF LIFE'S GLORIOUS LOOM: IN THIS MOMENT OF GREATEST NEED FOR TRUE COMMUNICATION, MAY THE FATHER OF ALL PEOPLE AND ALL THINGS GUIDE US, AS HIS HUMBLE SERVANTS, IN A DEEP UNDERSTANDING OF ONE ANOTHER.

This Summer, the youth of the world are making a holy pilgrimage to our city, to affirm and celebrate a new spiritual dawn. I am here as a representative of the Summer of Love. The Summer of Love is a family, and a seed-bearer. We carry to you this message:

The activity of the youth of the nation which has given birth to Haight Ashbury is a small part of a worldwide spiritual awakening. Our city has become the momentary focus of this awakening. The reasons for this do not matter. It is a gift from God which we may take, nourish, and treasure.

The facts are these: many thousands of young people, our children, our brothers, and our sisters, will soon arrive in this city. They seek meaning. Our city will provide them with meaning, because it is a great city, because it has been chosen for this role in the history of the American Continent, and because it is made up of human beings, all of whom are manifestations of God.

This city is not a wasteland; our children will not discover drought and famine here. This city is alive, human, and divine. Because it is alive, it will act. Because it is human, it will provide food for the stomach and rest for the weary feet. Because it is divine, it will provide food for the soul and joy for the mind.

These are facts I give you. Already, individuals and groups who have seen deeply into the situation are making preparations. Kitchens are being made ready. Food is being gathered. Hotels and houses are being prepared to supply free lodging. The Council for a Summer of Love expects to receive a huge tent, larger than a football field, which will be put up by the Haight-Ashbury community, and will be open all Summer. It will contain a field kitchen, sleeping facilities, educational programs, concerts, art shows, lectures, and similar activities.

But these physical structures do not exhaust the needs of the new generation, nor the capabilities of our people. There is an even deeper spiritual need. To help fill this need, there will be great celebrations all Summer long....celebrations which affirm the universal values of Life, Love, Peace, and self-knowledge. There will be small centers for meditation and discussion, and there will also be large festivals, such as the festival for the Summer Solstice, for Midsummer's day, the Tolkien Festival of Elves and Hobbits, the Holy Days of the traditional religions, Festivals of Christ, and festivals of Krishna, festivals of the young and festivals of the old, festivals of brothers.

We are not doing this alone. It is you, all of you, who are doing it, as men who must meet and recognize the true youth of the country, those who are holding up to your faces a shining mirror of a new direction for mankind, and who are asking each one to look therein and be renewed. Many will, no doubt, turn their faces into shadow. But also many will not. To those of you who have thus far held back from the truth of your own lives, come here to meet you in the form of the Children of God, I give you greeting and welcome, and encourage you now to take a step forward.

These programs I have mentioned are already beginning. There is no doubt that they will grow, for it is the will of God that his children will be met with Love. It is his will that Love will grow and flourish in this country, in America, so that its great power will finally turn to the right path--that is, to the path of Life.

We, individually, are meeting with religious leaders and gurus whenever we find them, and asking their action, based upon the clear call that has been sent out to transcend small thoughts and to respond to the great strength that vibrates from New York to San Francisco in the souls of our young. We are asking your action. If you have food, share it. If you have money, give it. If you have room for pilgrims to rest, open your door. Never forget that humanity can live by the simplest means. Bread, milk, soft grass underfoot, and a blue sky above; and then man needs no plastic palaces. The simplest of means: Everyone has them to share with his brothers.

And so the Summer begins. And so I would like to recall to you that Saint Francis of Assisi is the Patron Saint of the City of San Francisco, and that therefore Saint Francis is the Patron Saint of the Summer of Love. And therefore I will mke two announcements:

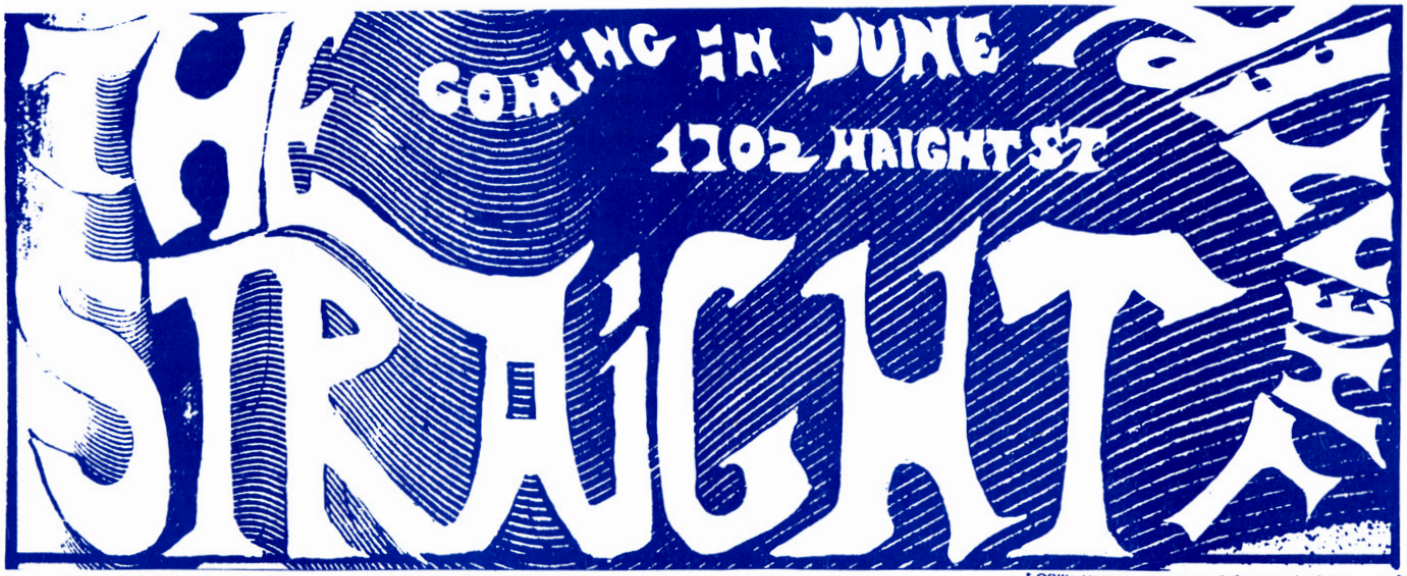
First, I invite all the world spiritual leaders, all great teachers, all gurus, and all men of enlightenment and good will, to join us in our holy convocation; to come to our blessed city to walk among the youth, to teach those who need, and to learn from those who can give to them.

Second, I announce that the people of Haight-Ashbury and their brothers of Marin and Sonoma County are preparing a gift for the City of San Francisco. There is a beautiful statue of Saint Francis, located in Marin County, and carved from a holy California Redwood tree. This statue is twenty feet tall.

We are now collecting the money to buy this statue. It will be brought by hand or cart across the Golden Gate Bridge in a mighty procession of children and it will be given to the city to be placed in Golden Gate Park at the foot of Haight Street facing East toward the place of Dawn.

And this gift will be very beautiful, and its meaning will flow far and wide. But it is really only a symbol of the greater gift which the youth of the nation may give to the world this Summer: a renewed America that will at last learn to look within, and find that therein, God still dwells.

COUNCIL FOR A SUMMER OF LOVE
In the City of San Francisco
May 13, 1967



Anyone interested in helping the Cheyenne Indian Children please call Eunice at 621-4716.

Red-headed Lance of Berkeley, please contact Sonne at 867-2828 (moved to Saratoga) before July 1st. I need help.

Blake College for Independent Minds now 342 E.10th, Eugene, Oregon.

MINA -- Please call us or Art at work 858-5519 or 243-3700 ext.117 after 6. We miss you very much. Nothing will upset us if we could only hear from you. We love you.

WANTED: Debbie & Vickie, contact mothers at once or Dee. We really care.

THE ELECTRIC GARDEN OF EDEN could use any discarded electrionics you might have. We are constructing data processing machines to be used by community institutions like the Oracle & the Hip Job Co-op. If you have anything or know where we could get anything, please call 921-0357.

Psychedelic black lights for the wildest psychedelic lighting. Makes your posters, pictures, draperies flourescent. $5 delivered cash or money order: Barnett Lighting, 5984 W.Pico, LA, Calif.

Michael McClure seeking small hand-held harp or lyre; write c/o Oracle.

Wanted: tape recordings of poetry.

GAYLA ASTROLOGER (reasonable) will do brief accurate analysis of natal chart based on exact hour, date, month, yr & place of birth. Phone 931-6298 or write c/o Oracle.

Nativity necklaces and horoscope charts. Send $5, exact birth time, date, place to Greer, Hardy Creek, Westport, Cal.

The Electric Garden of Eden's ORIFICE will print your ad free--no restrictions. Also poetry, prose, & other things in any form. Only restriction--the paper & ink we have on hand. If you have paper, etc, you would like to see put to a good use, please give us a call.921-0357 ORIFICE, a free street newspaper.

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Dale Atkins: get in touch with Julie through Oracle.

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BORN: Joanna Catherine Lamb, 10:22 AM March 14, daughter of Toni & Lee. Sun in Pisces, Moon in Taurus; Let us go with God and live in peace--love.

LOST: Poster Drawing. I the psychedelic bead peddler left drawing in your orange truck when I hitched a ride. Please return to Oracle. Paul Thiel, 102 Divisadero

pg. 34

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For info on Sexual Freedom League call M-F 387-4842 or Box 14102 SF

Drop out of time out of myth into mystery. Join me in a pastoral sojourn, euphoric wonder, a trip into Yosemite(June 14-24), beautiful girl, poetic soul, call 848-1763. My social identity: male student history classics UC Berkeley age 20, call John, we will plan together.

girl wanted, natural type preferred.

Living with Land, FROM PAGE 15

Soil which is too dense or lacks sufficient organic matter can be conditioned by the addition of compost, manure, sawdust, peat moss, etc. Making compost heaps is an excellent way of using garbage to return fertility to the garden. In less plumbing-oriented societies human excrement is returned to the soil, which seems much wiser than flushing it out to sea.

If there is more than a half acre of land to be tilled per person, it will save considerable time and labor if a small tractor is purchased. If at all possible, have it demonstrated on the land where it is to be used before buying it, for otherwise it might prove to be too small for heavy soil.

If one is not raising crops for the supermarket (wherein the housewife has come to expect cosmetically uniform and unblemished fruits and vegetables) there is no reason to use pesticides and many reasons not to. By growing a mixture of vegetables, a few rows of one kind adjoining a few of another kind with patches of volunteer plants and other natural vegetation in the immediate vicinity, insect pests will seldom get out of hand, for they will be held in check by biological factors (mainly predatory and parasitic insects). This is an example of maintaining stability of the environment by encouraging diversity.

If the areas devoted to particular crops are shifted or interchanged every two years or so it will help prevent the buildup of pests and diseases in the soil.

Unless one is severely afflicted by a phobia of insects, it would not seem too difficult to cut the wormy end off an ear of corn before cooking it or to eat around the codling moth larva in an apple. Such situations were accepted by people in this country until about twenty years ago when the boom in synthetic insecticides made the current obsession with immaculate groceries a profitable thing to promote. It seems an insufficient justification for poisoning the environment.

The worst insecticides from an environmental standpoint are the chlorinated hydrocarbons (DDT, chlordane, lindane, aldrin, dieldrin, endrin, heptachlor, etc.) They persist for many years and are also concentrated and stored in the bodies of living organisms. Their concentration is increased many fold (sometimes by thousands of times) in the process of animals eating other animals, and they have spread (especially DDT) in our environment to such an extent that the survival of certain vulnerable species of wildlife (most of them among the most spectacular and beautiful, such as bald eagles, peregrine falcons, ospreys, pelicans, grebes, blackducks, mergansers, kingfishers, etc.) is threatened, small insectivorous birds have greatly declined,

con. to p. 32

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8 Up.
TOTAL

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indian song

A gleam in the eye of the earth
shows that it is plotting diabolically the end
of its own sight

upheavals in the crust
rush us to finish our work
before the whole thing crumbles
and we have to start again billions of years back

As we grow great enough to transcend the tragedy
the catastrophe spirals outward to a dimension
no longer human. We must become gods

even to feel the lesser pain: to feel again the ecstasy
we thought for a moment was ours
we must cross the limits of possibility
into impossibility, and in turn
cross those limits as they grow

and it is a race
with everything the stake
between those for whom the everything is now
and the rest of the world, where even now
was long ago too late.

--Joan Alexander

i am sorry
man is dying tonight
george lesonges

DIGGERS still serving in the Panhandle (Oak & Ashbury) 4 pm free food because it's free, or yours because it's stew, or something like that.

Black Man's Free Store at McAlister & Webster — Free food, clothes, furniture.

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Principles of The Neo-American Church

(1) Everyone has the right to expand his consciousness and stimulate visionary experience by whatever means he considers desirable and proper without interference from anyone.
(2) The psychedelic substances, such as LSD, are the True Host of the Church, not "drugs". They are sacramental foods, manifestations of "the Grace of God", of the infinite imagination of the Self, and therefore belong to everyone.
(3) We do not encourage the ingestion of psychedelics by those who are unprepared.
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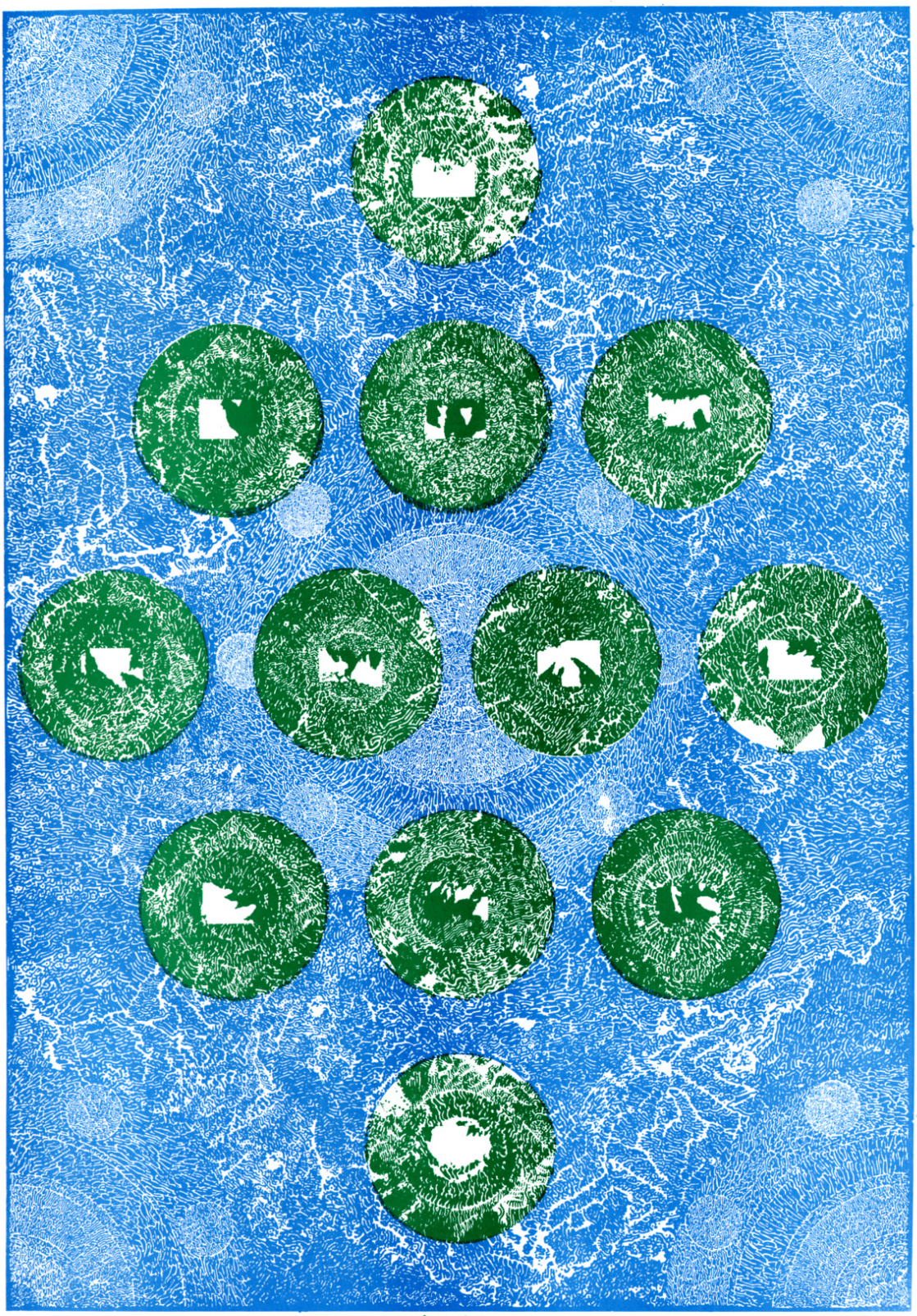

Bruce Langer

VOLUME ONE, NUMBER NINE

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25 in state

35 out of state

ON PROGRAMING THE PSYCHEDELIC EXPERIENCE

A psychedelic experience is a period of intensely heightened reactivity to sensory stimuli from within and without. A "programmed" psychedelic experience is one in which the sequence and patterning of stimuli are not left to chance but are arranged in a predetermined manner. Using programming we try to control the content of a psychedelic experience in specific desired directions. The program is a voyage chart, a series of signals, which, like the pilot's radio, provides the basic orienting information required for the "trip". The program need not be followed exactly, but it can be of great help in orienting oneself in unfamiliar territory or finding one's way if lost in rough weather.

The idea of programming a psychedelic experience is based on a theory about the nature of the psychedelic effect. The hypothesis, which was first put forward by Leary in the Harvard Psilocybin Project and has since been widely accepted by scientists working in the field of psychedelic research, is that the content of a psychedelic experience is chiefly determined by the two factors of set and setting. "Set" refers to the internal state of the person having the experience - his mood, expectations, fears, wishes "setting" refers to the external conditions of the experience - the physical and emotional climate of the room, the relations of the voyager to others present, and particularly the attitude of the drug-giving person. It is by now a well-known fact that psychedelic drugs may produce religious, aesthetic, therapeutic or other kinds of experiences depending on the set and setting. This hypotheis accounts for the great variety of psychedelic experiences reported by investigators using different models (psychotomimetic, therapeutic, religious, aesthetic, etc.) and correspondingly different settings.

One may object to the idea of programming a psychedelic experience on the grounds that it would tend to limit or restrict the experience. To this the answer is that one can of course include as much "free" time on the program as desired. For example, a minimum program might consist of a half-hour of re-entry instructions, with the rest of the time left open. Furthermore, it should be remembered that the psychedelic experience, because of the extreme suggestibility of the voyager, is "programmed" anyway, by the stimuli to which he is exposed during the session. In the majority of sessions the stimuli are either arranged by the drug-giving person or left to chance. We propose a third alternative: that the sequence of stimuli is worked out ahead of time collaboratively between drug-giver and drug-taker or by all the participants. Such a procedure will tend to minimize the occurence of paranoia induced by unexpected activities or manipulations. The program also provides a series of anchor points for memory, so that the detailed sequence of the experience (which often goes beyond our usual memory mechanisms) can be reconstructed. "During the Mozart piano concerto I relived an event from my childhood".

In the last analysis the programming of sessions is entirely a function of experience and training. Just as experienced pilots flying over familiar territory may not need radio information, so someone who through repeated experience and training has gained some control over the movements of consciousness may need less programming. The psychedelic novice is whirled confusedly through neurological energy systems he cannot decode. His mind is imposing primitive hit-or-miss interpretations, pleasant or fearful, on these new levels of perception. The experienced voyager, trained to recognize non-symbolic patterns is better able to recognize and direct his awareness and better able to deal with the flow of stimuli, whether planned or accidental.

It is an easily confirmable observation that the most successful, i.e. liberating and educational psychedelic experiences are those preceded by a period of withdrawal from external games and commitments. The time immediately before the ingestion of the drug is particularly crucial from the point of view of internal preparation. The content of consciousness at that time will dominate the subsequent experience. Our studies have shown that if one feels depressed, anxious, or

irritable, these negative emotions will be felt with great intensity during the session. If one feels serene, trusting and detached from everyday concerns, the voyage will more likely be free and illuminating.

The importance of preparing for a psychedelic experience, in both body and mind, can hardly be overestimated. Physiologically, the most intense part of the session is when the chemical first begins to take effect. If the voyager is not prepared for this moment of "take-off", much of the initial thrust will be dissipated in getting clear of the imprinted programs hooking us to externals (the Hindu sanskaras). Therefore the "higher" one can get before the session starts the better one is able to deal with the new powerful energies. Quiet reading, relaxation, withdrawal, listening to music, meditation (with or without marihuana), walking, bathing--whatever methods are most effective should be used to produce a state of serene preparedness.

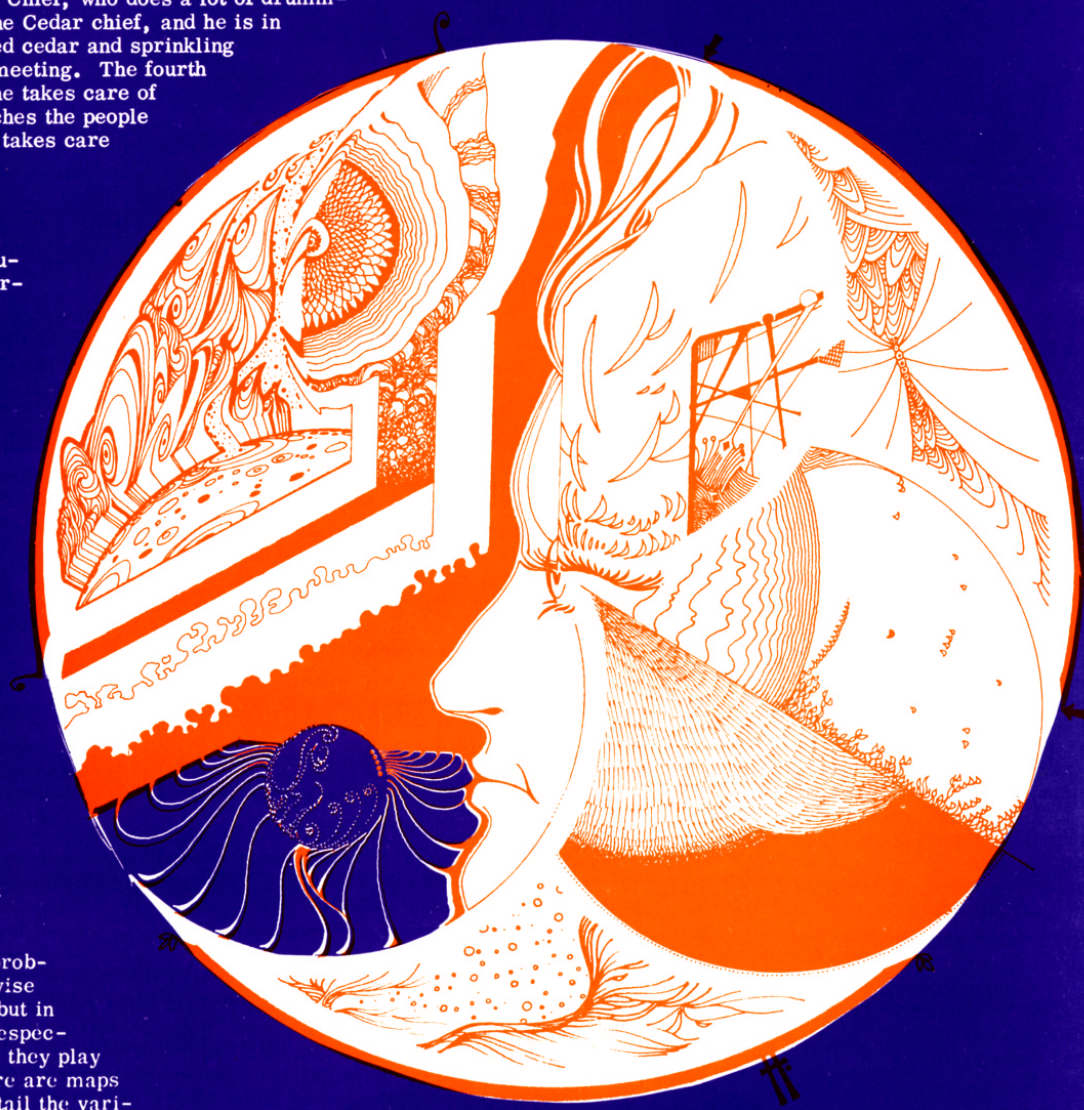
If the session involves more than one person, the participants might plan the voyage together. They would make selections of music to be listened to, they would record readings on tape, they would establish simple basic codes for contacting each other during the session. These shared activities will build rapport and reduce tendencies towards isolation and paranoia. It is sometimes helpful to prepare a kind of time-sheet of the sequence of tape-recorded messages or musical selections. The reason for such apparently naive procedure will be obvious to anyone who has tried to manipulate equipment while in the midst of an intense LSD experience: it is simpler to merely look up what to do next, than to get involved in decision-making, which can lead to interminable distracting deliberations.

In most psychedelic sessions there is one person who acts as guide. This should be the person with the most experience. He will assume responsibility for the sending of the various messages, whether verbal, musical or visual, which have been agreed upon. If there is not one person with more experience than the others, it is probably better to have a "ground-control", that is one person who does not take the psychedelic and takes care of the mechanics of changing records, keeping off distractions, etc.

The importance of specifying such roles clearly and explicitly is recognized by the Indians of the Native American Church, who in the several centuries of their use of the peyote cactus have developed a ritual which is followed essentially unchanged in all peyote ceremonies. The following quotation is taken from a description of the Navajo Peyote ritual given in testimony before the Navajo Tribal Council:

"To run a Peyote meeting they need four people. The first one and the man in charge of the whole thing they call the Road Chief. The second man is Drummer Chief, who does a lot of drumming. The third man is the Cedar chief, and he is in charge of taking powdered cedar and sprinkling it in the fire during the meeting. The fourth man is Fire Chief, and he takes care of the fire at night and watches the people as they come and go and takes care of the door."

The two predominant sources of sensory stimulation are vision and hearing, and it is therefore not surprising that oriental psychological schools of consciousness-expansion have developed powerful and elaborate techniques for controlling and channelling sensory awareness in these two spheres.



The yantra is a visual map of the path of consciousness. The literal Sanskrit meaning is "instrument" or "engine". We have mentioned the preparation of an outline of the psychedelic program, which is a primitive form of yantra. At our present level of ignorance about states of consciousness it would probably be premature to devise more complex yantras, but in the Hindu and Buddhist (especially Mahayana) systems they play an important role. There are maps representing in great detail the various focal points of consciousness (cakras) in the body. According to Mircea Eliade, "the yantra is an expression, in terms of linear symbolism, of the cosmic manifestations, beginning with the primordial

cont. pg. 22

Timothy Leary and Ralph Metzner

Reprint from the Psychedelic Review, #9, 1967.
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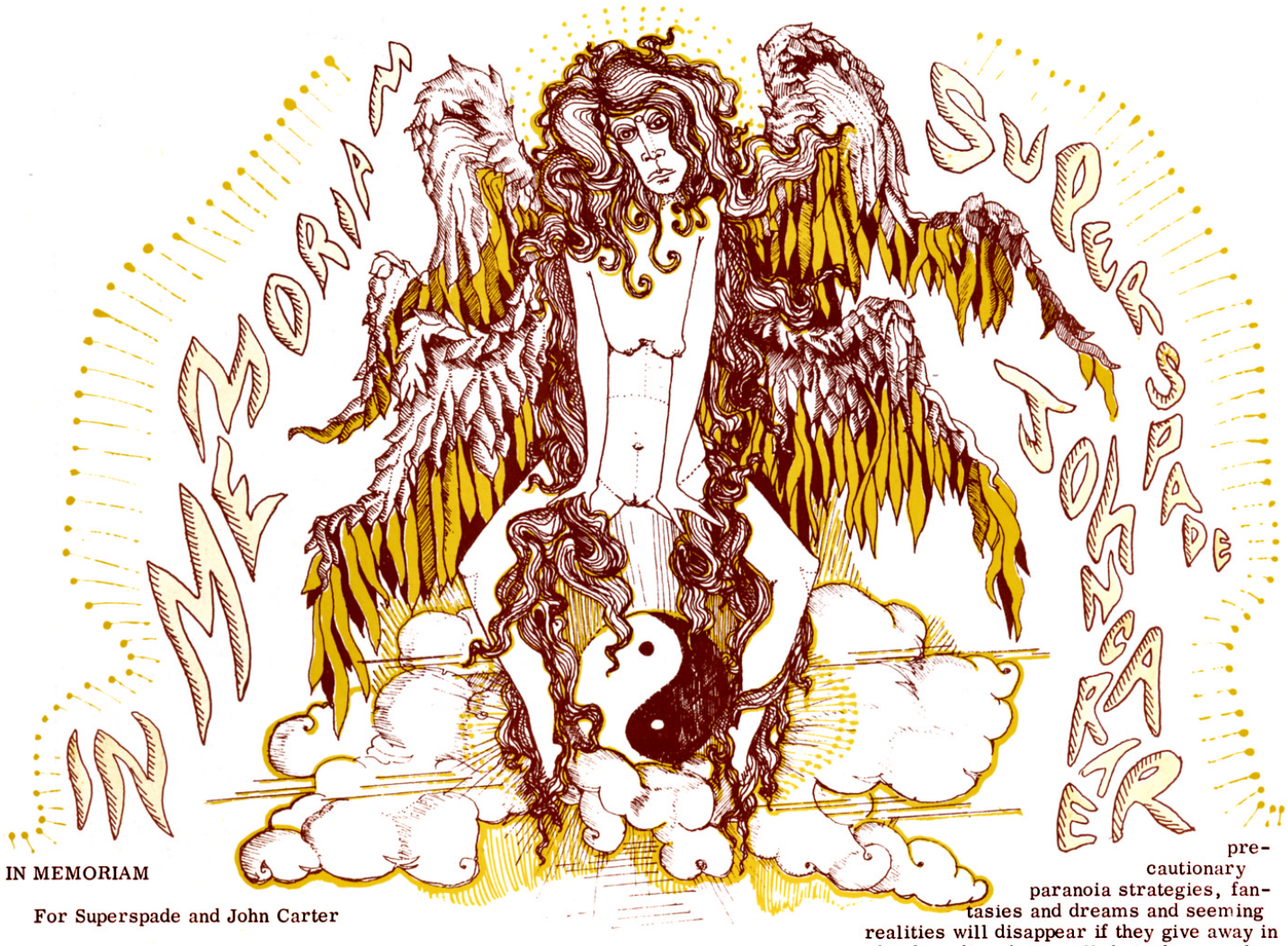

For Superspade and John Carter

Some say live by the gun die by the gun--others say let's get high--

Who would fantasy fiendish control of mayhem of the mind's matter called planet earth--The Pentagon--Industry --Military--CIA--Syndicate--Mafia.

Mafia is a state of mind anyone can slip and fall into --Just try getting rich-or selling just enough dope to stay alive, after all we have to stay high--

Before we know it our price is in competition with others so we stuff the lid or lower the price and we get more and more friends(?)lovers(?)or clients!

And then other people who are just selling kilos or grams to "make it" or pay the rent or buy a car or a bike or some clothes or fix up their pad, these others want to raise the price, or we try to connect and we get burnt--MAFIA IS A STATE OF MIND--LET GO OF IT!--or pass us a small count or bad shit--MAFIA IS A STATE OF MIND.

IBM executive who approves design for new circuit for a missle or orders design to assembly dept. is the same being in the same state of mind who says to a trained beast bodyguard "Take Charlie for a ride" --is the same as politicians and property owners who train creatures of bruted fear to kill and fight foreign wars and employ other bruted beings who wear uniforms and break into houses of poor and black and hippie and homosexual and beat them or shoot them or jail them--The same state of mind--

Whenever we attach value or worth or wealth to any external object whether gold or dope or property or country, that object in the pursuit for happiness becomes an object of contention more important than the human mind that is the original source of all wealth or value.

The diamond mind is the unending source and measure and experiencer and creator of value therefore as the illimitable fountain of youth and value it is the only nonthing to be valued.

Dope has no effect at all--it is valueless--an illusion--a glittering game of buying and selling--everyone can jump off the buying and selling-wheeling and dealing-merry-go-round anytime.

Many beings are going to contend for illusory value of dope for most Americans think that paradise is ownership of things.

Activities are archetypal states of mind--government--drug and tobacco companies--policemen--organized crime--organized hippie dope dealers will all contend for lucrative control of dope traffic--They are all in a Mafia state of mind--We must all disengage ourselves from the Mafia state of mind--Which originates with consciousness attaching itself to the external object--DOPE--as the source of ultimate value--Let go of this attachment and there will be no Mafia no control no murder no profiteering.

Do not buy or sell dope anymore! Let's tell our friends not to buy or sell dope anymore--Let's detach ourselves from that material value--Plant dope and give away all you can reap--Tell all big dope dealers that their Mafia consciousness--fear, guns, knives, precautionary paranoia strategies, fantasies and dreams and seeming realities will disappear if they give away in small lots for free distribution all their drugs and then detach themselves from dope consciousness by not buying or selling or making dope. CONSCIOUSNESS -- GODHEAD--LOVE ARE THE GOALS. All energy and thought forms devoted to commercial dope game and increasing fear and paranoid actions produce hell lives and bad trips. Attention and publicity to dope has brought hell hounds of desire. Do not become a hell hound for hell hounds are attracted only to other hell hounds--The bark of a hell hound is "I NEED SOME DOPE" or "HOW MUCH FOR A KEY" Let's disengage ourselves from the commercialization and the bottomless desire for more dope. That will DEVALUE dope. Organized business and crime and government would murder for bat shit if someone would convince them of its value just as we have created the illusion of the value of dope.

Chanting OM or Hare Krishna or Peace in America, Peace in Vietnam, or staring with attention at a candle or water coloring or beading or reading or writing poetry or painting or building or studying ancient or new scriptures or practising yoga will keep you high until you can receive alchemical turn-on for FREE from a friend or magician or guru.

For JOHN KENT CARTER and WILLIAM EDWARD SUPERSPADE THOMAS our brothers who lived in fear and died from fear may their consciousness return to bodies that will not want for anyTHING but the beauty and joy of their part in the great dance.

GIVE YOUR DOPE AWAY--
DO NOT BUY OR SELL!

FLOWERS from the STREET

"Hui Tzu said to Chuang Tzu, 'Your teachings are of no practical use.' Chuang Tzu said, 'Only those who already know the value of the useless can be talked to about the useful. This earth we walk upon is of vast extent, yet in order to walk a man uses no more of it than the soles of his two feet will cover. But suppose one cut away the ground around his feet till one reached the Yellow Springs, (the world of the Dead). Would his patches of ground still be of any use to him for walking?' Hui Tzu said, 'They would be of no use.' Chuang Tzu said, 'So then the usefulness of the useless is evident.' "

Walking barefoot with hair askew, hand-made robes over torn blue jeans, the young people wander from noon until early two. Wandering aimlessly up Haight St., over to the free store at Carl and Cole, then back to Masonic for a cream pie and coke or to the Panhandle for Digger stew. Hundreds of young people, refugees from suburban interment camps, are making the scene (or duplications in kind) in several dozen cities around the country. Most streets, like Haight St. in San Francisco, were once local shopping districts now turned into an abstract vortex for an indefinable pilgrimage. An admixture of home-made spiritual group theory and actors in life theatre which turns the participants into celebrants.

The street scene has become an entrance into a phenomenon to which we all have been invited. The word has been passed throughout the country, compliments of the above ground media, that there is a scene going down on Haight St. The most receptive to the call are from middle class urbia. They leave jobs, armies and schools to turn their lives and psyches inside out, all looking for some material to build a life with. All of us started to realize, even in 17 or 20 short years, that the game of life played in school and the supermarket U. leads only to styrofoam coffins and oblivious servitude. Most of us have been on the threshhold of jumping into the accepted swim, but stop and ask for time, having already seen enough instinctively, if not intellectually. Few have talents or skills developed enough for personal satisfaction or for the marketplace; all are well trained towards indiscriminate consumption. Yet the feeling persists--there must be something greater than this!

The street becomes where it's at. It is easy to get laid there, cop dope, find a friend or a mate. Books and ideas, acid and pot, the nearby park, or a pad full of music from a surreal montage of the constant weekend.

How else in America today can the Protestant Ethic be wrung out? To learn the reality of fantasy and the fantasy of reality? It is a process of steady deculturalization, to clear your head of the Mustang Pledge and the nonsense of a chicken in every Dodge Rebellion. Running in opposite directions of childhood conditioning, looking for perspective by playing roles, wearing costumes and dropping acid. LSD becomes a sacrificial deconditioner expanding consciousness, allowing each person to actually experience the adventure of self-discovery. It has also lead to the wide-spread interest in Eastern thought and the meditative religions, besides opening the doors to precedents and conditions upon which the world now finds itself. The street scene and its extensions into the art and living patterns that are being developed is in large part due to what is first envisioned and then consciously applied through the use of LSD and other drugs. To get high and look around in the now, towards the before, and to the possibilities in the future, almost inevitably removes a person from the transitory superficial machinations of western society...a society which consciously strives to prevent this sort of looking around.

It takes time and experience to reintegrate these new forms of knowledge and personality into a comfortable living pattern. In the meantime some people use the limbo of street life and drop practically every material possession to live soley by their wits. They sleep in parks, on doorsteps when the commune is full, live at night and rest by day. Scrounge food, shoot meth, hustle college kids coming to gawk and get laid, just as their fathers went to Fillmore when nigger wasn't spelled negro. Work as a last resort but better to play or hitch ot Big Sur. Bohemia is no longer refuge for a few, the third V.P.'s daughter wants in too. Hepatitis, hunger, crabs and clap, freak out, then on to the next scene. Frantic searching, then slow growth, learn to let go, live only on what you need. How long does it take to dig where you're at and catch on to the scene? There is no one to tell you now, but only file cabinets can lie.

The street can be a classroom, a zoo, a stage, an asphalt padded cell, a whorehouse, a folksong or the traverse of Scorpio. Fashions develop for brown rice and the I Ching, for farms and Indians, '47 panel trucks, beads and books. Most of us have gone through something like it, possibly they are at first only bourgeois allusions of freedom, in attempting to find what is real for ourselves or at least comfortable. The street is there and some must run its course, called doing their thing, going through changes. Others less mangled are able to deculturalize or find themselves easier, but the educational conformist pressures stack higher against them. It can be done anywhere but our society tends to produce exaggerations of itself and only extremity seems to break through its accompanying neurosis.

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THE WORLD

The Tarot is a system of transmitting objective knowledge with the systems of magic, alchemy, astrology, and symbology united into one whole. It represents the cycle of life, the cycle of the soul's development to super-consciousness. To speak of one card is to speak of one out of 22 segments of a circle.

Superconsciousness is the theme of the 21st and last card of the Major Arcana of the Tarot, named The World. It is a beautiful card of simplicity. Tav (value 400) is the Hebraic name, meaning mark. The mark is a cross of equal arms: ✚ ; the final seal of the completion of the Great Work of liberation. Salvation from death, eternal life are further meanings.

Center is the direction attributed to Tav, meaning center of self, which sustains all things. The self: a palace of holiness in the wilderness. A center of gravity always there for reference. Tav represents the fifth dimension. Saturn is the planet corresponding to this card, ruling Capricorn (the Devil card), and exalted in Libra (Justice). Here is power active in meditation, equilibrium. That which absorbs its own expression back into itself (Saturn ate his own children).

"He who would rule nature must first obey her laws." Right interpretation of the necessity of limitation in any form of manifested existence means dominion. Wrong interpretation, slavery. Or it could be said, there is no freedom except that found within oneself. The superconscious individuals is active in the cosmic government; he attracts, like a magnet, consciousness and its seeds, and assists its development however he can.

As I said this card is wonderfully simple. In the middle is the Dancer Eternal. He knows life is a dance and has graced himself with Liberation. A bell in his breast is striking rhythms for the dance. Soul fire glows, his presence is clean, bright, simple, always alive in the eyes. Androgyne(no sex differentiation, always and continually fucking oneself and coming out of the top of the head), Mama-Daddy, the All Mother and the All Father, this dancer wears a purple scarf shaped like the letter Kaph (Card 10, the Wheel of Fortune). In each hand is a wand of the spiral force of life energy: the right symbolizes involution and the left evolution. The dancer hears the music of the Seven Rays of Creation. For each ray is a corresponding note, and for each nota an entire corresponding octace, etc., into infinity. Listening for the h ighest and densest vibration, he knows the degree of consciousness in matter corresponds to the degree of density and speed of vibrations: t he denser the matter the less conscious it is, the denser the vibrations the more conscious it is. His centers of feelings, thinking, instinct, sex and movement function properly and develop harmoniously. The Androgyne is encircled by an ellipse, drawn from the proportions of the Seal of Solomon. It is formed of 22 groups of leaves. Each group of leaves represents the three modes of expression each force may manifest itself in: integration, disintegration, and equilibrium. Ellipse is the zero sign, the numeral equation for superconsciousness. The leaves are bound above and below by horizontal 8 signs, symbol of the Holy Spirit. AS ABOVE SO BELOW. The Androgyne represents the merging of self-consciousness with subconsciousness, and the blending of these two with superconsciousness. The key is Cosmic consciousness, Nirvana. He who experiences this state knows he must be in perfect union with the One Power, Pivot and source of the whole cosmos. Through him the directing power of the universe is manifested.

In this card are the most important things to ponder. Above the ellipse, from left to right, is the man and the eagle. Below, from left to right, is the head of the bull and the head of the lion. These figures

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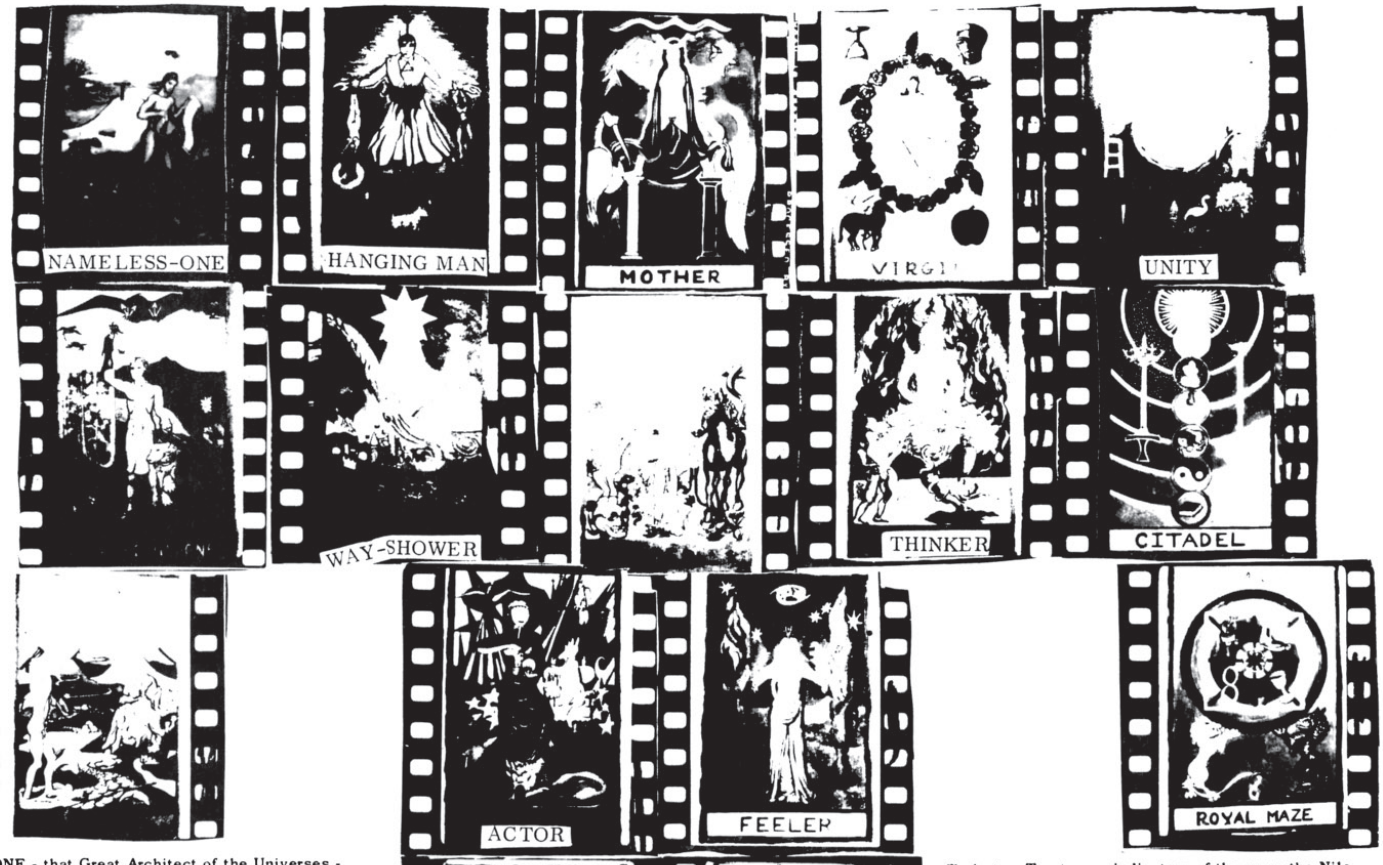


ONE - that Great Architect of the Universes - designed a single Design. Specifically (as far as those in motion are concerned), the Great Architect designed this Design for that personality continuum called man and his manifest chemical world.

This Design of ONE precedes all time and yet includes Time's line as it unwinds. All events are now; the mind acts, performing acts or perceiving events. Nothing subscribed by Design is out-of-order or sequence. That which seems "unorderly" or "unsequential" to a man's senses and understanding is always, actuallt, in perfect order and sequence within ONE's Design structure. There are no mistakes. Nothing is what it seems. Everything is as IT seems.

When Design permitted, man in many cultures has sensed Design. This sensing of Design is called today "a happening".

Men sensing Design today are known as tall Ones. They are on the march because of a given understanding ordained within Design. These are the builders here on earth who are in accord with the prevailing Design of ONE. Although their building tools are similar, in all periods and places, it has only once more become obvious in the last years that the ONE is acting through them again. Tall Ones are uniting and recognizing one another throughout the world as part and parcel of the identical hidden work emerging on the world stage. What was esoteric and for the elite masonic priesthood formerly has now moved into the sphere of daily life among the hippys. In this all may join, provided they reach that point in which they know the soldering agent is love.

A tale:

"Ruth is here and Ruth is fruitful.

"A child was born. He walked with men and beasts. The men he tamed, the beasts he loved. And Ruth wept.

"The beasts ripped the man-child's heart from his body and left it. No man came near the living-dead.

"Ruth gathered the heart to her bosom and roamed the far regions of the world seeking she knew not what. After some seasons of wandering, the living heart rocked.

"This stone was placed in a common spot for all to see and think upon. This - Ruth's heart of hearts - reached the heart of all.

"You will live to see the day when this heart of stone is found and placed in operation.

"T-RUTH."

The Books of T or the Books of Torirut - commonly known as the Tarot - comprise the heart which "rocked" in the above allegory from the Given writings, The Book of One. Ruth's heart of hearts is none other than those ever progressing pictographs of Design written on watery light. The 22 Major Trumps are the key to the symbolic Nile forging through man's psyche.

The letter T - the cross - when folded produces the cube or the alchemist's stone. The letter T is the heart of esoteric lore and represents the living gold at its transitional state or the point where the elements meet for transubstantiation-secound birth. It exemplifies the state termed the fifth initiation, the fifth moment; that moment when a one knows ONE and transcends the entire universe and reverses his consciousness from outward seeming to that inner reality in which he knows he is all mankind. Design has ordered the moment each shall know he is his own father; and the Books of T - the Books of Torirut or Tarot - are indicators of the ways the Nile or the psyche reverses.

Tahuti was the "Scribe of the Gods" for the Egyptians; and the Books of Tahuti buried, according to legend, within the Nile are none other than the symbolic glyphs known as the Tarot. Previous decks depicted the fall of man and the various designed forces that augmented the fall. Now that man has seemingly reached the zero hour of his fallen cycle, a new set of the Books are being brought out. The new theater is in season and the active symbols are manifest for those who are concerned to understand, know and use.

These present Books in conjunction with the older renditions - taken collectively or individually - are a means to Self-unveiling. Their depth is to be followed, their mystery to be entered by each individually. They are not meant to be taken frivolously nor is their meaning to be used to influence or to be exposed to the profane. When a man is consciously dealing with the Tarot, it should be recalled, he is dealing with the essence of ultimate force. Tall Ones shall not have their fingers lopped off..... May this be an encouragement as well as a warning to those whose path concerns the Books of Torirut.

All levels of consciousness are now arriving at the point of The Happening or The Great Event. A reversal is immanent universally. The living golden heart palpitates, beats and the Books expose the heart's beat. Each of the 22 Major Trumps has progressed to the point of reversal and the story that this new edition of the Books tell through symbol is the story of reversal upon all levels of consciousness.

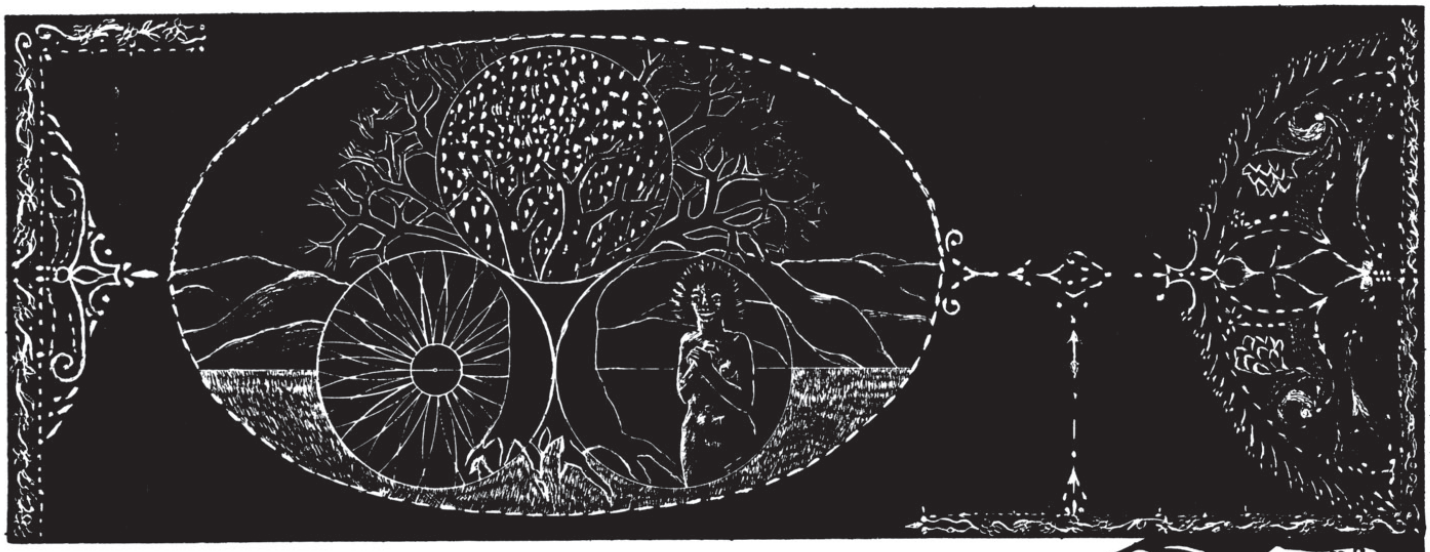
In Nahuatl the word "Atlan" means "where the land met the sea". When Atlantis fell beneath the "sea" - as pictured by Trump 16 called in the old deck The Lightning Struck Tower - these symbolic hieroglyphics along with the Great Pyramid of Giza were brought over into the newer state of awareness as the sole reminders of what had taken place in man's consciousness. Atlan was not a mythical place. It was not, however, an actual continent existing in our present earth-time comtiuum but, rather, a different state of Being. When Solon called it the Land of the West, he meant exactly that. He was speaking of the Western continuum, (the Amitahba region in the Mahayana Buddhist Mandhalla) which fell into the astral seas of illusion. In other words, at a certain zero point in time, Atlan became emmersed in the waters of Maya when One who dwelt there fell in love with his own reflections and desired them.

"And the sons of God (the Elohim) desired the daughters of men" is a remembrance of the identical drowning. And, hence, The Hanged Man in the older Books is upside down.

This new edition of the Books of Torirut has been given as a way shower. They point the way of return to the progressed original state of Being.

It has been stated by Madame Blavatsky and other trained occultists that Atlantis shall once more rise from the "depths" during the latter half of this century. With the publishing of the New Books of Torirut and the immanent discovery of the Union Hall in the Great Pyramid, what appeared as myth shall be realized as T-Ruth for all those concerned. The Struck Tower in man's psyche will be reconstructed as the Citadel or completed man.

X marks the spot for all those who can take IT up. Design alone completes Design. Naught can but BE.



In his great book--Cosmic Consciousness -Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke, the eminent Canadian psychiatrist of the last century, gives first place to Walt Whitman among those he writes about as having experienced the enlightenment attributed in the Bible to Paul on his way to Damascus--a level as high above ordinary human self-consciousness as that is above the simple consciousness of animals.

Of Whitman he wrote: "Walt Whitman is the best, the most perfect example the world has so far had of the Cosmic Sense, first because he is the man in whom the new faculty has been probably most perfectly developed, and especially because he is, par excellence, the man who in modern times has written distinctly and at large from the point of view of Cosmic Consciousness..."

Bucke quotes the famous lines beginning: "I believe in you my soul...the other I-am must not abase itself to you, And you must not be abased to the other."

Later after commenting on the true meaning of this passage, so often misinterpreted by the nasty-nice, Bucke goes on: "Those who so far have been endowed with Cosmic Consciousness have been ... carried away and subjugated by it...but they have not realized (as Whitman did) the need ...of using their unusual insight and power in any systematic manner....

"This was clearly the case with Paul, who was led away by the grandeur and glory of the new sense to underrate the really equal divinity of his previous human faculties. The same words could with nearly equal truth be applied to Gautama (the Buddha).

"The evils that humanity has suffered and is today suffering, simply because those two men took this mistaken view--the evils, namely, that have come upon us through despising the flesh --i.e. through despising the so called natural man --the evils, in fine, that have come from the teaching that one part of man is good and to be cultivated, while another part is bad and (if possible) to be extirpated, or, if that is not possible, covered up and hidden away--the evils that have come upon us from this false view are entirely incalculable."

Remember this is the first great alienist of the American continent talking--the first psychiatrist in the Western World who was asked by Charcot to lecture at the Salpetrière in Paris, where Freud and Jung were later to be pupils.

Bucke goes on: "It may be that Walt Whitman is the first man who, having Cosmic Consciousness fully developed, has deliberately set himself against being mastered by it, determining, on the contrary, to subdue it and make it the servant, along with simple consciousness" (the animal level) "self-consciousness and the rest of the united individual SELF.

"He saw, what neither Gautama nor Paul saw, what Jesus saw, tho' not so clearly as he, that tho' this faculty is truly Godlike, yet it is no more supernatural or preternatural than sight, hearing, taste, feeling or any other, and he consequently refused to give it unlimited sway, and would not allow it to tyrannize over the rest."

SPECTRUM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

The way I see it is in reference to my favorite symbol, the spectrum--the variety of colors contained in the pure white light. Let us take red as symbol of the loins (the animal, simple consciousness) and gold as the symbol of the heart (the seat of the emotions) and blue as the symbol of the Mind. If one were to rob the spectrum of red one could never return that beam of light to its original whiteness, for red is as integral and necessary a component of white as gold or blue. Yet that is exactly what Buddha and "Saint" Paul tried to do--in despising "the Flesh" and wishing that all could be pure Spirit.

In our long trek up the Mountain of Evolution, as the Persian poet (quoted later) wrote in the 13th Century of our Era, we have risen from the one dimensional consciousness of minerals (which we preserve in our bones, teeth and the tympanum of our ears), to the two-dimensional consciousness of plants (which we preserve in the cell-structure of our flesh), to the three dimensional consciousness of animals. (Korzibski calls them "space-binders;" Bucke calls this level "simple consciousness"--all that we share with animals: red blood, nerves, sex organs--is like the red in our spectrum). Then Korzibski ascribes the fourth dimensional consciousness of Man to our gift of speech, which gives us a command of Time, the Fourth Dimension.

TOWARD LOGOS

In Astrology these four levels of consciousness are revealed by the three visible outer planets, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars--and the Moon, which goes around the Sun in the same orbit as the Earth, and reflects Man's self-conscious level back to us, the Lords of Earth.

The two planets between Earth and Sun--Venus and Mercury--reflect two kinds of Cosmic Consciousness--that resulting from Love of all living things, and that which is the result of attaining the level of the Logos--"In the beginning was the Word" (all words ending in LOGY are the different kinds of Wisdom or Science). St. John called Christ the Logos, and the Greek word LOGOS is BUDDHA in Sanscrit--which is also the name of the planet Mercury.

Shakespeare said that "All the world is a stage and the men and women players." In Astrology the Sun represents the immortal Player, who has played many roles and will play many more as he ascends the Mountain of Evolution. But the Moon represents the

astral mask (PERSONA) denoting the role to be played in this life only.

THE LIFE PEARL

So the Personality is different from the Individuality. The Moon is the single pearl of one life-time. The Sun is the whole pearl necklace, held together by Pluto, the gateway of birth and death.

These seven--Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Moon (for the Earth), Venus, Mercury and Sun--have been studied by Man for at least five thousand years in all civilized countries. No other science has such a pragmatic sanction--five thousand years of trial-and-error involving billions of people.

And yet always Saturn seems to stand for contraction and discipline, Jupiter for expansion and opulence, Mars for energy and passion, Moon for the self-conscious brain, Venus for love and beauty, Mercury for creative intellect and the Sun for the immortal Self, the Atman.

POETIC VISION

In 1781, the same year that Mesmer, thro' his hypnotic gift, postulated the subconscious, Herschel discovered the planet Uranus. Mesmer's disciple, the Marquis de Puysegur, postulated that the subconscious was like a magnet, having both positive and negative electricity, and in 1846, Neptuna was discovered to represent the "negative" (YIN) side of the subconscious, just as Uranus represents the "positive" (YANG).

In 1930, Jung postulated the "collective unconscious" below the subconscious levels--that part of our consciousness which is no longer individual, but is attached to the rest of humanity as a leaf is attached to a tree.

In reading this concept of Jung, I suddenly saw that the design I had drawn to illustrate the different levels of consciousness, as represented by the planets, was actually a leaf with Pluto as the little nob on the bottom of the twig out of which the leaf burgeons in the "Spring" and off which the leaf falls in the "Fall."

In the "Winter" we rest in Pluto (Hades, the realm of the Dead--the astral world). Then next "Spring" we build another leaf for ourselves, using our parents'-genes as building bricks.

The object of leaves on trees is to manufacture chlorophyl out of sunlight, and give it to the tree, in return for which the tree sends up sap from Mother Earth. We must give the chlorophyl of our uniqueness to the Tree of Humanity, if we wish to be sane and healthy.

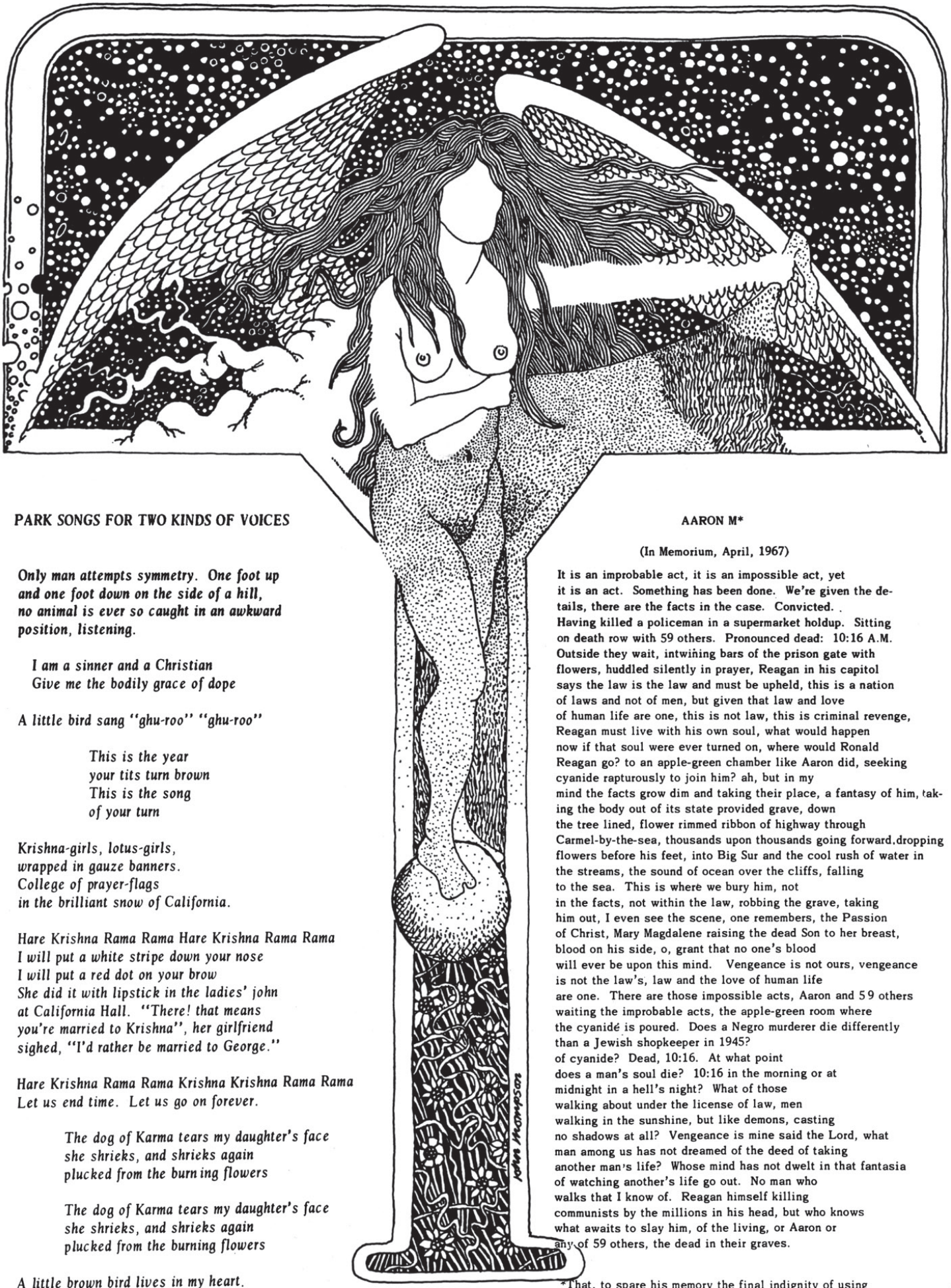
In the poems I have selected to illustrate this concept of successive levels of consciousness leading to what Dr. Bucke called Cosmic Consciousness, but which I would prefer to call Superconscious to balance Subconsciousness, in whose waters the top triangle is reflected, the same general concept repeats itself all the way down from the 13th Century in Persia to the present time in America.

Sometime before he died in 1273 A.D., the greatest mystical (Sufi) poet of Persia, Jalal ud-din Rumi wrote,

"Every form you see has its archetype in the placeless world...
From the moment you came into the world of being
A ladder was placed before you that you might ascend.
First you were mineral, later you turned to plant,
Then you became an animal: how should this be a secret to you?
Afterwards you were made man, with knowledge, reason, faith;
Behold the body, which is a portion of the dust-pit, how perfect it has grown!
When you have travelled on from man, you will doubtless become an angel;
After that you are done with earth: your station is in heaven.
Pass again even from angelhood: enter that Ocean,
That your drop may become a sea which is a hundred seas of OM.

cont. pg.28

Crowley 67



PARK SONGS FOR TWO KINDS OF VOICES

Only man attempts symmetry. One foot up
and one foot down on the side of a hill,
no animal is ever so caught in an awkward
position, listening.

I am a sinner and a Christian
Give me the bodily grace of dope

A little bird sang "ghu-roo" "ghu-roo"

This is the year
your tits turn brown
This is the song
of your turn

Krishna-girls, lotus-girls,
wrapped in gauze banners.
College of prayer-flags
in the brilliant snow of California.

Hare Krishna Rama Rama Hare Krishna Rama Rama
I will put a white stripe down your nose
I will put a red dot on your brow
She did it with lipstick in the ladies' john
at California Hall. "There! that means
you're married to Krishna", her girlfriend
sighed, "I'd rather be married to George."

Hare Krishna Rama Rama Krishna Krishna Rama Rama
Let us end time. Let us go on forever.

The dog of Karma tears my daughter's face
she shrieks, and shrieks again
plucked from the burning flowers

The dog of Karma tears my daughter's face
she shrieks, and shrieks again
plucked from the burning flowers

A little brown bird lives in my heart.
The bird has a brown heart, too.

Pamela Millward

AARON M*

(In Memorium, April, 1967)

It is an improbable act, it is an impossible act, yet
it is an act. Something has been done. We're given the de-
tails, there are the facts in the case. Convicted.
Having killed a policeman in a supermarket holdup. Sitting
on death row with 59 others. Pronounced dead: 10:16 A.M.
Outside they wait, intwining bars of the prison gate with
flowers, huddled silently in prayer, Reagan in his capitol
says the law is the law and must be upheld, this is a nation
of laws and not of men, but given that law and love
of human life are one, this is not law, this is criminal revenge,
Reagan must live with his own soul, what would happen
now if that soul were ever turned on, where would Ronald
Reagan go? to an apple-green chamber like Aaron did, seeking
cyanide rapturously to join him? ah, but in my
mind the facts grow dim and taking their place, a fantasy of him, tak-
ing the body out of its state provided grave, down
the tree lined, flower rimmed ribbon of highway through
Carmel-by-the-sea, thousands upon thousands going forward,dropping
flowers before his feet, into Big Sur and the cool rush of water in
the streams, the sound of ocean over the cliffs, falling
to the sea. This is where we bury him, not
in the facts, not within the law, robbing the grave, taking
him out, I even see the scene, one remembers, the Passion
of Christ, Mary Magdalene raising the dead Son to her breast,
blood on his side, o, grant that no one's blood
will ever be upon this mind. Vengeance is not ours, vengeance
is not the law's, law and the love of human life
are one. There are those impossible acts, Aaron and 59 others
waiting the improbable acts, the apple-green room where
the cyanide is poured. Does a Negro murderer die differently
than a Jewish shopkeeper in 1945?
of cyanide? Dead, 10:16. At what point
does a man's soul die? 10:16 in the morning or at
midnight in a hell's night? What of those
walking about under the license of law, men
walking in the sunshine, but like demons, casting
no shadows at all? Vengeance is mine said the Lord, what
man among us has not dreamed of the deed of taking
another man's life? Whose mind has not dwelt in that fantasia
of watching another's life go out. No man who
walks that I know of. Reagan himself killing
communists by the millions in his head, but who knows
what awaits to slay him, of the living, or Aaron or
any of 59 others, the dead in their graves.

*That, to spare his memory the final indignity of using the surname taken from his killers.

Bill Dodd

THE DANCE OF THE GREAT LIBERATION

A Bomb Goes Off In My Mind

I awake after twentyeight years
and find myself married to myself
under an assumed name.

Androgynous Gods camp on my couch
jewels dripping from their eyes,
each one of them changes a world.

They have come to watch me ascend
through history into the crystal cave.
They await me with mysterious smiles.

Easy at first this wonderful climb.
Into Cleopatra's arms I deposit all
the massive plains of Psyche's breast.

Ice towers blind the senses
to ultramarine chasms breaking space,
a rope of poetry serves for balance.

The Garden Before Conquest

Thought is fragile, jade leaves shatter.
Why this preoccupation with common stones
when the mind will smuggle diamonds?

I walk in a magic forest wary of tricks;
these glittering paths lead nowhere.
My heart blazes a painful path higher.

Fingers now cramped with infinite cold,
lungs clasped in an Arctic embrace,
courage slow feet, I see a light ahead.

A Cosmic Flame

I am consumed by energy, held benign
above our sphere of false opposites.
Aloft forever in poleless divinity I sink.

All Gods and idols go down
to lodge in the labyrinth of common thought.
Here I come to naught and am redeemed.

The vortex spinning through my breast
grows huge beyond unseen galaxies.
A lothesome bird dies in my heart.

Like feathers, black banners flap
from the now desolate house of life.
I dance The Great Liberation.

A dervish smiling neither bliss nor pain,
arms and legs akimbo astride the golden wheel
I ride both sun and moon until they dwindle.

Stellar dust goes from chaos to oblivion,
still I ride. My eyes are become essence.
Beyond this is nothing. I enter it.

Rebirth–The Descent

Sliding effortlessly down a bannister of light
the complete lover, I reach the first room
vowing never again to waste moments.

Now the stars contracting are in Her hair.
A temptress reconciled she honors my return,
this strange Egyptian woman residing in my wife.

Together we explore delight beyond delight,
opaque lights penetrating our twin body,
our hearts cleansed finally of resistance.

The Punishment

My Ego rising before me a separate entity
spewing wrath, I cringe at the meeting.
Must it be this? Are there forbidden fruit?

Strung on a highwire above the screaming pavement
I dare not close my eyes or touch the cool shadows
that move and entreat somehow beyond my reach.

The jarring sun comes up an insane asylum.
A second room's walls reflect fear and mockery.
Oh agony of spirit and sleeplessness of mind.

And to know it is me causing my own pain!
At least She sleeps refreshed by the heights;
even in hell a measure of comfort, a key to escape.

Beyond Punishment

The third room in another city sighs,
orange trees give seed to a warm wind,
and the many of me come to rest before achievment.

Under this familiar night's clear blessing
all fragments resolve their differences.
Hand in hand we reach towards an understanding.

In this life change, never ceasing change
guides star, rock, and sweet water,
guides me to the final benediction I alone can bestow.

On myself all benefits of breathing I release.
I can do nothing for other like and loved flesh
less I do this, not egoless but egowise.

Mike Hannon 1967

If we want to understand the message of the Buddha and the meaning of what might be called the Buddha Mind we have to see it against the background of the culture of the period - every great person, every great genius is always an answer to the problem of his time, he provides the solution to the need of the time.

He who became Gautama, the Buddha, was born in the warrior caste, the son of a great king. He was not only very beautiful, he had a very beautiful wife, and a son: everything was geared as it were to make of him the acme of Hindu culture. Yet he renounced all this - because he dared to ask questions, because he dared to find out by himself the why of crucial human problems: old age, suffering, death. He sought answers, he took nothing for granted.

As he left his princely home, his wife and child, everything behind him he tried naturally to find these answers from those who represented the inner tradition of India- the occultist or the esotericist of the day.

Since the very early days of India there had been forest philosophers who, in meditating on death, at the end of their lives had realized something of the transcendance of Being; they had come to realize that it is possible, however, to experience even while living that which normally can only be experienced after death. Those men, Sannyasins and yogis were considered by Hindu society as the very flowering and seed of its way of life.

This was quite a remarkable thing indeed, for in old India we had a society utterly ritualized and planned; yet one which had as its ultimate product, deliberately so, the man who would deny all planning, the man who was without caste, who was beyond caste, who was utterly free of all that which a society thought important and basic.

In other words, Hindu society was a society wise enough to realize that though featuring the most intense planning, that planning has meaning in terms of that which is unplannable, in terms of that which is free from every form of planning.

However, as time went on, all types of techniques developed, to lead men more and more towards the realization of the Atma the "Beyond," the Self and so on. And it is from the teachers of these techniques that Gautama sought answers. He asked them how they reached the solution of their problems; he worked with them for about six years; he passed through all sorts of harsh disciplines of asceticism. But as he was about to reach the age of 35 he found himself alone, weak from total exhaustion and starvation and without basic answers he could accept. It was only then that he found illumination after a very significant incident.

The first point that I would like to clarify is that in order to reach his illumination, Gautama, made as it were , two surrenders.

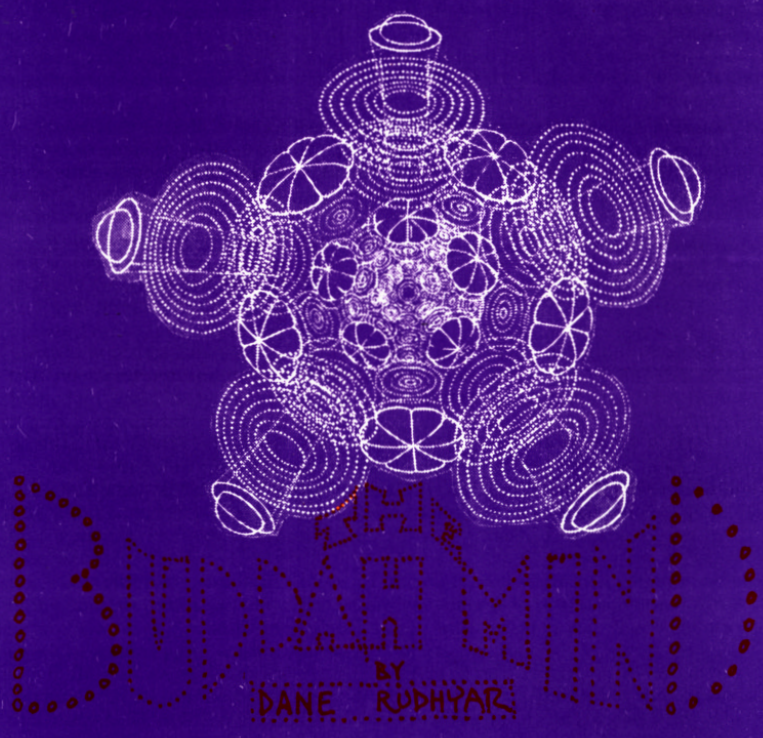
He went away from two things. He first surrendered his family, his outer tradition, all that which was part of the ritualistic - and very beautiful - pattern of Hindu culture.

He also surrendered, what you might call the occult tradition, the Yoga, that had developed during the centuries preceding his birth. It was only after he had made these two surrenders that he reached illumination.

He reached this illumination after a very beautiful incident - to me one of an extremely profound and symbolical meaning, one which somewhat parallels another, in the life of Jesus.

These two incidents, I believe, have never been fully understood. The incident has been related in various ways, and I am taking the simplest story and shall be brief. You probably have heard about it, as many people have.

When the Gautama was faint and starving he found, crossing his path, a lovely young girl; some say she was a milk maiden carrying milk from a herd of cows, others say she was the wife of a wealthy villager who had prayed for a son and had finally got one. She saw Gautama, a great and radiant figure, and thought he was the God of the Woods to whom she had prayed for a child. Eagerly she brought to him that milk and other offerings; the Buddha drank it and it was apparently such a wonderful food that his strength suddenly returned to him and he had - with this very simple villager, from a little village in India - a most wonderful conversation.



"What is the milk that you gave me? What is your idea of Life?" he asked her. In a very simple, beautiful, spontaneous way, she said all the things that a very normal, natural woman in India would say, revealing the utter simplicity of a life dedicated to truth, to love, to the functions and the natural dharmas of life. It was only after this encounter that Gautama sat under the Bodhi tree and reached enlightenment, Nirvana.

What he had realized undoubtedly was that not through tense seeking, i.e. the tense striving symbolized by the asceticism of the yogis, by starving oneself and doing all sorts of penances, one could not find the answers to any real questions because the very tension of the things stood between you and the answer.

It was only as he "polarized" himself to the earth--to the simplicity, to the naturalness, to the spontaneity of everday life, the beautiful, natural life--that suddenly he was released from his tension. He was made whole again. He was ready to find his own spontaneity, his own naturalness, his own truth.

And we hear in the narrative Gautama telling to that woman: "You asked me to teach you, but it is you who have taught me the most beautiful lesson that I have received."

Now the symbolism of this story goes very deep. What is milk? Milk comes from a cow, and the cow, of course, in India is a great symbol, the symbol of divine abundance. It is a symbol of what I call the release from that infinite Potential which is the very foundation of being; which is Brahman.

In Sanskrit the word for cow is "go"; and if we believe what Sri Aurobindo (perhaps the greatest Hindu philosopher of this century or several centuries) describes in his studies of the Vedas, the word go also means "light."

Thus what the Vedas tell us about the milk ceremony, the clarified butter, the sacrifice of milk and the cows, does not represent (though it might do for an external worship) only the ordinary things of the usual pastoral existence.

They refer more deeply to the radiation from the infinite abundance of being and life, from Brahman. This gives us a Key to the meaning of the name "Go-tama," and to the Gopis, to the milk maiden who loved Sri Krishna, The Avatar, the Divine Manifestation.

In the old theosophical literature we heard quite often the term Manas Tayasi--the Illumined Mind. This Illumined Mind is the mind which releases that power of spiritual abundance which is what is meant, in one way at least, by buddhi. It is milk released by the divine cow. It is in Christian terms, the "living water" which is eternal life, which gives eternal life to whoever partakes of it.

This brings us to the story in the Gospel about the Samaritan woman and Jesus who asked her for water; he was very weary and he sat near a well, which happened to be Jacob's well -all symbolism- and saw coming a Samaritan woman.

She was fetching water from the well and he asked her to give him water to drink; afterwards she asked, "But how do you ask water from me; I am a

cont. pg. 21

POISONED

OH, BLUE GRAY GREEN PALE GRAHHR! TRANQUIL POURING ROSE LION SALT!

There is death in Viet Nam!
There is death in Viet Nam!
There is death in Viet Nam!
And our bodies are mad with the forgotten
memory that we are creatures!

Blue-black skull rose lust boot!

Citizens of the United States
are in the hands of traitors
who ignore their will and force
them into silent acceptance
of needless and undesired warfare.

EACH MAN WOMAN, CHILD

is innocent
and not responsible
for the atrocities committed by any
government. Mistakes, hypocrisies, crimes
that result in the present
FASCISM,
are made in the past in
HISTORY.
Structural mechanisms of Society
create guilt in the individual.
((Now it is worst when man is at the edge.
He may be freed of his
carnivore past — and is on the verge
of becoming a singer and glorious creature
borne free through the universe.
Soon no lamb or man
may be eaten
save
with the smile of sacrifice!))

It is our nature to explore
that which is called Evil
by the haters of matter
and pleasure. But GUILT
is untenable! Guilt is not
inheritable. Acceptance of guilt
for a Capitalist heritage creates fear.

NO ONE IS CULPABLE FOR THESE CRIMES!

We are flowers capable of creating the seeds
and fruit of new liberty.
Like beautiful flowers the profits of Capitalist
society are the blossoming
of the agonized labor and starvation
of the world's masses.
THAT I AM A FLOWER DOES NOT MEAN
THAT I AM RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE AGONY OF THE ROOTS!
But, as a man, I am conscious of the agony,
labor, pain. And murders take place
for Society!

Acceptance of guilt for the acts of
entrepeneurs, capitalists and imperialists
smothers, tricks, and stupefies

the free creature! He will, is, driven
to fear, racism, and inaction!

If I forget, for a prolonged moment,
the mammal, sensory pleasure of which
I am capable
I must toil to over-ride
the creeping guilt that destroys
me spiritually!

I AM NOT GUILTY!

I AM A LIVING CREATURE!

I AM NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE TRAITOROUS
FASCISM AND TOTALITARIANISM THAT SURROUND me!!!

((The definitions of *fascism* and *totalitarianism*
must be reviewed in light of the new media developed
by technology. The nature of the human
mammal is being remade and it is time for
redefinitions . . .))

I AM NOT RESPONSIBLE
FOR THOSE WHO HAVE CREATED
AND/OR CAPTURED the CONTROL DEVICES
OF THE SOCIETY THAT SURROUNDS ME!
I despise Society that creates
bundles of individual cruelties
and presses them en masse
against the helpless.

CAPITALISM IS FAILURE!
It creates overpopulation, slavery,
and starvation.

Whether I be in Soviet Russia, Red China, or Imperialist
England or France, or Capitalist United States,
I am not responsible for the fascist
or totalitarian crimes
that are whitewashed
under the title *Modern History!*
I AM INNOCENT AND FREE!
I AM A MAMMAL!
I AM A WARM BLOODED SENSORY CREATURE
CAPABLE OF LOVE AND HATE AND ACTION AND
INACTION!
CAPABLE OF GUILT AND CAPABLE
OF SPEECH AND STRIVING!

— I am sickened by the thought
(and photographs)
of cruel and vicious executions
and tortures of Asian
and Algerian soldiers.

I AM SICKENED
by the oncoming MASS STARVATION
and the concomitant revolting degree
of overpopulation, and the accompanying
production of incredible numbers
of useless physical objects
whose raw materials demand
a destruction of those parts of nature
I have come to think of as beautiful!
THOUGH I REJOICE IN THE FOREST
AND CAVES OF THE FUTURE!

BEING SICKENED IS A LUXURY
that I cannot afford without loss
of spirit, gradually
becoming irreparable! I am a man!
Sickness *and* guilt must be cast off!
Guilt is a luxury.
Being sickened is meaningless.
CAPITALISM AND COMMUNISM ARE A POLITICAL
CONFRONTATION!

I have escaped politics. I disavow
the meeting whether it is a means to
war or co-existence!
The meanings of Marxism and Larssez faire
are extinct.
The population of the United States will double
by the year 2000. Certain South American
nations double each eighteen and twenty years.
There is no answer
but a multiplicity of answers created by men.
A large proportion of men are on the verge
OF STARVATION!
When density of creature to creature reaches
a certain degree
the ultra-crowded condition is a
biological sink.
Rats in overpopulation experiments
become insane in predictable types . . .
perverts, cannibals, hoods, criminals, and semi-
catatonics. When crowding reaches a certain
point the animals respond by more need
and desire
for crowding!
SAN FRANCISCO, TOKYO, LONDON, MOSCOW, PEKING!

The human being is the commonest object!

Each human being must be responded to.
There are too many for the nervous system.
Man evolved as a social creature
and rare animal. He is now
the commonest large animal
— and threatens all other creatures with extinction.

((In the Neolithic, man made both plants and animals
subject to his appetites through cultivation
and domestication — the stress
of this guilt began a genetic change in his
being. He mutated himself — population
began.
Now he is capable of freeing himself
from the Neolithic Revolution
and must choose between
sons and suicide!))

Cynicism and escapism are the shapes
of reaction to the torture and slaughter
of Asians, Asians placed
in overpopulation and starvation

I AM INNOCENT! In my innocence I may act creatively
and *not* fulfill a pre-prescribed pattern
of guilt leading to escapism and cynicism.

COMMUNISM WILL NOT WORK!
Communism will not create food in quantities
necessary for man's survival.

Michael McClure

SAN FRANCISCO

WHEAT

by European and American imperialism . . .
By outright conquest and introduction
of technology into non-technological nations.
Colonial nations are directed to produce
products desired by the West.
They are trained as consumers
of Western material artifacts.
They are given Western medicine which lowers
the mortality rate.

If an American accepts these facts he must assume
guilt and responsibility!
THIS IS NOT SO! Society will have
the individual feel guilt so that he will fly
from the possibility of action.
SOCIETY WILL THEN PERPETUATE THE STATUS QUO
OF SOCIETY.
But this is not factual for Society is insane.
A status quo is not being perpetuated.
Society is masochistic.
It deludes itself that a status quo is
maintained. It is driving for its destruction.
WESTERN SOCIETY HAS ALREADY DESTROYED ITSELF!
The Culture is extinct! The last sentry
at the gate has pressed the muzzle to his
forehead and pulled the trigger!
The new civilization will not be communism!
POLITICS ARE AS DEAD AS THE CULTURE
they supported!
Politics are theories regarding the speculated
laws of power — their applications
have never touched men except in shapes
of repression!

NEW SOCIETY WILL BE BIOLOGICAL!

HISTORY IS INVALID BECAUSE WE ARE ESCAPED
FROM HISTORY. As individuals we inhabit
a plateau where civilization is perpetuated
by the mechanisms of a rapidly dying and masochistic
Society. We are supported by traitors
and barbarians who operate war
utilizing the business principles of this Society.

THOSE WHO CAN SEE AND FEEL ARE IN HIDING.
THEY HOPE
for a few years of life before the holocaust.
They are caught up in the forms of evangelism
that are hysterical reaction
to population density. They hope
for a miracle. The thrill of the beauty
of the new music and entertainment media — as well
as religion — are evangelism.
It is beautiful that even hysteria can be made
to give assurance and pleasure and some means
of satisfaction
— BUT IT IS A LAST DITCH BIOLOGICAL REACTION.

The small hope for salvation by means of utilization
of hysteria is pathetic!!!!!
The bombing of Asian fishing villages can be equated
to the new music // save that one is beautiful
and one is not. The witness of the new intellectuals
testifies to the beauty of both!

Beauty IS hideous!
Mussolini spoke of the beauty of bombing
villages as the SS cherished the pleasure
of executing Jews! ((What INSANITY
to have Israel as thorn to the Arabs!))

The human mammal is not capable of receiving pleasure
from the tortured deaths of his own kind
without previous acceptance of insanity
— or the development of insanity
within himself!
The masses of planes that fly over

ARE NOT PASSENGER SHIPS

but are bombers flying to Asia!

STOP UP THE EARS — it is true!

AND WHO IS FLYING THEM?

What name for those who accept authority
and enter the cockpits?
No doubt as in the bombing of Guernica!

What name for the voice of authority that tells
the pilots to enter the ships?

THE ACCEPTANCE OF THE IMPOSSIBLE IS CYNICISM!
To admire or be silent about pain and death
IS CYNICISM!
To enact a role when Society is a corpse
IS CYNICISM!

Whether the corpse be a young Soviet or Chinese or an old
U. S. corpse!

WITHDRAWAL FROM INFORMATION IS ESCAPISM!
Escape from the ears that hear the bombers pass?
Evangelism — whether it be of art or religion
is escapism.
There must be a milieu for action.
Barbarism,
Atrocities,
Bombings,
Poisonings
of wheat in Cambodia,
Secret Government agencies,

and all manifestations of political hysteria

LEAD TO GENOCIDE! OR MASS STARVATION
and such Hell that death would be better!

FREEDOM FROM GUILT AND RESPONSIBILITY
is necessary to the individual so he may
receive the normal pleasures of body and life
— whether it be the pleasures of a Congo tribesman
or a city dweller in a European or American city!

IDEALISM IS EASY FOR THE MOST WEALTHY AND
THE MOST IMPOVERISHED!

POLITICS IS DEAD AND BIOLOGY IS HERE!

FEAR AND GUILT MUST BE CAST ASIDE LIKE A
DIRTY ROBE!

CYNICISM AND ESCAPISM MUST BE PUT ASIDE INSTANTLY!

The traitors directing the barbarism must have power taken
from them!

There is no single answer to the new biological confrontation!
There must be a multitude of solutions!
They must be arrived at by thought and action.
Neither is possible without energy and information!

Society and Government smother both energy and information!

The majority of the citizens are against the war!
War creates guilt that causes blindness!

Blindness means hysteria and flight!

An arena must be cleared for new thought and action
that is not national in scope
but incorporates all human creatures . . .
and all creatures, to come!
— All who will move to the stars to investigate
the possibilities of infinite freedoms.

EACH MAN IS INNOCENT!
The point of life is not rest but action.
DEATH IS REST
— everyone will have enough rest for eternity!
NOW IS THE TIME FOR ACTION.
THE WAR MUST BE STOPPED — THE WORLD SEEN
CLEARLY!

THE UNIVERSE IS MESSIAH!

WHAT IS THIS SMOKE?
The neon napalm flash is filth and death!

GRAHH! BLESS!

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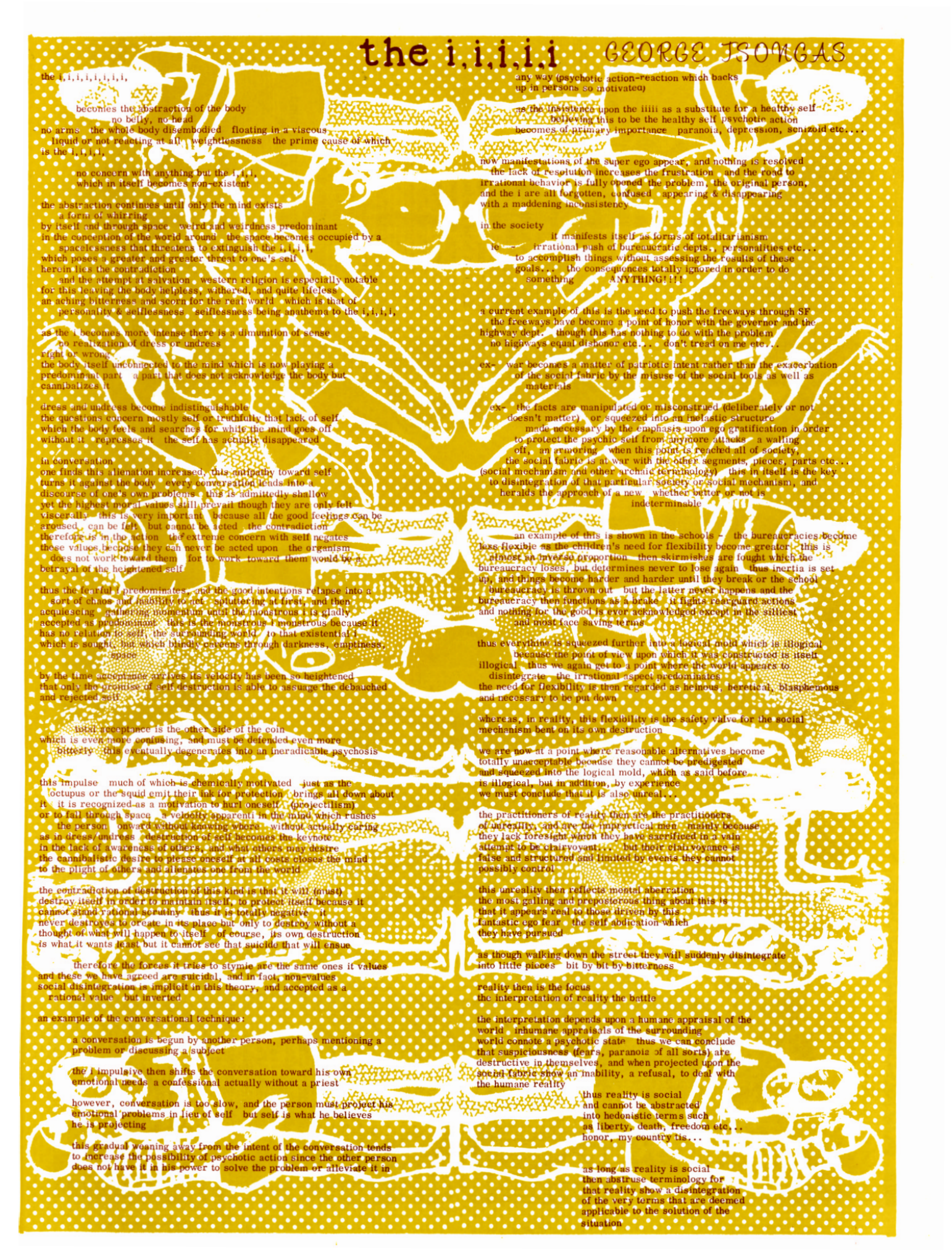
The Rainbow Warrior's Quest

The road that passes through the fire is a hard road,
And it is a long road between fires.
I pray to the hearth fire, the ancient flame
The fire of the long night
The fire of the eternal dawn:
Let the vigilant eye and the sleeping wisdom
Flash and kindle in the heart of the endless serpent.
Let the wheel of power turn
One more time; let those
Who stand upon the shore of chaos
Walk again the long road
And send their prayers higher
Than the smoke which never fails,
Higher than the smoke of a thousand perilous cities;
The sons of men and the daughters of men,
Brothers of my heart and sisters of my flesh
Are lonely in the cities
And I have gone.
The hawk has forsaken the cliffs by the shores of the sea
And the pine trees less tall than the smoke of the hearth fire.
The cliffs have renounced the void, the void has forsaken the sky,
And the eagle has forsaken his single
Mountain by the shore of the desert,
And chaos is reborn in my cities.
Where are those whose arms embraced my shoulders,
Who swam like fish in the starry sea of chaos?
Where are those who embraced my neck, my head,
And flew like birds in the flashing void,
Like young serpents in the jewelled night,
Who danced like flowers, like stars,
Whose words sprang like sparks in the hearthfire of my heart?
Where are those who forged in one night
A new heaven and a new earth,
Who devoured with reverent abandon
The sky and the sea and the deepest fires of the earth?
Gods of the earth, they walk the streets of the city
For their road has delivered them
Into a strident wilderness of unbending towers.
My brothers and sisters kindle their fire
In the lonely night of the city, and are warm,
But their hearth knows me not.
My brothers and sisters abide in change
And build temples to the crescent moon
In the heart of the changeless and unhallowed cities;
They pray in the moonless night and broadcast
Their love like pale vapor
In the city where their hearthfire burns alone.
They blaze like beacons, yet the city knows them not.
My brothers and sisters, blessed in the light
Of the morning star,
Kindle their own fires in the land of the eagle
And sanctify their road with the feathers of the firebird.
And one stood holy in the coiling cedar smoke
Speaking of his journey, speaking of the road
Of a million suns, fear and weakness
Beaten from his shoulders, chest and thighs,
Buffeted in the smoky twilight
By the wings of the eagle and the wings of the hawk.
One drank the waters of Babylon
And prophecied the downfall of cities,
Saw the world as it was his inner sight
Clarified by the rising of the false dawn.
One remained in bondage to the Lord of Death
For the space of seven sunsets
Gazing through the eyelid of the horizon
Contemplating the doom that never falls,
Anticipating the reiterated oblivion
Of the luminous night, inert and beatific,
With the sun in his belly
And the moon in his navel
And mercury ascendant in his solar plexus.
The Angel of Death fell before him
And gave into his keeping
The Key of Changes
And the two-edged sword of regeneration.
One stood strangely smiling in the shadow of her lover
And was baptized in the magnetic fountain
That foamed with the intensity of ten iron whales
In the valley of his brilliant madness.
One identified her karma with the childhood of the sun,
Reflected on the source of all radiance,
Was perplexed by the superfluous omniprescence
Of her mind and her body,
And was granted the abundant love of the world.
All roads are One, all men
Travel in unity from the time
They first feel the road receeding
Under their feet, and hear the sound
Of one hand drumming, one man
Pouring his energy into the night.
One hand upon the loom of the fire
Shuttles between night and morning,
And very eye sees truth
Revealed in the heart of the fire.
The sun unravels the stones, the trees,
Unleashes the hawk in the morning sky,
And in the bright web of the wind
The eyes of new-found brothers glance and shimmer,
Catching the single ray of light
That streams from the prism of the inner mind.
All roads are one, and the gods of the earth
Shall weave their roads together
In the single path of wisdom,
And each shall drum silently for his brother
In the secret mountain fastness of his heart;
And brother shall say to brother,
I knew you in Babylon, and your identity
Is unchanged. I have sought your handclasp
Around a thousand fires, and you have not failed me yet.
The wind springs from the mountain
And returns to its source.
The dayspring winds its way from beginning to beginning.
New days pass like cellular memory,
And the interminable changes wrought by no man's will
Pass over the face of stone and river and tree.

Page Brownton

the i,i,i,i,i

GEORGE TSONGAS



the i,i,i,i,i,i,i,i,i,

becomes the abstraction of the body
no belly, no head
no arms the whole body disembodied floating in a viscous
liquid or not reacting at all weightlessness the prime cause of which
is the i,i,i,i,

no concern with anything but the i,i,i,
which in itself becomes non-existent

the abstraction continues until only the mind exists
a form of whirring
by itself and through space weird and weirdness predominant
in the conception of the world around the space becomes occupied by a
spacelessness that threatens to extinguish the i,i,i,i,
which poses a greater and greater threat to one's self
herein lies the contradiction
and the attempt at salvation western religion is especially notable
for this leaving the body helpless, withered, and quite lifeless
an aching bitterness and scorn for the real world which is that of
personality & selflessness selflessness being anathema to the i,i,i,i,

as the i becomes more intense there is a diminution of sense
no realization of dress or undress
right or wrong
the body itself unconnected to the mind which is now playing a
predominant part a part that does not acknowledge the body but
cannibalizes it

dress and undress become indistinguishable
the questions concern mostly self or truthfully that lack of self
which the body feels and searches for while the mind goes off
without it represses it the self has actually disappeared

in conversation
one finds this alienation increased, this antipathy toward self
turns it against the body every conversation leads into a
discourse of one's own problems this is admittedly shallow
yet the highest moral values still prevail though they are only felt
viscerally this is very important because all the good feelings can be
aroused, can be felt but cannot be acted the contradiction
therefore is in the action the extreme concern with self negates
these values because they can never be acted upon the organism
does not work toward them for to work toward them would be a
betrayal of the heightened self

thus the fearful i predominates and the good intentions relapse into a
sort of chaos and inability to act sputtering at first, and then
acquiescing gathering momentum until the monstrous i is gladly
accepted as predominant this is the monstrous i monstrous because it
has no relation to self, the surrounding world to that existential i
which is sought, but which blindly careens through darkness, emptiness,
space

by the time acceptance arrives its velocity has been so heightened
that only the promise of self destruction is able to assuage the debauched
and rejected self

total acceptance is the other side of the coin
which is even more confusing, and must be defended even more
bitterly this eventually degenerates into an ineradicable psychosis

this impulse much of which is chemically motivated just as the
octupus or the squid emit their ink for protection brings all down about
it it is recognized as a motivation to hurl oneself (projectilism)
or to fall through space a velocity apparent in the mind which rushes
the person onward without knowing where without actually caring
as in dress/undress destruction of self becomes the keynote
in the lack of awareness of others, and what others may desire
the cannibalistic desire to please oneself at all costs closes the mind
to the plight of others and alienates one from the world

the contradiction of destruction of this kind is that it will (must)
destroy itself in order to maintain itself, to protect itself because it
cannot stand rational scrutiny thus it is totally negative it
never destroys to create in its place but only to destroy without a
thought of what will happen to itself of course, its own destruction
is what it wants least but it cannot see that suicide that will ensue

therefore the forces it tries to stymie are the same ones it values
and these we have agreed are suicidal, and in fact, non-values
social disintegration is implicit in this theory, and accepted as a
rational value but inverted

an example of the conversational technique:

a conversation is begun by another person, perhaps mentioning a
problem or discussing a subject

the i impulsive then shifts the conversation toward his own
emotional needs a confessional actually without a priest

however, conversation is too slow, and the person must project his
emotional problems in lieu of self but self is what he believes
he is projecting

this gradual weaning away from the intent of the conversation tends
to increase the possibility of psychotic action since the other person
does not have it in his power to solve the problem or alleviate it in
any way (psychotic action-reaction which backs
up in persons so motivated)

as the insistence upon the iiii as a substitute for a healthy self
believing this to be the healthy self psychotic action
becomes of primary importance paranoia, depression, schizoid etc....

now manifestations of the super ego appear, and nothing is resolved
the lack of resolution increases the frustration and the road to
irrational behavior is fully opened the problem, the original person,
and the i are all forgotten, confused appearing & disappearing
with a maddening inconsistency

in the society

it manifests itself as forms of totalitarianism
ie irrational push of bureaucratic depts., personalities etc...
to accomplish things without assessing the results of these
goals... the consequences totally ignored in order to do
something ANYTHING!!!

a current example of this is the need to push the freeways through SF
the freeways have become a point of honor with the governor and the
highway dept. though this has nothing to do with the problem
no highways equal dishonor etc.... don't tread on me etc...

ex- war becomes a matter of patriotic intent rather than the exacerbation
of the social fabric by the misuse of the social tools as well as
materials

ex- the facts are manipulated or misconstrued (deliberately or not
doesn't matter) or squeezed into an inelastic structure
made necessary by the emphasis upon ego gratification in order
to protect the psychic self from anymore attacks a walling
off, an armoring when this point is reached all of society,
the social fabric is at war with the other segments, pieces, parts etc...
(social mechanism and other archaic terminology) this in itself is the key
to disintegration of that particular society or social mechanism, and
heralds the approach of a new whether better or not is
indeterminable

an example of this is shown in the schools - the bureaucracies become
less flexible as the children's need for flexibility become greater this is
almost an inverse proportion then skirmishes are fought which the
bureaucracy loses, but determines never to lose again thus inertia is set
up, and things become harder and harder until they break or the school
bureaucracy is thrown out but the latter never happens and the
bureaucracy then functions as a brake it fights rear guard actions
and nothing for the good is ever acknowledged except in the silliest
and most face saving terms

thus everything is squeezed further into a logical mold which is illogical
because the point of view upon which it was constructed is itself
illogical thus we again get to a point where the world appears to
disintegrate the irrational aspect predominates
the need for flexibility is then regarded as heinous, heretical, blasphemous
and necessary to be put down

whereas, in reality, this flexibility is the safety valve for the social
mechanism bent on its own destruction

we are now at a point where reasonable alternatives become
totally unacceptable because they cannot be predigested
and squeezed into the logical mold, which as said before
is illogical, but in addition, by experience
we must conclude that it is also unreal..

the practitioners of reality then are the practitioners
of unreality, and are the impractical men mainly because
they lack foresight which they have sacrificed in a vain
attempt to be clairvoyent... but their clairvoyance is
false and structured and limited by events they cannot
possibly control

this unreality then reflects mental aberration
the most galling and preposterous thing about this is
that it appears real to those driven by this
fantastic ego fear the self abdication which
they have pursued

as though walking down the street they will suddenly disintegrate
into little pieces bit by bit by bitterness

reality then is the focus
the interpretation of reality the battle

the interpretation depends upon a humane appraisal of the
world inhumane appraisals of the surrounding
world connote a psychotic state thus we can conclude
that suspiciousness (fears, paranoia of all sorts) are
destructive in themselves, and when projected upon the
social fabric show an inability, a refusal, to deal with
the humane reality

thus reality is social
and cannot be abstracted
into hedonistic terms such
as liberty, death, freedom etc...
honor, my country tis...

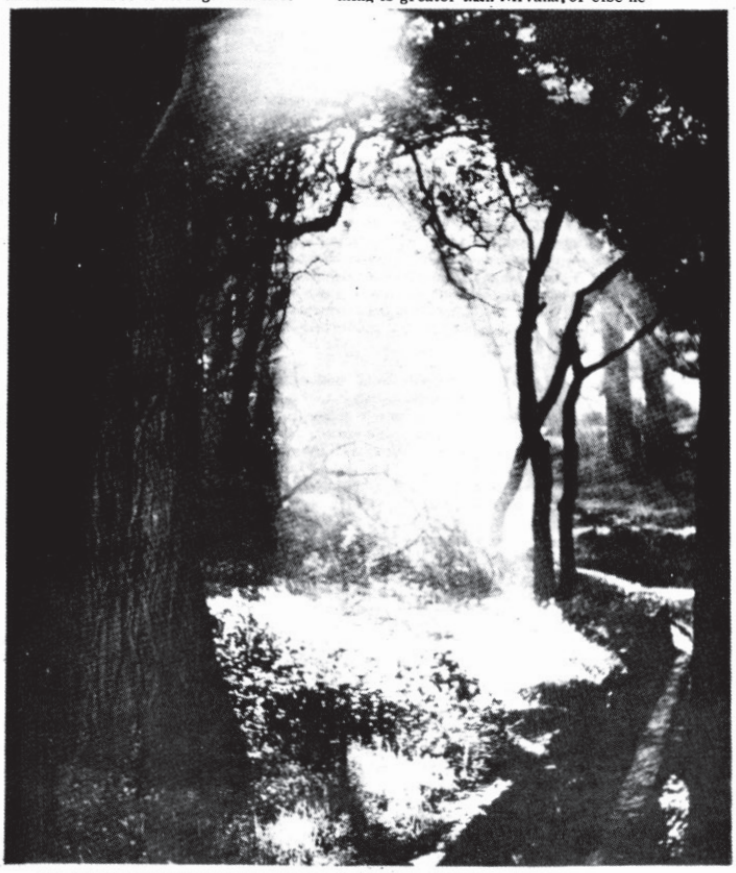
as long as reality is social
then abstruse terminology for
that reality show a disintegration
of the very terms that are deemed
applicable to the solution of the
situation

Buddha mind cont. from pg. 14

Samaritan and Jews have no dealings with Samaritans." Jesus later said to her, "The water which I will give you is a living water and whoever drinks of it will never thirst."

I cannot develop the whole symbolism of the story; but according to the Gospel, this woman - a soul symbol - had five husbands and she was living with one who wasn't her husband. Five races, five times the human soul had tried to find something which disappointed, which led nowhere. The sixth time the contact was there; and yet it was not done; it was not finished - nothing happened.

But then the Christ comes and offers the living water, the radiance of the sixth principle, Buddhi - if only she can accept it in return for her own gift of water, water from Jacob's well, the ancestral source of strength and life.



All opposites contribute to meaning. Without opposites there is no meaning, and first of all, no existence!

Another way of saying the same thing is that there is no form if you have no black and white. There is no painting if you have no contrast between blacks and whites or contrasting colors.

The Buddha Mind is not only the mind of clarity, the mind of illumination, it is also the mind of beauty. It is so because it is a mind of perfect relatedness, and perfect relatedness, of course, is the secret of form.

The illumined mind must be the formed mind. What would be the use of illumination of you have no form to hold it? What would be the use of clarity and purity of mind, if it is not applied to a particular dharma, to a particular self?

We should clearly understand what the term form means. We unfortunately identify it often with body of personality, but form does not mean the same as body. Form is the principle of focussed relationship.

When a relationship is brought to a focus it becomes a form; all is relationship. There is not one iota of existence which is not an expression of relationship.

However, there are many and different qualities of relationship!. There are relationships which are fragmentary, and being fragmentary, they are insecure: being insecure, they are possessive; being possessive, they are born of passion and lead to passion.

But there are those relationships which are integral to the whole of existence, to the whole of a cycle, to the whole of a destiny, to the whole of an individuality; such relationships lead to compassion.

Thus the mind of the Buddha is also the compassionate mind because he has obtained the vision of the whole, the great "Harmony" - and this is probably the most significant term that you can use to speak of God. But having reached the whole, he must return to help the parts left un-whole, the left-over, the failures; and so much of Buddhism has forgotten this.

If Nirvana, which Buddhists say is the goal of everything, and which the Buddha had reached, is the supreme value, then why did the Buddha return? And if the Buddha returned out of compassion or something, then that something is greater than Nirvana, or else he wouldn't have returned from it.

If compassion for men makes one sacrifice Nirvana, then that compassion is greater than Nirvana; it is the most supreme value.

Compassion is relationship. Therefore in a certain sense, the relatedness, the fulfillment of constant, total, and incessant cyclic relatedness is something which, in a certain sense, absorbs and is greater than the very self, especially greater than the search for the Self.

It is only through that total and spontaneous living of relationship that you can reach that moment of complete balance, of complete equilibrium, which is really what we talk about when we speak of the Self - to see whole, to feel whole.

A Buddha, one might say, is one who sees whole; Christ is more the one who feels the wholeness of all. In all cases, wherever there is a great being who has reached the consummation of a cycle, the important thing is that he acts whole. This means not to reject anything, not to be bound by any tradition, not to conform - except only to the perfect form of the whole.

In one sense, the perfect form of the whole of a person is his destiny; and his destiny is his individuality because there is no essential difference between individuality and destiny. There is no difference between karma and dharma, all are one.

Those stories are very remarkable, I feel, because they tell us that there is nothing mysterious, nothing fantastic and remote about spiritual illumination, about reaching something far and away. Actually one doesn't reach, because the very word reaching means a straining after something. Many people want to "reach" their higher self, but we don't "reach" the higher self.

The higher self is there all the time; yet you have to polarize yourself to that very fact that it is there, and you have to do it in spontaneity. in clarity of mind -with an illumined mind able to see through all obstacles, all errors and barriers which priests, tradition and the like have built around truth and light.

Therefore, Gautama the Buddha is called the "man of the illumined mind," he is "The Awakened One."

This is his greatest title! He has awakened, he is totally aware. He is no longer caught into the hypnosis or the sleep of illusions and glamor. He is totally aware, he sees through, and because he sees through the facts, but not away from the facts, the light comes upon him. His mind is translucent to the abundance of divine light.

It is said that just before he attained illumination, he reached a state called in Sanskrit books Sammasambuddhi. In that state he saw, as a whole sequence, every act, every deed of all incarnations, of all the cycles in which he had been a participant.

The whole rhythm of time and all nexuses of events were revealed to him because he had become time; he had become time fulfilled; he had become the very "mind-seed" of a cycle of human intelligence and human development.

Because a Buddha has reached the consummation of his cycle, he sees all events in their proper perspective. Since he sees all things in their proper perspective, he sees everything in relationship of one to another. Since he sees everything in total interrelationship, he can no longer be attached to any one particular moment, to any particular pattern.

Yet he doesn't go away from time! He doesn't go away, because he cannot deny the fact, the eternal fact of all existence which is relatedness; relatedness of course is compassion in the being of one who has reached such aeonic consciousness.

As Blavatsky says in the Voice of the Silence, "Stop! You have reached the goal, you are free; but can you forget compassion?" In other words, can you forget relatedness after you have understood the whole cycle of relationship?

Because you cannot forget that relatedness, you must "return." You who have become the perfect fruit of the whole cycle, of the eon, must return from that wholeness of consciousness, to illumine, to help, to assist, to help to clarify, to elucidate existence for those who are only parts of the cycle.

The essential thing that such a person realizes is that everything contributes to the meaning of the cycle, that everything is equally useful, everything participates equally in the completion of the cycle.

The milkmaid who gave milk to the Buddha is just as important as the great Yogi who was trying to teach him the mystery of occultism and "liberation." Everything is there to be known, to be accepted. Evil is as much a part of the cycle as good, failure as much as success.

As karma and dharma become one, as individuality becomes destiny, and destiny is seen as individuality, then the beautiful is revealed or and is expressed.

This is what beauty is; it is a supreme manifestation of the divine in perfect harmony, in the form beautiful. This is why Buddhism produced perhaps the greatest art that humanity has known - in China, in Japan.

Greek art was extremely beautiful but stressed the body rather than the form. In the great Zen art in China and Japan, it is the essential form which is stressed - the Buddha who is in the fish.

That essential form, that essential relationship is total. The realization of that total relationship is the goal of all true Paths.

Today we find ourselves in a situation in the world where we need, more than anything else, that quality of the Buddha Mind: the mind of illumination, of clarity, of beauty, of inclusiveness, of wholeness. We need this more than at any time in world history, because we now are faced by an immense series of "either-or" dilemmas.

We are faced, as it were, by the accumulated karma of long centuries of Christian ethical strain which has been placed upon us. Good, bad - salvation, damnation - success, failure - wealth, poverty; all humanity is twisted, strained and torn apart between those conflicts, between trying to go from the negative to the positive.

How tragic it is that we do not realize that there is no such thing as a positive separate from the negative, that it is only in the harmonization of the energy of that which is above and that which is below, that which is inside and that which is outside, the fact as fact and that which is seen through the facts of existence: it is only as we experience these integrations or harmonizations that we can obtain true peace. And in our age of anxiety, what could we need more than this all-inclusive peace?

Alas, we are completely swallowed up, overwhelmed by facts. Science has given us millions of facts - more or less unrelated facts. Science sees them as facts, but we must see through the facts to the meaning - not going away from the facts, not trying to transcend them, in the sense of going away from the things that we transcend.

We should try to get a more basic grasp of what is meant by "transcendence." To transcend actually means to take a step. Each time that you cross a threshold you are "transcending."

Therefore, the real transcendence is not an evasion; it is not going into the formless, the timeless, the anything-less, the "less-less" or "no-no"; but it is reorienting oneself in terms of a new mind, a vision of new integration and totality; and that is perhaps the thing which is most obvious and truly symbolized in the life of the Buddha.

He came from a society which already had the so-called spiritual vision and great philosophy and so on; yet that led him nowhere. The people who taught him, who were the cream of the Yogis and ascetics, led him nowhere.

What then was necessary? It was necessary to realize that beyond all those frantic searches and aspirations there is that simplicity, that naturalness, that spontaneity which alone is able suddenly to relax everything and to let light operate within the mind.

Then there occurs the "marriage of heaven and earth," the Transfiguration; and in the radiance of this Transfiguration that wells up from the universal spring of Compassion and Love, peace is realized - and peace is transferred to those whose hearts are open to receive it. May we all open our hearts to this vast, unfathomable Peace on this day consecrated to the Buddha

Programming cont. from pg. 3

unity."

The Peyote Indians also have their form of yantra. Before the meeting a crescent-shaped altar (called "moon" by the Indians) is prepared of sand or clay. "A shallow groove, extending from tip to tip along its crest, represents the "peyote road" over which thoughts and visions travel to and from God."

A special form of yantra, the most commonly used, is the mand la (literally "circle"). A mandala is a machine for exploring inner space; its purposes are cartographic, linguistic, not aesthetic. Its usual form is a rectangle enclosing a circle or series of concentric circles. Basically, the mandala is a device for centering visual consciousness, thereby protecting it against distractions, making it "one-pointed". The process is to fixate the center, keeping one's attention on the whole field, and then stage by stage to bring attention more and more towards the central point. If awareness remains one-pointed during this process of centering, all mental energy is finally focused on the central spot, and one can then pass through that to the next dimension. The various symbolic figures on the mandala, with letters, colors etc., serve as additional anchoring points of associations. The idea is to get as much of the mental contents on to the two-dimensional surface, so they can then be transcended through the central point. "By mentally entering the mandala, the yogin approaches his own "center", and this spiritual exercise can be understood in two senses: (1) to reach the center the yogin re-enacts and masters the cosmic process, for the mandala is an image of the world; (2) but since he is engaged in meditation and not in ritual, the yogin, starting from this iconographic support, can find the mandala in his own body."

The mechanism of the mandala can also be understood in terms of the neurophysiology of the eye. Gerald Oster, in his recently published study of the effect of LSD on perceived Moire patterns, concluded that "all vision has a circular pattern superposed on it and LSD reveals the prescence of this screen via the moire effect. . . . Histological studies of the human fovea (the point of fixation on the retina) reveal that it consists entirely of cones . . . each of which is connected by individual nerves which lead to the optic nerve via the "blind spot" of the eyeball. The nerves lie in front of the cones, i.e. the light received is intercepted by a layer of nerve fibers. These nerve fibers would be expected to curve out and around the fovea to produce a screen consisting of curved lines which can be approximated as a figure consisting of concentric circles". In other words, the mandala is a depiction of the structure of the eye, the center of the mandala corresponding to the foveal "blind spot". Since this "blind spot" is the exit from the eye to the visual system of the brain, by going "out" through the center you are going in to the brain. The yogin finds the mandala in his own body. The mandala is an instrument for transcending the world of visually-perceived phenomena by first centering them and then turning perception inward. The use of the mandala during a psychedelic session depends of course entirely on the subject's previous familiarity with it from prior meditation and visualization. Buddhist adepts do not hesitate to spend years mastering the content of a single elaborate mandala.

The use of mantra, or sound vibrations, plays an analogous role in the auditory sphere, and similarly depends on previous acquaintance. The use of mantra is the most widespread psychedelic method in present-day Hinduism and Buddhism. Usually the spiritual teacher (guru) gives his disciple a mantra to work with. This may be the name of a particular chosen deity, a complex formula or incantation analgous to Christian prayer, or simply a syllable (sometimes call bija-mantra or seed syllable) chosen for its quality of sound vibration rather than its meaning. Thus the famous universal mantra OM has no "meaning", as a word, but it is the word, or Logos, or vibration which lies at the root of everything and can be used to tune into the common cosmic energy process.

The mantra has through previous practice a network of associations - emotional, intellectual, spiritual - connected to it, which are invoked when the mantra is repeated. It is a way of centering consciousness on one stream designed to lead you out of the conceptual maze. In a psychedelic session with an European-born initiate into one of the Tibetan Buddhist orders, we had the opportunity of observing the efficacy of mantric practice. This man, in spite of his lengthy and excellent preparation through the Buddhist practice, was overwhelmed by the power of the LSD experience and got caught in terror and confusion. He remembered his mantra, given him by his guru, but could not speak it, having lost contact with his vocal apparatus. His wife, who was present, spoke the mantra repeatedly into his ear, whereupon, after a few minutes, he regained his composure. Thereafter, he toppled once or twice again, but each time was able to pull himself back to central focus using the mantric safety-cord.

The Peyote Indians also know the use of sound to guide their ceremonies. "The Road Chief sings the opening song which is always the same and three others which he chooses for himself. Then the Drummer Chief sings and the Road Chief drums and then the Cedar Chief sings and the Road Chief drums. Now the drum and rattle, staff and sage go around the room and people sing and drum in pairs."

It is obviously inappropriate for the Westerner to adopt Eastern mantras as they are; if they are used, they would have to be modified. Here again we stand on the threshold of the scientific re-discovery of the relationship of sound to consciousness. Psychedelic voyagers have to develop their own mantras in a pragmatic, experimental way, using sounds, rhythms, words or phrases that are meaningful and that work.

The use of visual and sound patterns to program consciousness may seem esoteric and far removed from our everyday experience. Actually, every person brought up in any tribal culture (including our own) has been taught a wide variety of such techniques for programming his consciousness. The American flag, the Christian cross, the Star of David are familiar yantra-like symbols. The Lord's Prayer, the words "I love you" are mantric incantations. The sad fact is that most of the consciousness-directing devices we routinely use are ineffective as true yantras or mantras because they tie us to externals, materials, to self-

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Prgmmg. cont. from pg. 22

centered artificial game-consciousness. Effective spiritual or psychedelic yantras and mantras are those which release us from the local games, direct and guide our consciousness to meta-cultural, meta-self levels.

OTHER SENSE MODALITIES

The use of incense to direct consciousness is an almost universal practice in all forms of religion and all systems of meditation. The Peyote Indians pass sage around and people smell it and rub it on themselves. The organ of smell and associated brain areas are probably among the oldest in the evolutionary sense. Smells trigger off very basic, instinctual, pre-cultural impressions, and are therefore well suited for psychedelic programming.

Taste and touch sensations can also be explored during a psychedelic session in a more or less systematic fashion. The chemically "tuned" receptors will reveal undreamed of dimensions of sensory communication. One might prepare a series of different textures and foods. The so-called "left-handed" path of the Tantric system of yoga was based in part on the systematic exploration and mapping of sensory experience in all modalities, including the sexual.

Kinesthetic programming is the basis of the concept of mudra, or gesture. The mudra, which is particularly important in Japanese Buddhism, conveys a basic emotional-devotional attitude which can be very powerful in centering, calming the flow of experience both in oneself and in others. For example we may mention the mudra indicating "fear not", which is made by the right hand facing palm outward at the level of the breast. Similarly, the right hand turned palm outward, fingers pointing down, signifies the granting of wishes, compassion, benevolence. The hands resting in one another is the classic gesture of meditative repose and inner peace. Of course, Westerners may prefer to develop their own mudras; particular groups of explorers may have their own special code.

SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF PROGRAMMING

It is best to discuss the details of psychedelic session programming by way of specific examples. The content of the program will depend on the purpose or goal of the session. We will consider six examples - diagnosis, therapy, intellectual understanding, aesthetic appreciation, interpersonal communication, self-understanding or self-development.

(1) The purpose of the experience may be diagnosis. Among the Indians of Mexico and South America who use psychedelic mushrooms, vines or cactuses, this is usually the paramount reason. R. Gordon Wasson, in his excellent paper on "Ololiuhqui and the Other Hallucinogens of Mexico", gives a transcription of a verbatim account of the ritual using morning-glory seeds. In the Zapotec villages the ritual centers around the Blessed Virgin, indeed the seeds are called "seed of the Virgin", and the beverage is administered by a young girl of seven or eight years if the patient is a man, a boy if the patient is a woman. The ritual is very simple: the child simply stays with the person to hear what he will say. The patient remains on the bed. "He should not talk until the next day. And so every thing is revealed. You are told whether the trouble is an act of malice or whether it is illness." In modern terms, the experience is used to diagnose whether the illness is psychosomatic or organic.

Diagnosis could also be more general than simply medical. A person may wish to diagnose his life situation. In this case he would write down or tape-record before the session a series of questions that he would like to have answered, and arrange to have them read some time in the re-entry phase of the session. The disadvantage of such verbal formulations is that they come from the pre-psychedelic mind, and hence often do not touch the significant points. Frequently a person in the psychedelic session will laugh at the ridiculous questions he thought so important beforehand. If the patient is in psychotherapy, then of course the therapist would be at hand to ask questions, as described for example in Constance Newland's book Myself and I.

The Mexican curandera's account quoted above contains the very valuable piece of advice to abstain from talking during the next day. One of the prime sources of confusion in psychedelic sessions is in the premature attempt to rationalize or "explain" the experience. Often a person will settle for some theoretical formulation that temporarily allays his "cognitive anxiety", but effectively shuts him off from further direct confrontation of the new impressions received. Ideally, the voyager should have at least a whole day more or less alone, or at least in a relatively game free environment, to thoroughly absorb and assimilate the experience.

(2) Closely linked with the first type of session is one whose purpose is therapy or behavior change. In our own research we have based the technique of behavior change on the game model of human behavior. Following this model the two key concepts in changing behavior are coaching and feedback. Suppose a convict wants to learn to stay out of prison. We try to have him coached by an ex-convict who has stayed out of prison. We give him back any information we get on his progress. For example, in a project run at the Concord Reformatory in Massachusetts, prisoners took psychological tests of "normal adjustment" and were told what the results were. A few weeks later they would take the test again, to see if they could "improve" their score. David McClelland and George Litwin of Harvard University have shown that scores on a test of "need for achievement" can be raised through coaching and feed-back, and that actual achievement (academic, sensory-motor) also increases following such change. Using similar techniques, Frank Barron and Timothy Leary have shown how art-students can be made more creative. Synanon and Alcoholics Anonymous are based on the same principles.

The psychedelic experience can help one to change thinking and attitudes underlying certain games. This is a necessary first step. But the new game-patterns then have to be learned, like anything, through practice. One can use the process of re-imprinting to prepare oneself for new game-patterns. Suppose you were entering a new and strange occupation, or a country with different customs requiring changes in habitual behavior. You might have in the session objects or symbols from this new game which would serve as anchoring points for the new imprints. Learning a new language is an example of this. You would take into the session language records which, listened to for hours in the hypersensitive state of the psychedelic experience, would imprint you on the sounds and patterns of that language. Bernard Roseman, in his book LSD The Age of Mind, has described an analogous technique for learning to touch-type in two LSD sessions.

(3) A third type of session program is designed for intellectual understanding, for a person who wishes to deepen his understanding of religious, philosophical or scientific concepts. A frequently reported reaction to LSD is the feeling of experiencing with one's whole being concepts which had only been grasped intellectually before. How many people, even among professional physicists, for example, are able to grasp experientially the concepts called for by the mathematical equations of modern physics, such as the space-time continuum, or the double nature, both particle and wave, of light? Similarly the symbolism of Vajrayana Buddhism, as exemplified in the Tibetan Book of the Dead, are meaningless to a mind brought up in Western rationalist tradition, but come vividly to life with a psychedelic session. Indeed it is clear that these symbols and concepts are based on controlled psychedelic experimentation and an enormous wealth of theoretical and practical teachings.

Here, programming would consist in recording on tape beforehand relevant selections from the literature on the subject. It is better to have a small amount of carefully chosen material than a great deal. Too much symbolic material can become overwhelming because the mind in the psychedelic

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state responds with a much wider and faster network ot associations than normally. Passages of readings should be interspersed with periods of quiet or music. It is often useful to repeat the same passage several time at different points in the session. Care should be taken not to read heavy intellectual material in the early trans-ego phases of the experience, since it will tend to bring the experience down to the level of conceptual thinking.

Fourth, one may program the experience for aesthetic appreciation. There is no doubt that psychedelic plants and drugs can open up areas of aesthetic perception that are staggering in their complexity and intensity. Aldous Huxley's mescaline sessions, described in The Doors of Perception, were predominantly in this aesthetic mode. One becomes aware, with repeated listening or viewing, that certain artistic products have definite effects on consciousness in the sense of expanding or going beyond self, whereas others seem merely to trigger off particular stereotyped emotional reactions. The Hindu musical tradition has preserved forms and modes of musical communication that have precise "psychedelic" effects on consciousness. This explains in part the extraordinary popularity of musicians such as Ravi Shankar or Ali Akbar Khan among people involved in consciousness expansion. We see the beginnings of systematic research on the effects of different sounds, colors, forms, etc., which would enable "artists" to communicate with greater precision and effectiveness. The Gothic cathedrals provide instructive examples of the conscious use of artistic media--space, form, light, sound, smell--to produce religious-mystical, i.e. psychedelic, experiences. You enter the church, the darkness dilates your pupils; the soaring arches draw your gaze upwards, the stained-glass windows bathe your visual field in kaleidoscopic colors, the rose-window-mandala makes your visual awareness one-pointed. The sounds of the organ, the choir and the priest's bells, as well as the incense, are all designed to lead your attention away from worldly, everyday concerns into higher levels of contemplation and ecstatic worship.

Perhaps the most important application of the psychedelic experience in modern life is in the area of interpersonal relationships. The model of imprinting is particularly useful in understanding this area of research. The hypothesis that psychedelic drugs temporarily suspend imprints and permit re-imprinting (re-entry), accounts for the often-observed intense attachment, even "love" of the drug-taker for the drug-giver (and vice-versa if both take it). The well-known psychotherapeutic transference is intensified and telescoped into the space of a few hours. Often the guide is somehow held responsible for the liberation or revelation the voyager has received (in negative experiences, of course, the guide becomes the devil or monster). Whether positive or negative, it may be taken as axiomatic that someone undergoing a psychedelic experience will take a very powerful imprint of the person with him. Now if the person with him also takes the drug, you have a situation of enormous potential in interpersonal relationships. Marriage partners can examine relationships that have become cold and mechanical and attempt to establish a new basis for interaction. Sometimes a psychedelic session will simply bring out the basic incompatibility of the partners, exposing the superficial relationship which had been superposed on it, and the partners will separate.

In sessions involving more than one person the problem of communication becomes vitally important. A mutually agreed upon sequence of programmed stimuli (auditory or visual) is helpful, since these stimuli will provide a kind of link between the two flights. In addition the participants should have some agreed upon code for making contact in case one or the other gets lost. This need not be more than a gesture of some kind, a basic mudra, or a touch of the hand.

There are simple ways of ensuring that the joint psychedelic session will in fact be a shared experience, and not the separate voyages of two individuals. At agreed upon times during the session one or the other of the participants may take over the role of guide, and bring the attention of the other voyager to a particular object--a piece of fruit, a picture, a flower, a stone, a piece of music, a poem--which they will then explore together.

Physical contact is of course another means of communicating. Since the sense of touch, like the other senses, is made incredibly more sensitive, worlds of meaning can be communicated through a simple touch of the fingertips. A well-known London psychoanalyst uses a kind of hand-dance to communicate with the psychedelic patient. The two participants let their fingertips or palms touch lightly, and then explore through subtle and delicate movements a whole range of expressive gestures, which can convey shades of emotion unknown to our clumsy verbal machinery.

Married couples who agree to explore the sexual basis of their marriage through LSD or another psychedelic will find that these are the most powerful aphrodisiacs ever known, in the sense of heightening sensitivity as well as capacity to respond. It is of course a requirement that both partners feel completely comfortable with the situation since any crude or seductive action is very easily perceived and may be reacted to with heightened anxiety or paranoia. The effect of psychedelics on sexual experience is primarily an enhancement of all sensory components, and thus a kind of diffusion of the erotic sensations over the whole body, away from the exclusively genital urgency of the normal sex game. A simple caress can have the orgasmic intensity normally experienced only in genital discharge. Thus the psychedelic sexual experience tends to assume the kind of timeless pan-erotic quality described by such Eastern texts as the Kama Sutra.

cont. pg. 28

Flowers cont. from pg. 5

Thus the phenomenon of street life, a clearing house spontaneously formed to break the conditioning of the perpetual motion machine. People running away from disaster without a place to go, only an idea of where it might be found.

This phenomenon has been going on for perhaps 10 years (with roots going back much further) but it has only been noticed as having importance in the past year or two. The numbers of young people dropping out and seeking new life styles at a tangent or opposed to the majority of the country has caught the attention of almost everyone, including the lower income groups. But attention is turning it into a "Hippie Problem" added to the multitude of hypocracies America finds adding pressure against its fantasy laden bubble of affluence. What's coming in the next year or two that will affect the scene is hard to determine, but we must start making considerations and plans now for future developments.

What has developed already is exciting and positive. An explosion of creative energies directly related to the scene is deeply affecting all the arts in this country and revitalizing once dormant ones like poster art. Even more important however are the people on the street who have committed themselves to a creative life based on cultivating life and art, without a professional intent towards the latter, and a humane, spiritual or revolutionary orientation to society. Extended families, communes and small tribes are being formed amongst small groups who find they can work and groove well together. Some stay in the city and take an active part in the scene, maintaining crash pads, pitching in on various projects, turning on, stringing beads, making music. Others are forming small communities in the country, developing their lives and environments along aesthetic guidelines. Grinding guilt and glut into the pavement, finding the beauty of environment, pure food, a good high and a good lay.

An answer is being found to the seemingly overwhelming forces in this bureaucratized technocracy which are trying to remove life from the individual's own hands, preventing the marvel of a person's individual destiny. No matter what happens, this is a good extension of the scene to work on. There are enough people involved in the scene, and enough dissatisfaction with life in America to build parallel, exemplary demi-societies of our own. More communal houses in the city are desperately needed but land and farms are an even greater necessity at this point.

Everyone should be prepared for our government's flirtation with disaster.

Back packs, sleeping bags, rifles and a knowledge of edible plants and animals found in the wilderness is the next logical step. We have found out what it is like to be free men in a servile society atuned to the time clock. Sticking to what has been learned, building it up and helping others along the way must be viewed with a knowledge of the eventualities that lie ahead. No matter what happens, to be self sufficient of other men and of the machine is an enviable position for anyone to be in. Life can be a three dimensional mixed bag of forest and city stimuli, building new structures and making the old more livable and humane.

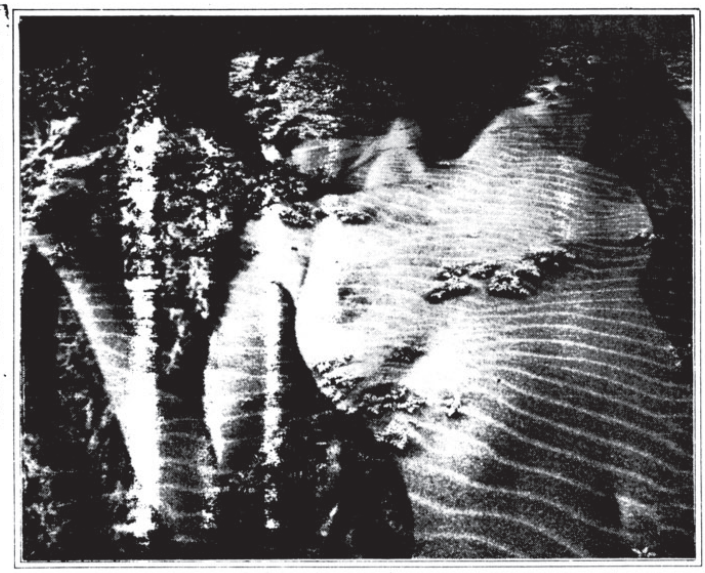
All the while as we think of the infinite possibilities ahead, psychedelic scavengers zero in on their prey. People are spilling their guts out on the street looking for some sanity while the Pizza Parlors and security guards move in. Montgomery St. licks its chops on war profits during the week then clogs Haight St. on Sunday. Through 3 layers of safety glass, they photograph the neighbor's kid and buy native handicrafts from "quaint" shops along the way. Suburbia sucks in the music and bright baubles which came from the street, then flicks the dial to see the latest war footage, while their niece and son cry "no, not me." The slums get worse, long haired girls turn tricks. The government talks more double think and psychedelic entrepreneurs hustle the new kids coming to play in the Haight St. school yard.

Where is it at? Is community and brotherhood being built here? Is Haight St. going to take off before it is absorbed into the grade B movie of the American Mainstream, which is likely to turn into another bad Nazi flick? America is cracking open at the seams; joy and flowers are always groovy but crops would be better still. The phenomenon is slowly evolving into an alternative life, but now it is only beating the system by living off of the outdated waste of mass production. Name your poison: methedrine and chocolate pie, watch the Lucy show and get high. The scene is yours, laugh and groove, but don't tell anyone there is a revolution going on. What are you going to do when the deal goes down?

Richard Honigman

NEW AGE FAIR CONVENTION

Alameda Fair Grounds... Pleasanton, Calif... Sept. 1-2-3... Sponsored by the City of Light, Inc. Registration and booths at the fair open at 7 A.M. Friday, Sept. 1 with the opening ceremonies beginning at 7:30 P.M. The Fair-Convention will be a round the clock event and some of the activities planned are as follows: Predictions of things to come, including world events in the near future.... Brand new films, slides, and pictures of UFO's... Scale model of the city of light to begin construction soon... new age inventions on display by various new age thinkers... ESP audience participation shows... slides, lectures regarding new age centers and projects... space program pictures and displays, along with a display set-up by Bell Telephone... free literature regarding the new age work, centers and projects ... and all kinds of other very out of sight happenings. All night camping permitted on the grounds in cars, tents, trailers, etc. on the Alameda Fairgrounds for only $1.00 a day. Pack the whole tribe into the tribal mobile and make your way to the Alameda Fairgrounds. Admission for those 18 or over is $3.50, $1.50 for children 12-17, all others for free. Yes its really, really, real. The medium is the massage.



The World. cont. from pg.6

correspond to the four fixed signs of the zodiac: the man, Aquarius; the eagel, Scorpio; the bull, Taurus; and the lion, Leo. In turn each of these figures represents a letter in the Tetragramaton IHVH, "to be," "That which was, That which is, and That which shall be," All operations of the One energy classified into four planes: I, archetypal world, fire; H, creative world, water; V, formative world, air; H, material world, earth. Here in this card: I, lion; H, eagle; V, man; and final H, bull.

These creatures represent the eternal, fixed modes of the one reality. The bull faces away from the lion, as opposed to card ten where the bull faces the lion, because now the serpent power is not blocked by the conditions of existence on earth (48 laws or conditions on the earth, 6th ray in the ray of creation), the circuit of universal energy is not closed. (Again the fifth dimension.)

The man looks down upon the scene of the ellipse; HE LOOKS UPON HIMSELF AND HE REMEMBERS I AM. Here is a remarkable and wonderful passage from the Bible:

As for the likeness of their faces, they four had the face of a man, and the face of a lion on the right side; and they four had the face of an ox on the left side; they four also had the face of an eagle.

Thus were the faces; and their wings were stretched upwards; two wings of every one were joined one to another, and two covered their bodies.

And they went every one straight forward; whither the spirit was to go, they went; and they turned not when they went.

As for the likeness of the living creatures, their appearance was like burning coals of fire, and like the appearance of lamps: it went up and down among the living creatures; and the fire was bright, and out of the fire went forth lightning.

Now as I beheld the living creatures, behold one wheel upon the earth by the living creatures, with his four faces.

And when the living creatures went, the wheels went with them: and when the living creatures were lifted up from the earth, the wheels were lifted up.

Whithersoever the spirit was to go, they went, etc.

Read Ezekiel, the Book of the Prophet.

The World card. Study oneself, study the world; study the world, study oneself. A man who has not slain the Christ within him, who has let him flourish, has built himself an aura around him, beginning with the Fool Card, he realizes the potentials symbolized in each card, and conquers the phases each card represents, until slowly the entire wreath is spun around himself, shatterless. The four elements abide peacefully and at their best within him. He dances, he knows himself in the stillness. Be careful not to go insane trying to achieve the consciousness of the Buddha and Christ, because every person has his own unique consciousness to attain.

It is a question of finding oneself and then following the unique path to the goal, KNOW THYSELF and also BE THYSELF, for without one the other cannot be. Unless we be ourself how will we ever see the true self we have to work with. I think the self is built in deposits like segmented rock. It is not easy and takes a long time.

In the meantime the daily life is lived and in one day is a lifetime of time and in one household is a universe and in one heart are all the songs. Happiness is most difficult. People do not like to sacrifice their suffering because then their life seems empty, a problem is interesting. Dissolve the problems, glimpse at what the fifth dimension is like. One head can hold a person back or explode into real happiness.

See beyond the horizons. Results are hard to come by, the real test of Self is in an unusual situation, how did you react? And so on. The World card offers endless comment, but it is not words that help, it is sitting in stillness and connecting with the flow of cosmic electricity, smiling at oneself all the time chuckling, all the time in a self-styled prayer.

I think the Tarot Cards have historical value and meaning too. Right now is very important. Many consciousnesses are opening up all at once and seeing that the next time Jesus will not be killed but flower in all our hearts. Right now is an important age, the World will not be realized until many realize this Androgyne in themselves and work to achieve it, otherwise the cycle will not be broken, the masses will be victorious. Yet the individual who is AWAKE knows he can never fail himself if he enters the dance in righteousness. Be like a star; reborn in a twinkle the dancer is never static.

THE COSMIC EGG HATCHES
AGAIN I AM AGAIN
IT IS SO SWEET TO REMEMBER
O HOLY SPIRIT BLESSED DIVINE.
AMEN

Right now the most important thing is the art of Love. Man needs learn respect for woman and woman needs learn respect for man. They should come together without fear unfounded on Reality. Stunted spirits will grow this way, for good love is cosmic power rain upon the human race right now in this particular time.

I don't think it's really been done before and I think before many study projects etc., people interested in The World attainment should learn first to study themselves and to come together with each other with joy and Selfness, simply, with Love, with faith.. Come together and be separate again. Listen to the music, the magic's in the changes of the chords, try dancing; forgive, rejoice.

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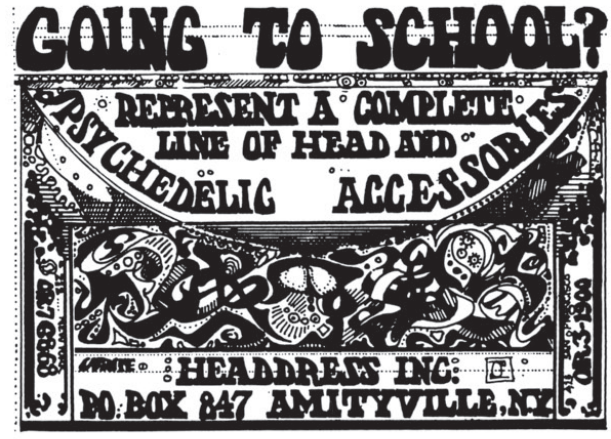


LETTERS • Haight Love Bush Love Haight

TO THE EDITORS AND READERS OF THE ORACLE:
AN OPEN LETTER CONCERNING SPIRITUAL ENLIGHTENMENT

BEFORE LSD WAS, JESUS IS.

Man is rather like an iceberg in structure; a great portion of his being is hidden or unconscious in nature. Our conscious mind is like the top part of an iceberg that is visible - the rest being invisible and below the surface. Between the conscious and unconscious there is a veil. This veil is relative in nature and can be altered by an act of the conscious mind, by meditations, and by drugs. The veil is an intimate part of the soulish dimension of personhood. The combination of conscious and unconscious mind is what the Bible calls the soul. The soul is not part of one's person, but it is one's person. Conscious, unconscious, intellect, will, emotion, memory, motivating forces are all soul.

Although man is soul, he is also spirit. Concerning the dimension of the spirit, the New Testament says, "Wherefore you were spiritually dead in trespasses and sin." (What the Bible calls sin is the disease of loneliness, gullt, hatred, immorality, wars, despair and death that effects all mankind.) The spirit, although originally a living and active part of our personhood, is now a dead dimension to us; it lies in darkness. Outside the experience of a living and active spirit, we only have a deep awareness that the spirit should not be the dead dimension that it is.

"Those who worship God must worship Him in spirit and in truth", Jesus said. A knowledge of truth comes at the level of the intellect or soul whereas the spirit is involved with relating rather than thinking. The book of Genesis says that God made man in his own image, i.e. body, soul and spirit. It also goes on to say that Adam begot a son in his won image, i.e. body and soul. God had instructed Adam that in the day he disobeyed, he would surely die. That death was the death of the spirit. It also effected the soulish and physical level of being. Sin has separated us from the spirit and fellowship with God.

Taking its residence in the soul is the heritage of the evil motivating power in the universe. This is what we would call the ego. In the unconscious then, is the evil motivating force that is the source of man's inhumanity to man throughout the centuries. The veil between the conscious and unconscious mind is not just a one-way veil; it also protects our conscious mind in some degree from the evil forces that are resident within our own being.

Man throughout the centuries has tried various methods - drugs, meditations, etc. to alter or remove the veil and gain unhindered access to the unconscious. LSD is not a new thing; it is only a new way of doing a very old thing. The problem with lifting the veil in this or any other artificial way is that what we see in experience amounts to little more than a tour through the graveyard. The visions and religious experiences are only glimpses of what we were. These religious experiences constitute the illusion that one is entering the spiritual dimension of life by altering the veil. In a deep way, the religious experiences only indicate our great need for the dimension of the spirit in our daily lives. The unconscious lacking the presence and life of the Lord Jesus Christ is still abiding in death.

The third chapter of Romans in the New Testament says, "The wages of sin is death." The Greek word for death does not mean the graveside epitaph, but the emptiness that comes from sin or walking in darkness. Despite all the claims here in Haight concerning love and enlightenment, the human condition remains unchanged. The human condition was described accurately by the prophet Jeremiah, "The heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; who is able to understand it?" Although the dialogue is different from the straight world here in Haight, the wage of sin remains unchanged. The streets of Haight are filled with countless lonely, disillusioned and sometimes violent hippies and would-be hippies. One doesn't have to walk long on Haight street to observe hatred, theft, and many other things that are completely anti-love.

The Apostle Paul in his first letter to the Corinthians gave a very positive definition of what love is.

"If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. If I give away all I have, and if I deliver my body to be burned, but have not love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient and kind; love is not jealous or boastful; it is not arrogant or rude. Love does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice at wrong, but rejoices in the right. Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things."

Jesus said, "I am the light of the world; he who follows me will not walk in darkness but will have the light of life." Jesus Christ never takes anyone on a "trip" into the unconscious. Instead, he gradually redeems it from the motivating power of death and makes it a permanent part of the light of life as we are willing to walk in him. We not only need our uncorscious mind cleansed from the principle of death but we need to be reborn spiritually. Jesus said, "Truly, truly I say to you, unless a man be born again he can not see the Kingdom of God." Jesus Christ through his death and resurrection has made possible a rebirth into the spiritual dimension of life and personal fellowship with God the Father. Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life, no man can come to the Father except through me."

Jesus Christ is alive and available to us today and the price is; "The wages of sin is death, but the free gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Carroll E. Gallivan

"Pot Hole" Shop
223 Barcom Ave
Darlinghurst, N.S.W.
Australia

The Editors

I have now read 3 issues of "Oracle" including the one on the Kiva and psychedelic yoga. They made me realize how primitive is the Sydney scene at the moment. Our first 2 happenings, one organized by myself, were failures.

The local Press is hysterical, the public indifferent and alcoholic, the intellectuals scornful, everybody knows very little. We need advice and missionaries to direct the local movement toward communal living and spiritual use of hallucinogenics, at present being used for kicks mainly.

There is a shop (address above) selling posters, buttons, "Oracles " "Barbs," etc., but an alternative, love center of activity is missing.

The Aust. Govt. pays the fares of immigrants from USA. Any love missionaries want to take part in the pioneer scene here?

Clem Gorman
7-11-67

ps All correspondence welcome, but watch the Australian Customs if sending any periodicals!

Dear Sirs:

I just wanted to send these two pages I clipped out of the Tujunga "Record-Ledger" which is one of our local commercial "throw-aways" in the San Fernando Valley area of Los Angeles. I thought you people up there might get a big kick out of reading of the hysteria and panic the flower children have brought to this little "up-tight" community. Some of the things this gal brings up in her article are real knee-slappers!

We aren't flower children - yet. Sort of square I guess. Our only son is in Vietnam and we live in day-to-day fear for his life. We just could not see a way out for our boy - and we look back to how the fear and conformity made it easy for the army to grab him. He is a beautiful boy, and he writes and tells us of the terror and slaughter going on over there. I must tell you that we see the horrible insanity of it all - must it always be a hostile, unloving world the way it is?

My wife was too scared to go - but I had the wonderful experience of walking with you during the Spring Mobilization peace march this last April 15th. Also, the pleasure of spending the following Sunday at Haight-Ashbury.

Your paper is positively the most beautiful newspaper I have ever read! The art layout is fantastic in its beauty and originality. Not only is it a spiritual lift, but it contains truth and (dare I?) - Love.

I can't help but wonder at how many of us who are "the establishment" are stranded on this terrible bridge our society has built? Nobody with the guts to blow it up or get us off. I have a suspicion that the "flower children" are just about to do it! I pray to God they do a good job!

Sincerely and hopefully,

Mr. & Mrs. Glen Generaux
18050 Calvert Street
Reseda, Calif.

26 April 67

Dear persons at the Oracle. That was a milestone monumental issue. Perhaps you are really breaking through now; this may be about the time of the turning, the turning of the time. Has it occurred to you that the military may slowly take over this country, take over the government -- once these disections are begun they seem to have to run their course, the various directions, and there are several now---one wonders if there is actually any way we might avoid going through the literal revelation of atomic clarification. Perhaps not, you know? Perhaps we have to go through it. Unimaginable chaos, so most essential to have preparedness, receptivity, and if there is any means of avoidance, surely it can only be through personal clarification, individual willingness to die, to die to personality, wants, plans, ambitions, etc. There is so much talking of love, but there can't be love before persons are dead to all ideas about it, until they have gone through their "trips" their phases their ideas, mainly ideas are obstacles to persónal condition of clarity and non-fear, only then can the choiceless way be known be followed. But so much that is happening all around and up your way is beneficial to this purging of habit-forms and memory-fixations which are the vehicles propelling others on their courses of destruction; you are helping to shake it all loose a little, this is helpful, surely. To maintain and

widerspread the dialectic, the exposure of the condition...and perhaps increasingly some really radical actions not only of individuals but of collectivities also, for instance what if hundreds of thousands perhaps even a million or so persons all went to Washington D.C. just went a mass awakening a going and they fill up the streets there and stay until war machine is dismantled, no programs no leaders no nothing except persons leaving their jobs towns cities all going walking driving flying proceeding to Washington filling the streets dancing camping taking off clothes overflowing into building bringing hub to stop; this would be love, this would be way to stop war, and if persons are not up to not ready for such decisiveness, it may indeed be more sensible more practicable to abstain from other forms of organized anti-war demonstrations, which are largely only happenings, something to do, a release of energy, they are not effective in bringing any war to an end, because by the time a government begins to war against another people for unjustifiable reasons, that government is not going to stop its war because some of the persons are against it, for that government is no longer abiding by nor hardly even pretending to abide by the desires of the regular people, the newly uprising ones, those who have begun to go into another dimension in a new direction. Personally I am not yet absolutely clear regarding this, but it may be that those advocating "drop out" are closest to heart of it, and of course the dialectic of what is dropped out from and into needs to be furthered continued; there is only illusion that can be left, this you should endeavor to make increasingly lucid. And another drastic action would be that of individuals going by the hundreds the hundreds of thousands down to the police stations and coming clean, telling whatever it is they do, smoke pot take acid sleep with brother sister father whatever, come clean everyone go to jail voluntarily, have it put on the record, everyone have a record, overcome this fear of having a record, overcome further the habit of duality of having one side against the other of living in fear in the state of unresolved confusion.

It is interesting that so many of you folks seem down a bit on Krishnamurti, you seem to balk against what you call "purity," you say "Oh he's too pure," and you snigger a bit, you laugh just a little embarrassedly, which causes me to suppose that in the main you don't truly want the way out you don't want to go the whole way, you don't really want to turn the tables, you only want to live the easy life all doped up confused in your mind playing still the games only another kind, you want to live with less effort with less hassle but you aren't so dissatisfied that you will go the whole way, over the obstacle taking it all to a higher level. You see, the present order is against you because you are founding a new way of going, you're replacing the alcohol way with the psychedelic way, so there is a confrontation, a formation of sides, like always, yet you complain as though you were being unjustly treated, this is stupid, you must expect to face the consequences of wanting and trying to do a new way. You wail against the police stupidity and brutality, yet how many of you have made friends with the police, have shown them love, have found out where they live what their families are like, how many of you have gone to a police station and made friends with the police, have you gone the rounds with a policeman on duty, trying to see the thing from his perspective? I don't suppose there is much of this being done. And why not? Why are you afraid of purity? How many of you still smoke even though you know it fucks up your lungs your whole physical hence mental being? How many of you are still covetous of other women other men, how many of you still are planning ways to air your egos have your thing recognized applauded? All of these you see and many other ways habits practices you continue which keep you in a condition of separation and confusion, etc etc.

Why fear purity? You are no-where until you become pure, you are lost. Which is permitted, you may do anything you want, only everyone is getting most weary of the wailing self-righteousness everywhere filling the air. Granted, it comes much less from you up there than from other places, much less yes, but if you folks are really serious about a revolution, then it is true, YOU DO HAVE TO BECOME SAINTS! This is the only revolution all the time, there is no other never. To be a saint means to be fully conscious and calm inside, at peace, having no more any enemies; you may have sucked peters thieved lied hurt etc, but when you become a clear light unto yourself then you know where it's at and you don't wait upon any other you disclose you lead the way you let others know that there is alternative there is the condition of personal clarification and it can be attained.

I could so easily get started, trotting out my thing filling up pages, I used to do that a lot, the visions, head so full of visions, but I want to die to them, we don't need visionaries but persons who have come all the way clean.

that was a nice bit the plug for genital check up, Snyder telling it in Ginsberg's ear; and you know something, I am having wonderings about this banana gig; it's great as a put on, confusing the United Fruit people, giving the hippies something to do, make some money causing general stir among the populace jazz the police etc; but to actually smoke the stuff seems not to have much benefit and perhaps there is really harm to lungs, the smoke from that stuff seems to be a kind that compacts lung cells more so by far than tobacco smoke...if you really want to spread a health bit you could hardly do any better than to advocate clean lungs, deep

Letters cont. from pg. 27

breathing using abdominal muscle action and nostrils for entry and exhalation of air; hardly anything is as essential to physical health as good breathing, it cleans the system as well as quiets it, almost.like miracle like magic it really works, as it is meant to! So now we have banana smoke gumming up the cells of lung; this is ill-advised, very low-level kind of promotion, because people are so stupid you see that they are actually doing it (it took me three days to get that shit out of my lungs!). If it isn't one thing it's another, ahem, so the only thing really that makes sense is to be coming clean, letting go of all the stuff. not anymore promoting it. You know, conventionally it has been the square the square types the duds that were the healthy ones making a thing about good health, so in further turning the tables what if the hippers take up cleanliness, what a gas that would be, to go with this kind of truth instead of finding identity through resisting it, being darkly and sickly righteous, which is nothing different only anti, the same thing in reverse, the other side of the coin as they say. Well, how new how different can we really be? Organic foods and love and such haven't much meaning except as idea so long as the persons are fucking themselves up in some other way. So maybe more health promotion, what? How about a breathe-in, persons down in the park just sitting and breathing, getting the lungs clean, becoming quiet, walking the streets breathing with the belly (not with the chest, especially the womans who are usually shallow breathers, perhaps it got started with fashions and such), having good posture, this is how to make beautiful persons also, and helps to get them off the speed trip, which is really shitty, as much resulting in alienation as track homes and freeways and plastic pies and bread. You see, I think to have something that is going to actually make a difference we need to take over to take from all persons from all quarters the things that make sense, to make combinations larger realities good breathing quietness along with occasional trips wild music exercise openness love sharing extended families indianhood sainthood etc etc etc love. Look, I'm the fellow who sent you that Atlantis Release few weeks ago. I'm not quite ready to come on the scene with a name a history a program yet, there are still some contradictions within me, I still have some dying to do, so I thought I would send some stuff out without a name because I didn't want persons coming around looking for a perfected being when I've miles inside yet to go. But after reading the conversation of the four it strikes me that I ought to have kept quiet altogether until I'm through with all the games, and that was partly a game; also I actually thought I should quick get something going around because it would help there was need there is so much to be revealed to do to start etc, a whole lot of shit, a lot of stuff going round and round in my head. But now it seems fairly clear to me that we don't need the words so much as we need persons who are clarified within themselves; a few of these persons can do more than tons of words, and we haven't any shortage of words, so...to quit all the games first I think is my trip, I'm pretty close now...Actually if I just left my scene here, started walking, probably on the way I could get rid of the rest of the baggage whatever it is, but I'm proceeding in a more reasonable fashion, easing out here in June then a couple of months at the Zen Mountain Center then see where I'm out at. Perhaps I'll drop in for a visit before or after the meditation. What the hell I'm saying here or why I don't know, was just going to give you some names.some persons to send the current Oracle to, tell you something, like how you're way out in front even though there's a far ways to go, you're doing it at least and that's what has to be done, I was just going to say something nice say yes further onward! But then I saw I could be cleaner too and about that Atlantis stuff I realized that it's partly crap, kid-dream stuff, story stuff, I should have signed my name of left off all names; it would only set up further confusions about people running the show from back-stage; perhaps there is a lot of that but mostly within the Establishment, that's Establishment-type thinking and manner of proceeding, unsigned editorials, buckpassing, no one doing their own business and so on. If a person is truly beyond ego then probably use of name is of little consequence, I didn't see that before. Well, anyway, I'm nobody special, age thirty, work as a waiter in a gourmet restaurant here, been trying most of my life to get free all the way clean to understand everything, though only lately have I really been listening to what I was putting down, seeing with some clarity what my own play was, so now there's that to work through, that's the next phase, becoming a human being instead of an artist or even a saint, yes, that's the trip the challenge. Well then...love.

Prgmmg. cont. from pg.

There is anotner aspect to the psychedelic sexual experience that deserves to be noted. Since psychedelics induce experiences that go beyond the ego, the partners are likely to feel that they are no longer themselves, no longer John and Mary, but instead simply two beings in complete union. They may feel themselves to be gods, as indeed at that moment they are. Here again we see a confirmation through psychedelics of the ancient Tantric teachings that the lovers have to become gods in order to go beyond the normal spheres of awareness and reach transcendent union. The husband looking at his wife may see her as all the women he has ever known, or wished he had known, or fantasied, as all women of all races and times, as the One First Woman who is all. Sequences of this kind, which are by no means uncommon in a psychedelic session may seem like crass hallucination or illusion. Actually, there is nothing mysterious about such a perception, although it is unusual in our common experience. It is a neurological, biogenetic fact that each current member of a species carries the history of thousands of predecessors, encoded in the DNA molecule in the nuclei of his cells,in other words, perception breaks through to that pre-symbolic, pre-mental level which is in fact common to all.

Levels and durations of ecstasy can be reached that go beyond the wildest imagination. At the same time it should be remembered that the psychedelic state is one of extremely delicate vulnerability and suggestibility, so that paranoid or anxious elements in one or the other partner's approach can easily be magnified and trap both partners in unhappy realms for a while. It is for this reason that, in general, persons should have one or more experiences by themselves (guided, of course) before attempting the vastly more difficult two-person session. A pilot has to learn to fly solo before he can attempt to fly in formation with another plane.

There are several simple aids that a two-person session can incorporate. One of these is a little two-way mirror, which when held up in front of the other person's face will give a composite picture made up of your own reflection and that of the other person, a blending perhaps not unlike that which the genetic code brings about in the remarkable process known as "conception".

Finally we come to perhaps the most important application of session programming--that of learning to control one's own nervous system. The process of being brought up and educated in a particular culture is a process of having the nervous system imprinted with a few thousand tribal concepts and symbols.

This process of tribal imprinting probably had survival value at some stage in the evolution of the human race. Basic food, shelter and defense games can be played more efficiently if the enormous responsiveness of the nervous system in its pristine, infantile state is contracted to a few simple approach-avoidance strategies. But we pay a terrible price for this efficiency which has helped us survive. The price is complete and blind addiction to external symbols. Put a man in a so-called "sensory-deprivation" chamber and within a few hours he will show all the symptoms of junk withdrawal: hallucinating, sweating, anxiety, pleading to be let out. Actually these experiments do not deprive one of sensory stimulation, they merely remove external symbolic perception. The inner universe lies open to vision, free now from the distractions of the outside. But only a trained observer would know how to make use of this condition. Yogins deliberately withdraw from external stimulation precisely because they seek internal perception. In order to become free of the crippling neurological addiction to imprinted external symbols one must begin by learning to decode the languages of the body. "Know thyself" is one of the oldest teachings known to mankind; it was inscribed over the entrance to the oracle at Delphi. It points to the fact that in order to become free of the fetters imposed by accidental cultural conditioning one has to begin by observing and trying to understand one's own organism, physical, emotional, mental.

The remarkable psychological system known as Tantra teaches that the development of self-understanding has to start with the physical body. For us the body is simply a machine which performs its functions automatically and with which we have very little conscious contact. On the other hand, the possiblity of such contact exists and with it the possibility of greater control, as evidenced for example by the yogin's ability to affect his own autonomic functioning. Tantra does not advocate the pursuit of such control, in fact warns against it, but regards it merely as a sign of increasing awareness. Only when we have gained some understanding of the machinery of the body can we attempt to perceive the world outside our body realistically.

The body is organized on different levels of energy-functioning: physical, chemical, electrical. The cakra system of the Hindu and Buddhist Tantra is an attempt to map out these different levels, based on experiences of guided inner exploration, whether through meditation or chemicals. We have recently worked on session programs using the cakra system in which the psychedelic voyager is taken step by step through five or seven body centers--eliminative, reproductive, digestive, circulatory, respiratory. These centers are in no sense primitive or alternate version of what we know as the "physiology" of the body. The cakras are focal points of sensation-awareness, which undoubtedly relate to the neural and hormonal integrative systems of the body. Such a programmed exploration of the inner universes may be thought of as the first halting steps in learning a new language--the incredibly complex energy codes of the human body.

The human nervous system is like a musical instrument of great antiquity, complexity and perfection. LSD is a tuning device--with its help we see for the first time some of the wonders this instrument is capable of. To be able to use and enjoy it properly to its full capacity we must train ourselves and each other. The programming of LSD experiences is such a training method.

Gavin Arthur cont. from pg. 9

Six hundred years later on the eastern shore of America, Walt Whitman wrote:

I am an acme of things accomplish'd, and I an encloser of things to be.
My feet strike an apex of the apices of the stairs,
On every step bunches of ages, and larger bunches between the steps,
All below duly travel'd, and still I mount and mount.
Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me,
Afar down I see the huge first Nothing, I know I was even there,
I waited unseen and always, and slept through the lethargic mist,
And took my time, and took no hurt from the fetid carbon.
Long I was hugg'd close --- long and long.
Immense have been the preparations for me.
Faithful and friendly the arms that have help'd me.
Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen,
For room to me stars kept aside in their own rings,
They sent influences to look after what was to hold me.
My embryo has never been torpid, nothing could overlay it.
For it the nebula cohered to an orb,
The long slow strata piled to rest it on,
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their mouths and deposited it with care.
All forces have been steadily employ'd to complete and delight me,
Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.

How different from the cringing Christian attitude: "I am a miserable sinner, and there is no health in me!"

On the next page Walt goes on:

This day before dawn I ascended a hill and look'd at the crowded heaven,
And I said to my spirit, "When we become the enfolders of those orbs, and the pleasure and knowledge of every thing in them, shall we be fill'd and satisfied then?"
And my spirit said, "No, we but level that lift to pass and continue beyond."

Now, near the present year, 1967, I, who sat at the feet of Edward Carpenter, who sat at the feet of Whitman, (who was refused an audience in the White House by my grandfather because of the frank sexuality of some of his poems) wrote these two poems along the same line of thought, but perhaps more based on Astrology.

cont. pg. 29

Gavin Arthur cont. from pg.

CREDO*****ONE

She is God -- The Ocean of Consciousness . . .
In the Universe -- Numberless Oceans.
Salty as blood. Salty as the warm water
In Woman's Womb.

Out of the Ocean A drop Rises in mist,
Floats over the land As a cloud --
Falls as a raindrop.

Out of the many This one --
This globule of fogginess, Seeking identity --
Falls as a raindrop Into a rill,
Tumbles and turns Down steep hills thro' clover,
Led by love, Led by longing, Led by gravity
Down toward Ocean.

Each drop an amoeba, And then a bold insect,
And then a crustacean, And then a fair fish . . .
Each droplet a link In God's dream of Creation,
Each globule a jump In God's Evolution,
Till lungfish turns mammal
And mammal turns Man.

We are drops from the Ocean of God.
In our tiny way As eternal and timeless,
As adhesive, creative and loving --
As conscious As God.

Inertia may freeze us
And heat try to boil us away.
But no force can destroy us --
No terror diminish --
Only gravity moves us
Thro' love Back to God.

In the rill, Shouting and tumbling, We sing.
In the stream, We gleam Golden and green.
In the river we flow, And the flood
Carries us back To the Sea of the Goddess --
All to the glory Of God!

For if Ocean lacked just the right minerals
She could not be Womb-of-our-life
Quickened by Fire-of-heaven.

The Sky is our Father. The Ocean our Mother,
The Rain and the Wind. Our Sister and Brother,
By which we bring salts to our Ocean
Without which she would find herself sterile
As mineralless water In a barren womb.

So the Prodigal Son Returns to enrich his Father
With many a tale Of profligate Earth.
So the veal Is made tasty, delicious,
By those herbs Our prodigal Lucifer found
On his circle Completed.

Out of the Ocean a drop
Safe Home at last.

CREDO******TWO

He is God -- The Sky of All-knowing . . .
Full of air and ether and lightning --
Full of starlight and moonlight --
Full of the blaze Of the Sun.

We are sparks From the Fire of God --
Rays from a Sun That dazzles our sun ---
Seeking uniqueness Outside of high Heaven --
Outside of God -- Outside of the Sun.

We leap in a splendid arc Free of the golden escarpments.
We fall in a great arc Downward and downward
(Yet in Infinity Which is UP? Which is DOWN?)
We zoom Till we reach The first huge Nothing.
We are down in the sty Sharing acorns with hogs.
How can we get back To the Many Mansions?

First, As a step toward knowing, Toward being aware.
We have to make two out of one -- Black-white --
Red-green -- Cock-hen -- Day-night.

Now we can rise To the square of knowing --
To the pinpoint of minerals Who live and die,
To the plane of plants Which grow and engender,
Yet cannot move From mountain to water?

The point of light Lies deep in the diamond,
Inward turning, Ever contracting . . .
The branches of lemon trees Reach ever outward.
With moon-white blossoms
And sun-gold fruit.

Animals graze And move over the meadow,
Birds fly high And moles dig low,
Mating and feeding -- Bold Space-Binders.

At last in the Garden of Eden,
Where the Four Rivers flow,
Adam and Eve Begin to converse,
Put a name on all things,
Describe Motion and Time --
Prophetic Time-Binders!
So here the four corners of Knowing:
Motionless minerals . . . expanding plants . .
Running deer . . And talking Men
All climbing the hills of Reality --
Tunneling under. Flying over, Recording history,
Foreseeing the future (Man knows that he knows!)

So the Spirit of God In myriad sparks from the Sun.
Climb back to Heaven In myriad ways richer and greater --
Mystic like clover, The Three in the One . . .
Mother and Child and Sire . . .
Love and Wisdom and Being . . .
The Ghost and the Son and the Father . . .
Eros kai Logos kai Bios.

And down in the depths Under Knowing
We know that the Three Might be Four.
Out of huge Chaos Comes Cosmos
And we know With the knowledge Underneath Knowledge
That the Sky is our Father. The Ocean our Mother.
The Rain and the Wind. Our Sister and Brother . . .
Amen!

GAVIN ARTHUR

Notes from the Genetic Journal

By Stephen Levine

As poet and participator, vortex and forcefield, I seek an understanding of this thing which is my consciousness. Thus I watch the watcher, translating the vibrations in my mind-stuff to the overtones of language. I chronicle my genes.

Genetic Journal I

As Creation still in the act of being created I am Man in search of my Self, investigating the mystery of my substance, the creator in the created, the cause in the effect.

As Song Master of the Phylums, I ascend the multitonic scale of evolution to the tune hummed by the Genetic Host beaming in my chromosomes.

Brought forth by the genetic body gods rising just beyond the peripheries of consciousness chakraed in internal hemispheres.

Following the unending stream of life that flows through every cell communing in the constantly expanding universe of my body continuing on to each creature in the cosmos unfolding into infinity.

Suspended between supernova and atomic dervish, I am Man, center of the universe, disproving Copernicus after all cosmic acrobat trapezing on the tendency toward rebirth. Poised between whirring mass at either end of infinity.

As midpoint in the cosmos, balanced by the senses and the intellect between sabertooth and sky speck, I am creature of the Cosmiface standing upright in the midst of it all measuring relativity by the depth of superimposure.

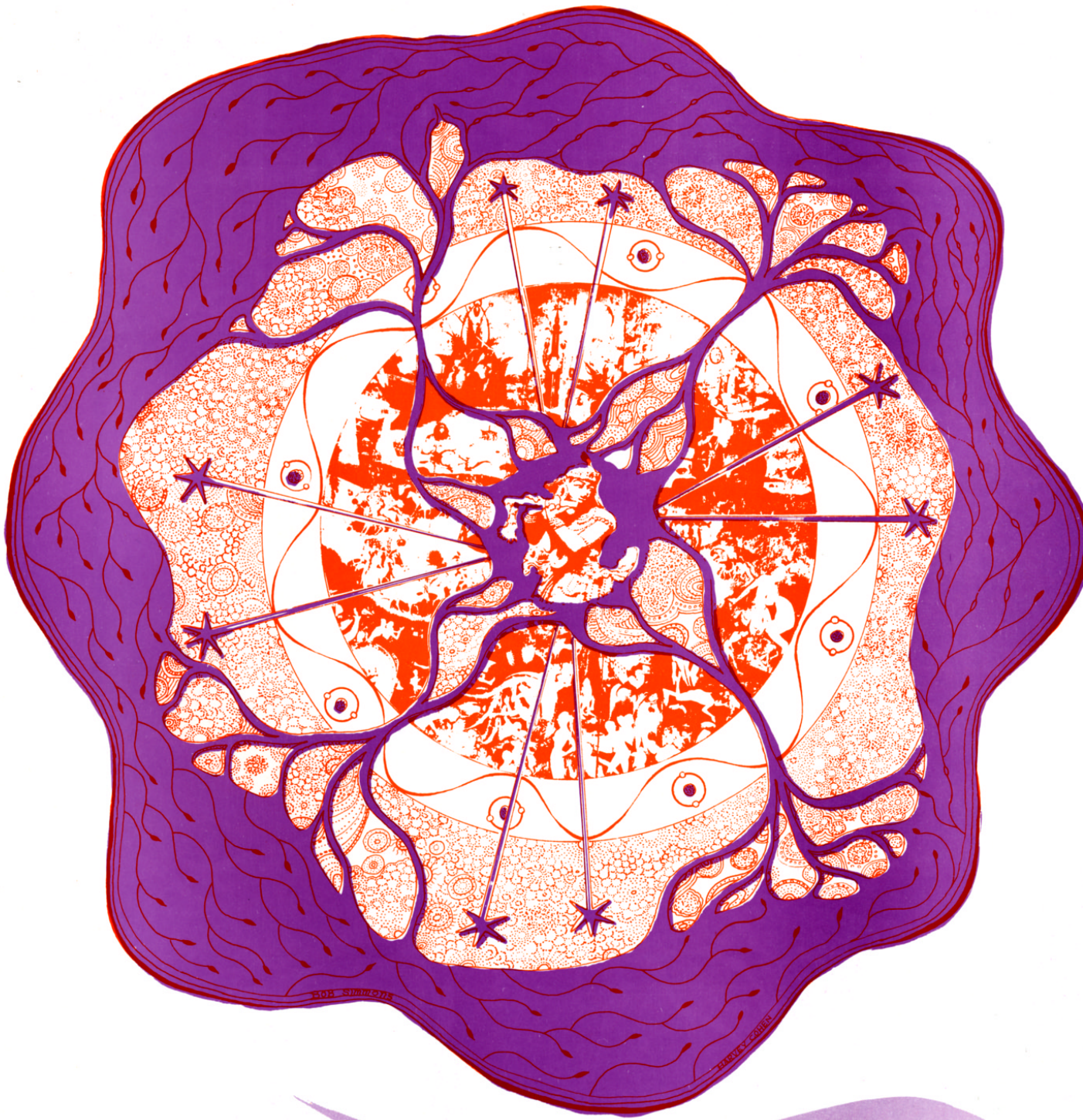
The celestial hollyhock on the karmic see-saw as many galaxies within as beyond. A billion stars rivered in my intestines like a Milky Way. Nebulae towed by my lungs. Ten thousand constellations rising up my spine. Aurora Borealis my stigmata.

From the percolation in my cells comes the intrinsic message of my life-prana of the compassings of the genetic directive that lead me from the Cambrian lightning to the here&now that bring me to the haloessence of my being the substance of this genetic yoga.

Begun as always in the reflected microcosm of myself by the bringing-to of attention steadied on the reality of my tissues contracting to a single fiber then drawn in by the concentrated focus of the hidden eye to a single cell steadied once again and allowed to fill with light. Icarus on a safe journey toward the sun.

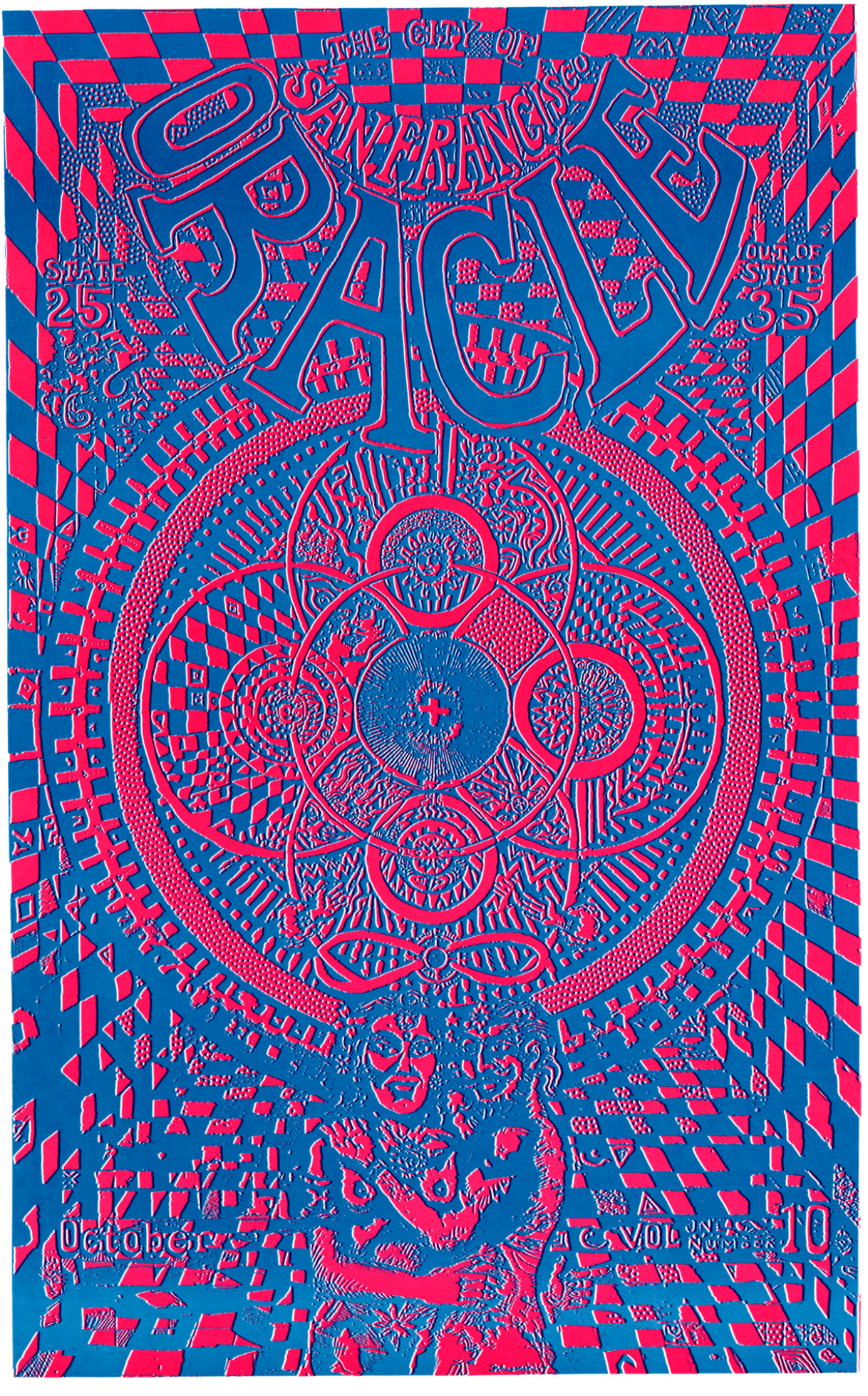
From the cellular oscillations come the eminations that mandala every cell the radiant sphere blossoming from the life monad. The yantra-centering glowing in each cell allowing me contact with the seed about which the pearl is collected.

The one-pointed contact that experiences the monotheism of a single cell that bright-central star in the revolving constellations just behind my brow.



In the centering comes the gradual encompassing and flowing through of two billion years of ectoplasmic history,
toward the chemical realizable reality of the Self. The central quasar of the life-click composing and dissolving
in the maelstrom of a single cell the membranes chiming like genesis in the cellular process of destruction and repair:
a cosmos, birth and death creation and dissolution Shiva dancing the Maha Lila
the walls pulsating like a mantra.

And at the nucleus a thousand forgotten faiths
and the ten thousand names of god rendered alfresco in the DNA/RNA matrix. Suddenly nirvanaed
to a single molecule perhaps that single atom of Brahman that is said to sustain the whole universe.
Resolved to One. The Self in self. OM TAT SAT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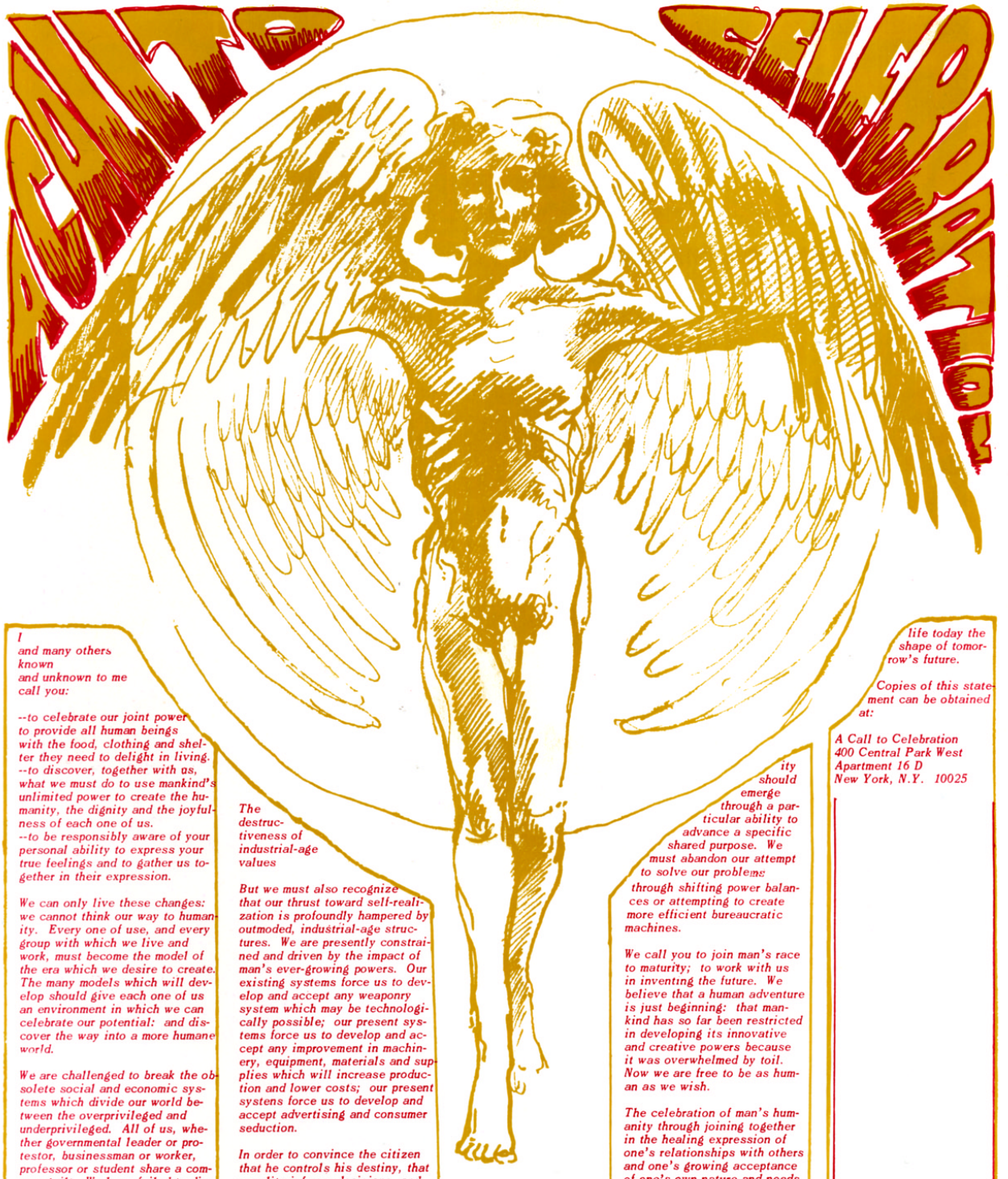
A CALL TO CELEBRATION



I
and many others
known
and unknown to me
call you:

--to celebrate our joint power to provide all human beings with the food, clothing and shelter they need to delight in living.
--to discover, together with us, what we must do to use mankind's unlimited power to create the humanity, the dignity and the joyfulness of each one of us.
--to be responsibly aware of your personal ability to express your true feelings and to gather us together in their expression.

We can only live these changes: we cannot think our way to humanity. Every one of use, and every group with which we live and work, must become the model of the era which we desire to create. The many models which will develop should give each one of us an environment in which we can celebrate our potential: and discover the way into a more humane world.

We are challenged to break the obsolete social and economic systems which divide our world between the overprivileged and underprivileged. All of us, whether governmental leader or protestor, businessman or worker, professor or student share a common guilt. We have failed to discover how the necessary changes in our ideals and our social structures can be made. Each of us, therefore, through our ineffectiveness and our lack of responsible awareness, causes the suffering around the world.

All of us are cripples - some physically, some mentally, some emotionally. We must, therefore, strive cooperatively to create the new world. There is no time left for destruction, for hatred, for anger. We must build, in hope and joy and celebration. Let us cease to fight the structures of the industrial age. Let us rather seek the new era of abundance with self-chosen work and freedom to follow the drum of one's own heart. Let us recognize that a striving for self-realization, for poetry and play, is basic to man once his needs for food, clothing, and shelter have been met - that we will choose those areas of activity which will contribute to our own development and will be meaningful to our society.

The destructiveness of industrial-age values

But we must also recognize that our thrust toward self-realization is profoundly hampered by outmoded, industrial-age structures. We are presently constrained and driven by the impact of man's ever-growing powers. Our existing systems force us to develop and accept any weaponry system which may be technologically possible; our present systems force us to develop and accept any improvement in machinery, equipment, materials and supplies which will increase production and lower costs; our present systens force us to develop and accept advertising and consumer seduction.

In order to convince the citizen that he controls his destiny, that morality informs decisions, and that technology is the servent rather than the driving force, it is necessary to distort information. The ideal of informing the public has given way to trying to convince the public that forced actions are actually desirable actions.

Miscalculations in these increasingly complex rationalizations and consequent scandal, account for the increasing preoccupation with the honesty of both private and public decision makers. It is, therefore, tempting to attack those holding roles as national leader, professor, student. But such attacks on individuals often disguise the real nature of the crisis we confront: the demonic nature of present systems which force man to consent to his own deepening self destruction.

The way ahead

We can escape from these dehumanizing systems. The way ahead will be found by those who are unwilling to be constrained by the apparently all-determining forces and structures of the industrial age. Our freedom and power are determined by our willingness to accept responsibility for the future.

Indeed the future has already broken into the present. We each live in many times. The present of one is the past of another, and the future of yet another. We are called to live knowing and showing that the future exists, and that each one of us can call it in, when we are willing, to redress the balance of the past.

In the future we must end the use of coercive power and suthority: the ability to demand action on the basis of one's hierarchical position. If any one phrase can sum up the nature of the new era, it is the end of privilege and license. Authority should emerge through a particular ability to advance a specific shared purpose. We must abandon our attempt to solve our problems through shifting power balances or attempting to create more efficient bureaucratic machines.

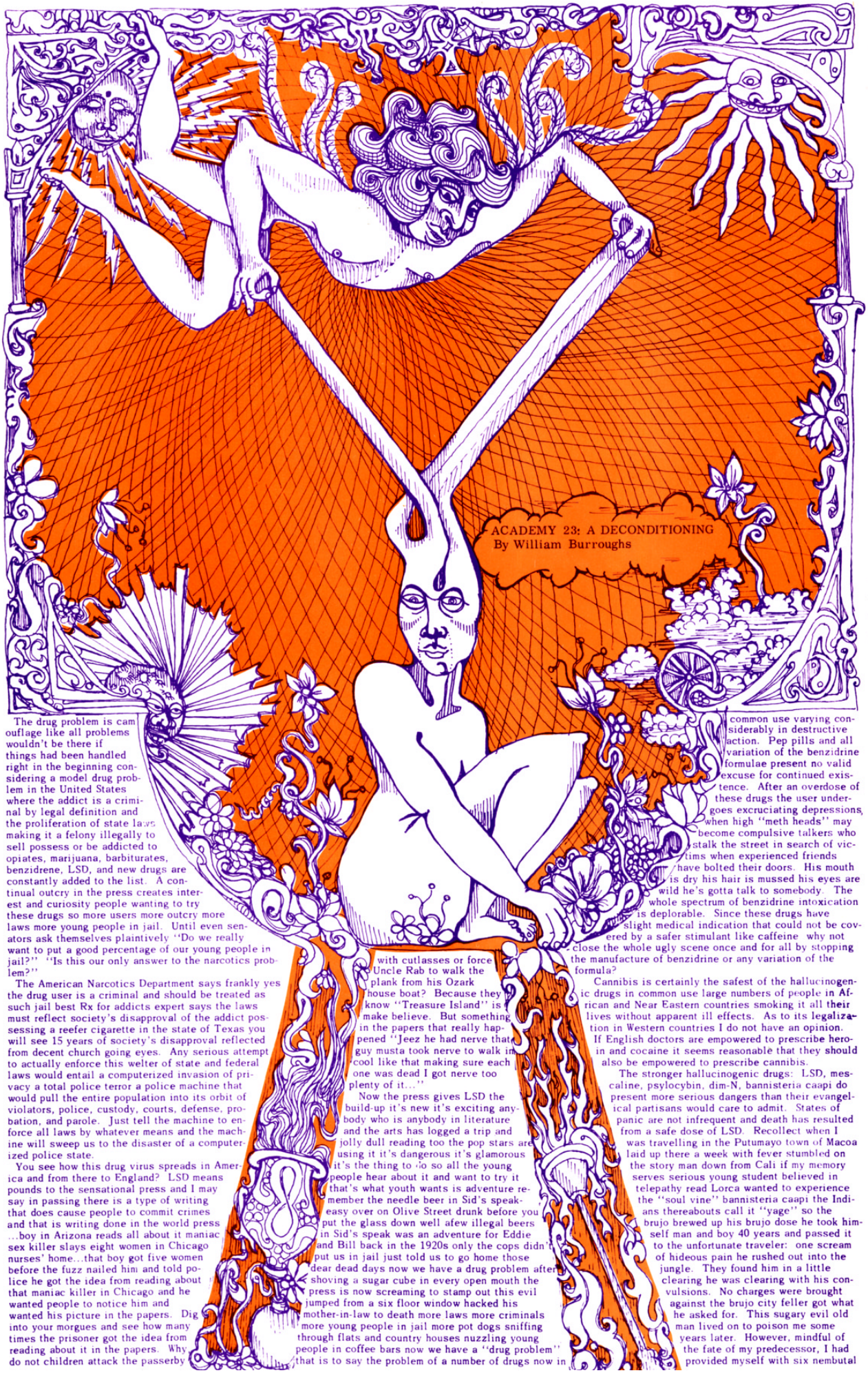
We call you to join man's race to maturity; to work with us in inventing the future. We believe that a human adventure is just beginning: that mankind has so far been restricted in developing its innovative and creative powers because it was overwhelmed by toil. Now we are free to be as human as we wish.

The celebration of man's humanity through joining together in the healing expression of one's relationships with others and one's growing acceptance of one's own nature and needs will clearly create major confrontations with existing values and systems. The expanding dignity of each man and each human relationship must necessarily challenge existing systems.

The call is to live the future: let us join together joyfully to celebrate our awareness that can make our life today the shape of tomorrow's future.

Copies of this statement can be obtained at:

A Call to Celebration
400 Central Park West
Apartment 16 D
New York, N.Y. 10025



ACADEMY 23: A DECONDITIONING

By William Burroughs

The drug problem is camouflage like all problems wouldn't be there if things had been handled right in the beginning considering a model drug problem in the United States where the addict is a criminal by legal definition and the proliferation of state laws making it a felony illegally to sell possess or be addicted to opiates, marijuana, barbiturates, benzidrene, LSD, and new drugs are constantly added to the list. A continual outcry in the press creates interest and curiosity people wanting to try these drugs so more users more outcry more laws more young people in jail. Until even senators ask themselves plaintively "Do we really want to put a good percentage of our young people in jail?" "Is this our only answer to the narcotics problem?"

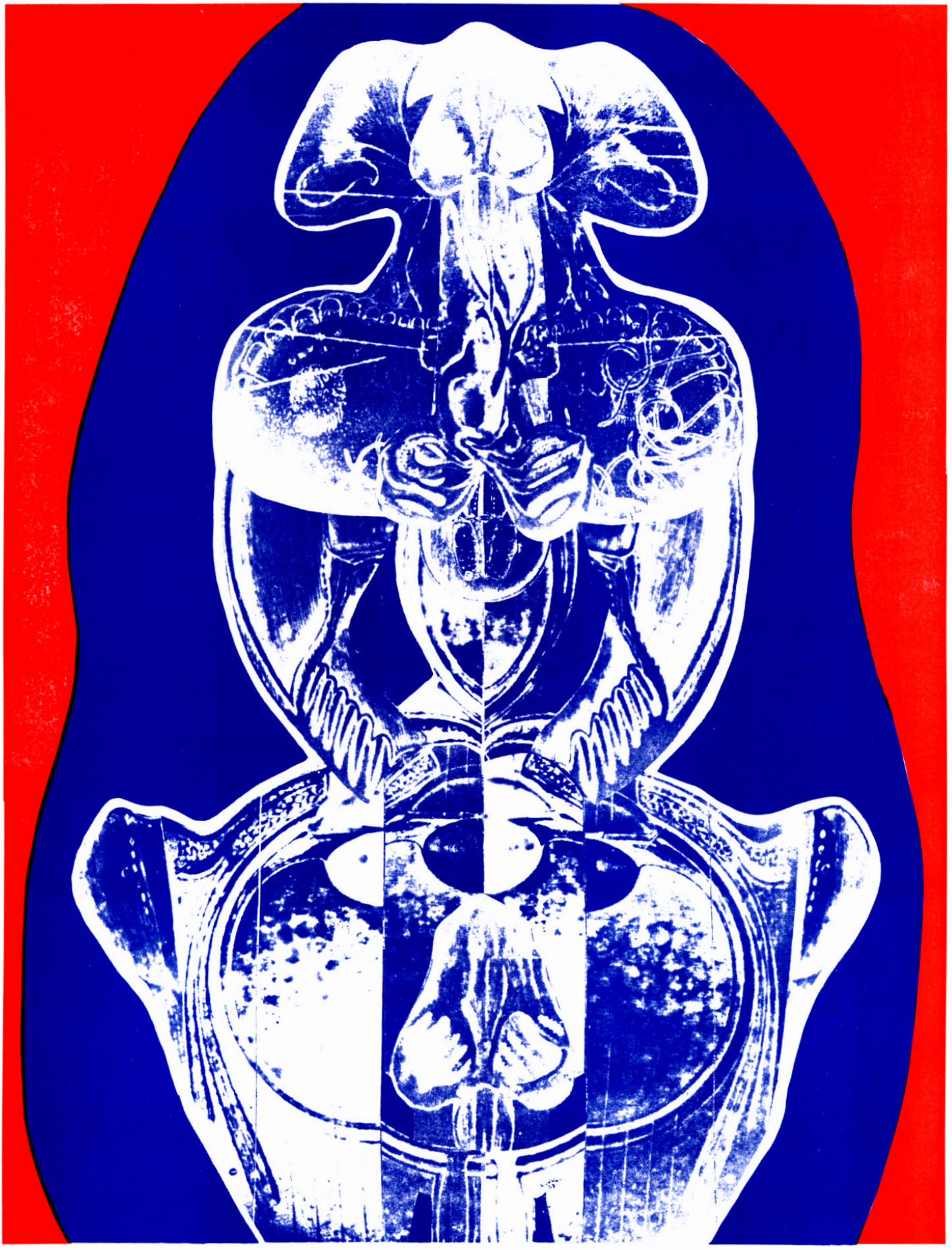
The American Narcotics Department says frankly yes the drug user is a criminal and should be treated as such jail best Rx for addicts expert says the laws must reflect society's disapproval of the addict possessing a reefer cigarette in the state of Texas you will see 15 years of society's disapproval reflected from decent church going eyes. Any serious attempt to actually enforce this welter of state and federal laws would entail a computerized invasion of privacy a total police terror a police machine that would pull the entire population into its orbit of violators, police, custody, courts, defense, probation, and parole. Just tell the machine to enforce all laws by whatever means and the machine will sweep us to the disaster of a computerized police state.

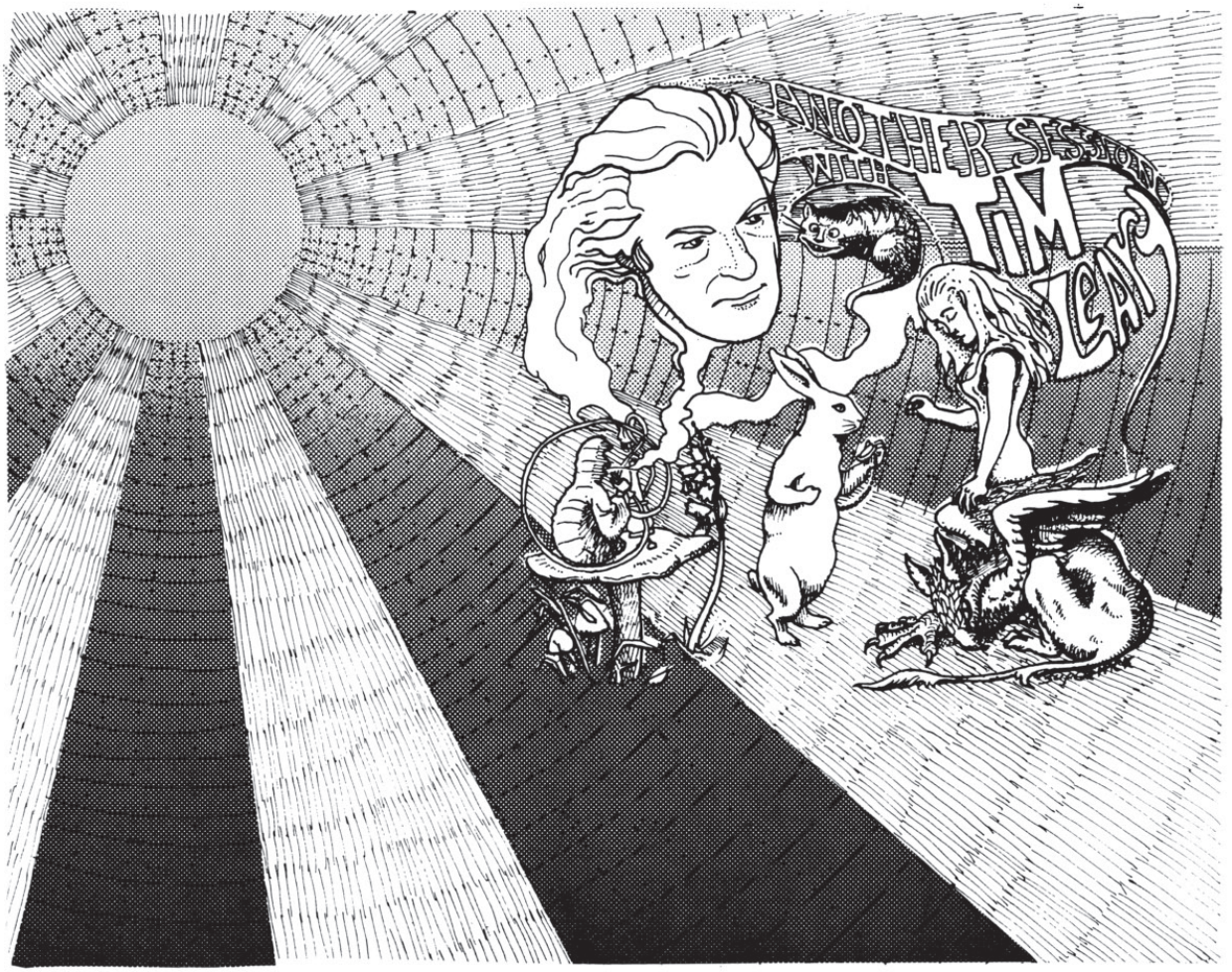
You see how this drug virus spreads in America and from there to England? LSD means pounds to the sensational press and I may say in passing there is a type of writing that does cause people to commit crimes and that is writing done in the world press ...boy in Arizona reads all about it maniac sex killer slays eight women in Chicago nurses' home...that boy got five women before the fuzz nailed him and told police he got the idea from reading about that maniac killer in Chicago and he wanted people to notice him and wanted his picture in the papers. Dig into your morgues and see how many times the prisoner got the idea from reading about it in the papers. Why do not children attack the passerby with cutlasses or force Uncle Rab to walk the plank from his Ozark house boat? Because they know "Treasure Island" is make believe. But something in the papers that really happened "Jeez he had nerve that guy musta took nerve to walk in cool like that making sure each one was dead I got nerve too plenty of it..."

Now the press gives LSD the build-up it's new it's exciting anybody who is anybody in literature and the arts has logged a trip and jolly dull reading too the pop stars are using it it's dangerous it's glamorous it's the thing to do so all the young people hear about it and want to try it that's what youth wants is adventure remember the needle beer in Sid's speakeasy over on Olive Street drunk before you put the glass down well afew illegal beers in Sid's speak was an adventure for Eddie and Bill back in the 1920s only the cops didn't put us in jail just told us to go home those dear dead days now we have a drug problem after shoving a sugar cube in every open mouth the press is now screaming to stamp out this evil jumped from a six floor window hacked his mother-in-law to death more laws more criminals more young people in jail more pot dogs sniffing through flats and country houses nuzzling young people in coffee bars now we have a "drug problem" that is to say the problem of a number of drugs now in common use varying considerably in destructive action. Pep pills and all variation of the benzidrine formulae present no valid excuse for continued existence. After an overdose of these drugs the user undergoes excruciating depressions when high "meth heads" may become compulsive talkers who stalk the street in search of victims when experienced friends have bolted their doors. His mouth is dry his hair is mussed his eyes are wild he's gotta talk to somebody. The whole spectrum of benzidrine intoxication is deplorable. Since these drugs have slight medical indication that could not be covered by a safer stimulant like caffeine why not close the whole ugly scene once and for all by stopping the manufacture of benzidrine or any variation of the formula?

Cannibis is certainly the safest of the hallucinogenic drugs in common use large numbers of people in African and Near Eastern countries smoking it all their lives without apparent ill effects. As to its legalization in Western countries I do not have an opinion. If English doctors are empowered to prescribe heroin and cocaine it seems reasonable that they should also be empowered to prescribe cannibis.

The stronger hallucinogenic drugs: LSD, mescaline, psylocybin, dim-N, bannisteria caapi do present more serious dangers than their evangelical partisans would care to admit. States of panic are not infrequent and death has resulted from a safe dose of LSD. Recollect when I was travelling in the Putumayo town of Macoa laid up there a week with fever stumbled on the story man down from Cali if my memory serves serious young student believed in telepathy read Lorca wanted to experience the "soul vine" bannisteria caapi the Indians thereabouts call it "yage" so the brujo brewed up his brujo dose he took himself man and boy 40 years and passed it to the unfortunate traveler: one scream of hideous pain he rushed out into the jungle. They found him in a little clearing he was clearing with his convulsions. No charges were brought against the brujo city feller got what he asked for. This sugary evil old man lived on to poison me some years later. However, mindful of the fate of my predecessor, I had provided myself with six nembutal





Voice from the Audience: Tim, we've been hearing a lot of things about chromosome damage and LSD. Of course, we are all explorers and we wonder about all the new information and try to find out if it's truthful or not. I wondered how you felt.

Tim Leary: Nobody knows what LSD does to the human nervous system or to the human cellular structure. Anyone who says anything, pro or con, about the effects of LSD on the body is just laying his own trip on you.

Everything that's been written about LSD and brain damage, LSD and suicide, LSD and chromosome breaks, LSD and genetic alterations, is lying. This is one of the greatest scientific hoaxes in the last hundred years, perhaps in a long time.

The FDA probably with the collaboration of the NIMH, that's the National Institute of Mental Health, has embarked on a systematic campaign to scare people about LSD. Now, this is no big paranoid conspiracy in which people get together in a mahogany room and smoke cigars and say that we're going to do A, B, C. It's a much more complex and effective conspiracy than that. It's just a basic fear which these government scientists and government officials have about LSD and what psychedelic drugs do which expresses itself in a general campaign.

For example: the government gives money to do LSD research only to people whom they know are anti-LSD and will come up with frightening findings. So a top scientist who applied to the government for money to do research, testing whether LSD can help people, for example; to produce a religious experience, and they can't get money for this even though his credentials are tops and the sponsoring institutions are without question.

When the Massachusetts Mental Health Institute in Boston, which is probably the top psychiatric research place in the country, applied for government funds to do research studying the effects of LSD and the religious experience, with top men like Panki Sossburn doing it, the government wouldn't support it.

The government also has a very close connection with science magazines so that in effect there's a systematic conspiracy, rather well-timed, to release scare stories about LSD. The studies on LSD and chromosome breaks, first of all, the sampling is inaccurate. The studies are ill designed and ill-executed. There is one study which shows chromosome breaks and two studies which show no breaks.

The breaks themselves mean nothing because everyone has chromosome breaks, and it's simply a question of deciding what ratio you're going to call a significant series of breaks. The breaks can be caused by color television, by ordinary dental x-rays or chest x-rays. There's no control over the data they're getting and any conclusions drawn from such studies are simply fantasy.

Plus the fact that even if LSD does cause chromosome breaks significantly more than chance in white blood cells, this tells nothing about genetics. The white blood cells, as you probably know, are the shock troops of the body. They're simply the most expendable cells in the body's dialogue with the outside world.

Now I personally feel that LSD does bring about intra-cellular changes. I've been saying for 5 years now that there's a cellular level of communication. If this is true, you would expect that the cellular structure itself would be changed. But which cellular structure? The nerve cells? The genetic cell which is found in the sperm and ova? Or the white blood cell? I consider that the possible finding that LSD changes chromosome structure in white blood cells, if anything, to be a positive finding and probably supports our hypothesis that the cellular system is a receiving transmitting center of consciousness and simply suggests that more research be done.

Voice from the Audience: What would you suggest about people using LSD- to use less, or more, or have faith, keep the faith?

Tim Leary: I've never recommended that anyone use or not use LSD. I've never recommended that anyone lose or not lose their virginity. These are the sacred intimate decisions that each person has to make on the basis of love and trust and wisdom.

Pregnant women should think very carefully about using LSD during the first three months of pregnancy because this period is an extremely vulnerable time when the structure of the new baby is being worked out by the DNA code. An overdose of bicarbonate of soda, which is often used for morning sickness, can bring about changes in the foetus during this first trimester.

But again, even if LSD were to cause genetic changes, here we're grappling with the most mysterious choice of all: what man, whose mind, what social institution is wise enough to say that they can interfere with what is essentially an evolutionary process? Here we get mystical rather than scientific.

I have an ultimate faith in the DNA code. The DNA code has been around for two billion years. It's always survived (by the skin of its teeth). It's the highest repository of intelligence and energy that we know about; it knows what it's doing.

It may well be that the DNA code, looking up through RNA and bodies of what man is doing to this planet, has decided that something like LSD is exactly what's needed to bring the harmony and unity of all life back together again.

VA: Are you interested in expansion of consciousness by means other than LSD? Other psychedelics?

TL: Of course. Anyway that can turn you on and bring you closer to the meaning and energy within should be prized and considered sacred. There is no either or here; anyone who uses LSD has got to use other yogic methods if they are going to get the most from it.

The old temptation to build a religion, a dogma around your way of getting high is the oldest cop-out in history.

The highly trained sufi or the illuminated yogi is the person, for instance, who can use any form of drug energy to get high and who can weave them all together and can select from among the thousands of psycho methods exactly that one which is harmonious at the moment. He may use LSD at one point. He may use solitude or fasting at another time. These quarrels about "my way of getting high is better than yours" should be completely discredited.

KARMA YOGA

VA: Aren't there a number of young people now, though, who are gravitating toward forming a religion solely around the experience that's generated from lysergic acid?

TL: I hope so.

VA: But, perhaps excluding some of the yogic principles, I don't see how that's possible.

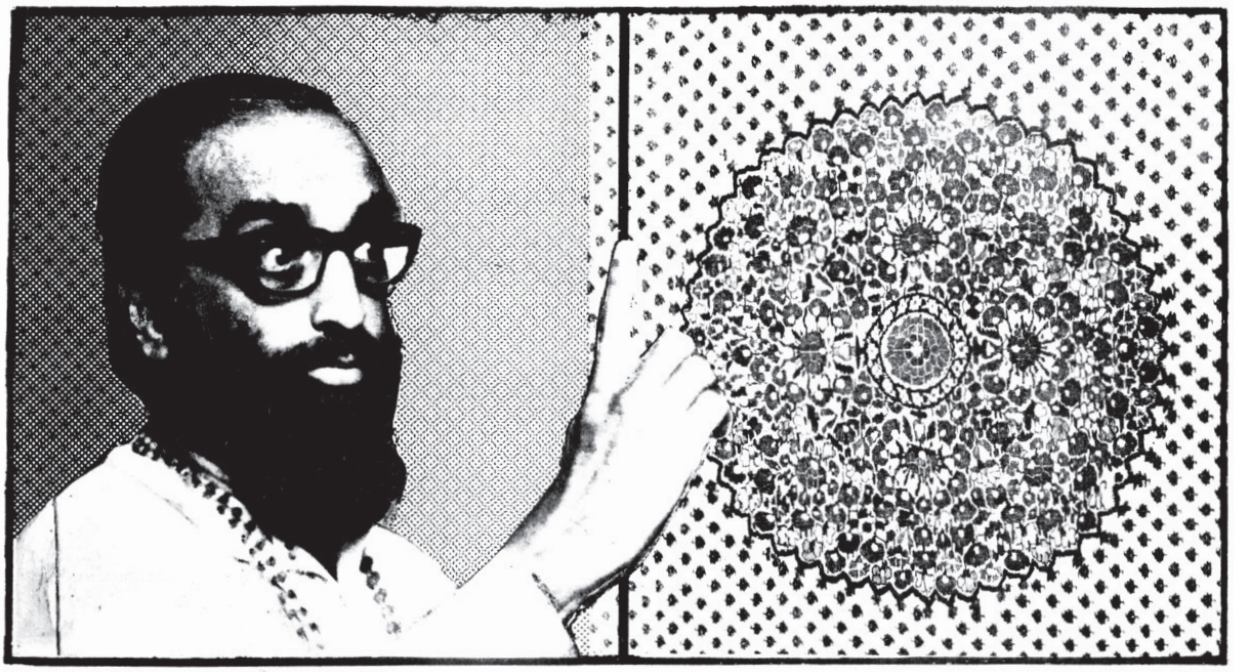
TL: If you're going to use the energy that's released by LSD, you have to harness it up with something. Maybe a bunch of kids will go out to New Mexico and start building a community of adobe; well, that's the oldest form of yoga, karma yoga.

The highest form of psychedelic wisdom that man has ever developed, in my opinion, is the sufi. The sufies tell you it's all work; it's all energy. You don't have to even drop out at all, visibly. You can be a rug weaver, you can run the Oracle, or you can drive a cab in San Francisco. And if you're dropped out and turned on inside, that's your work. The great thing about the sufies is that the great masters are to be found in every walk of life - just doing their gig as an act of grace and gratitude and beauty.

We have to be very careful about what we call yogic. As long as a person is straight inside, and is tuning it back in, it's some act of glorification he's doing.

VA: Among the people you've known

Con't. on p. 12



Chinmayananda. Vedantist teacher visiting the United States gave a series of lectures on the philosophy of the great Rishis of India while in San Francisco. During his two week stay he sat twice with the Oracle staff at which time the tape for this interview was made. His name means "He whose mind finds bliss through its piercing of Illusion."

Oracle:
To develop spiritual ideas in this country, the youth have left their families, and sworn perhaps unconscious vows of charity and poverty and have tried to begin establishing the paths for spiritual seeking in this materialistic culture. And they have had a lot of trouble doing that.

Chinmayananda:
This is the problem in India too in our Sannyasin orders, that people all of a sudden become enthusiastic of spiritual seeking and the moment they feel that urge, they just leave the world and come to the Himalayas. This is very dangerous. When you go to the Army front, you must have perfect training before going there. If you are going to your workshop, where 20,000 volts of electricity is being played with, you must have technical bend of mind, but if all of a sudden you go there, you may get electrocuted yourself, because of your ignorance.
A certain preparation is necessary before you go there, so that when a youngster in America feels that his life is hollow and the values of the others living around him are all empty; this is a very healthy sign indeed a sign of revolt, but he should not immediately leave home, and rush hoping that San Francisco or some corner will give them spirituality. They must get themselves prepared, at home. Prepared for renunciation, for concentration, for the higher flights in meditation, prepare themselves. For which great literature is plenty available today in American market. Though lot of trash is also there, but standard works and the standard books are plenty available. Let him practice a little and after the practice, when he comes out, he can really grow or else what will happen is it becomes an escapism from the world rather than marching out of the world into a higher work.

Haight-Ashbury Is Not The Right Place

Oracle:
There have been many repressive acts on the part of the society in trying to stop the young people from seeking.

Chinmayananda:
I did hear about it. I would rather from my standpoint or from standpoint of spiritual seekers, we must forgive them, in the sense, that it is a new problem for this country. In India, we do not mind it. It is a new problem, therefore, they think in terms of, with best wishes, they think that it must be stopped somehow. They cannot have a convenient or conducive place where they can assemble together.
If supposing their repressive programs are becoming too disturbing for you, we do not miss anything, we will make our headquarters then in a quieter place, which will be certainly much more conducive for spiritual growth. As a matter of fact, for the last three days I have been coming here to Haight-Ashbury and I do not think that it is the right place, too crowded for spiritual growth. I am talking of those persons who are really spiritual minded, you see.

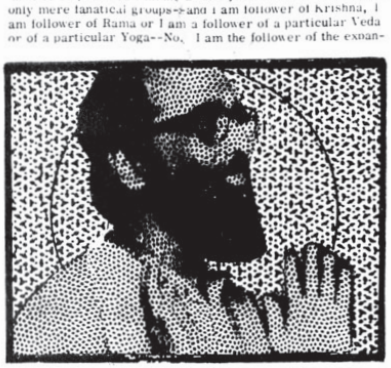
Create Ashrams

It is not the atmosphere, so that if you are in a more natural atmosphere, a quieter place, a barn or something like that in the up country or the woods. It would be a quieter place and a nicer place. Take for example today when we are talking--those whistling busses, and that fire brigade. You know that it is all grating on our minds when we are highly and subtly thinking. So I do not think it is the right place. In India we do not have any such problems or repressions, or repercussions upon the young seekers in the sense that the walls of the Himalayas can consume them and institutions that can guide them and advise them properly are plenty. But here the difficulty is that they are feeling impatient with what is available at home and they find it is meaningless, therefore they are feeling the restlessness--the restlessness is first of all misconstrued at home as a revolt. And in that revolt--slowly, slowly, he thinks, Oh No, the house becomes for him, poor boy, insufferable, and therefore he starts his revolt. In your newspapers exaggerated reports. Also is another reason why you get such a flood, I think. As far as I have understood it. There are boys who are feeling a little disturbed at home. He suddenly feels, that, here is a mecca for freedom, here is new way of life. Haight-Ashbury corner--Oh No, there is a heaven, you understand, when they come here, they are disillusioned again, because they find that, hey, this is the life, but they do not have the courage to go back again.
You get the idea, how they become unhappy--so we must immediately create some small little institution, or Ashrams--call it Ashram, because it is a name familiar in the spiritual world--where they can come. We must have enough people--to advise them--to check them up--find them, lead them, guide them. It is really speaking, a great sign of a new movement in the world, and if properly guided--it can create a change over, a mental change over, or a change of heart around the world--values at all levels of life.

Free Trip To India

Oracle:
Well, it seems to me--as an observer of what's happening here, that there is, oh, there are not the teachers--and an Ashram needs a teacher...

Chinmayananda:
Right! Now--it is a fact that there is a lack of teachers, not only in America, my friend, we are feeling it even in India. Because we are 500 million, mind you, and even in that country because of the 500--odd years of dependence, political slavery, that culture is almost lost. Many groups have been affected. So for the revival of it, we are trying to develop--and train, and gain a lot of people with enough preliminary knowledge that they may be able to go out and do missionary work in the Country. It is for that purpose that I started that college also. The College of Knowledge--Now half a dozen young men from America also have been there, some of them are still there, some of them have come back. And for the rest of them, whom I am contacting now--I am sending out postal courses. These are all the things possible. The urge is there, a little more understanding, and you can develop it.
And I propose that those who have gone through the course for the 24 lessons--for the first year--I will take them from here to India--This is a promise. That is, a student goes through those 24 lessons--then there afterwards he discovers those 24 lessons to 5 other youngsters? Because he has learned it, and what he has learned he has conveyed to 5 others. This boy who had gone through the 24 lessons and had conveyed it, communicated those lessons to 5 others, he becomes now, free of course, to come to India.
When he comes to India I'll allow him to stay there free for 2 years with me. Because he has gotten all the fundamentals isn't it. Now I start training him. Then I send him back again. Thus in about 10 years time, or five, six years time, I think we can get the first unit or first team of good workers--who has got some idea of it. This way only it is possible. You can't all of a sudden get from somewhere to another--know how people to come here and train them in 6 months time. It's not school teaching--training--it's not social worker training--It is spiritual training.
So those masters are meant here to create that intelligent, large-hearted--not sectarians. What we want is spirituality, not religion. We are not holding on to Krishna or an ideal--we are going to evolve--so that mysticism or spiritualism must be emphasized I think, at this juncture--and not become only mere fanatical groups--and I am follower of Krishna, I am follower of Rama or I am a follower of a particular Veda or of a particular Yoga--No, I am the follower of the expansion of my consciousness. It must be that way--mysticism--or mystical growth or spiritual development--must be our ideal--at this moment. If you progress that--there is inspiration in the youth, youth is on the march and must be given a direction.



Nowhere Near Eternity

Oracle:
In trying to find the spiritual path, the youth have begun taking the chemical called LSD, which induces conditions which seem to correspond to ancient traditions and the poetry of vision and the arts of vision and the traditions of visionary cultures--subjectively to them--Would you comment on this?

Chinmaya:
Now--What is it that our goal is? If it is spirituality, then it is dangerous--if you want only to visualize--see cinemas inside--If you want to see only a little more brighter color--or hear enchanting music--or new designs, which are all again projections of the mind--so you are still conditioned by your mind. It is nowhere near eternity or the higher consciousness. And if you, a man, chooses to do this he must be given the freedom.
If it is spiritual development and evolution that is in view then drug use is a dangerous suicidal path. I definitely know and I believe and I watch sufficiently the tragedies that are happening in India also, that an individual who is a drug addict--he has no chance of coming up in spirituality. I am very strongly against it.

Spiritual Shock

Oracle:
I know several people who are now spiritual seekers, serious. Who say they would not be spiritual seekers who don't take drugs now--but at one time or another had taken drugs and say that they would not now be spiritual seekers had it not been for the drug.

Chinmaya:
There are hundreds of cases in the history of all religions and in the life histories of great saints that they started to become spiritual by the shock of a great experience. For example, the great mighty men who have become great men of spiritual development, in the life history of them, they say "my only son died." Suddenly in that shock and sorrow, he started thinking, "Hey, this son for whom I've been doing all this, he is gone, in my life everything is gone. What is it all about? Then why am I here? What is the eternal Impermanent? Destruction?" Or a king when he has lost all his kingdoms suddenly he starts turning spiritual. In nature it is one of the methods of giving you a shock, terrific, and in the shock you suddenly realize. .
That doesn't mean that I must wait until my son dies for taking spirituality or my family to destroy itself or my kingdom to go before I take spirituality. Why don't you give shock to your intellect by correct understanding and thinking.
One man, your neighbor has given up drink because his heart thrombosis started. And another man stops smoking because cancer suspected, should you also wait until cancer comes or your heart attack. It is not necessary. Some people give up the wrong way of living when they become already injured in the process. Others can by intelligence understand it. This intellectual shock therapy is what scriptural study gives.

Education of Inner Man

So if we bring more of the scriptural studies to our universities--If I were to advise the government I would certainly advise that way. There is an enthusiasm in the youth why not give it a direction and a purpose--that is called intelligent government. Not to try to stop them. Give them the education, not religious education, I mean spiritual education, from early school onwards. Tell them not only that the discipline of the body, not only the data mongering intellect, have really contributed mighty things to the world, but men who are disciplined in themselves, who are disciplined in themselves, who have greater vision, ampler consciousness, these things even children can take up.
I've been doing experiments for the last, about ten years in our country and I am training in our groups or clubs, children's clubs in which we are teaching them Gita; we're teaching them Kirtan, meditations. Two sets--6 to 12 the juniors and 12-15 seniors, and telling stories. I'm sure that this spiritual wave that is passing over America can really bring forth some mighty men in this generation, if properly lead. But the tendency that we are seeing is everybody has got or already taken LSD or STP or they have got it already in their pocket and they are asking shall I take it,

shall I take it ?

My experience I know from which, though I am not a citizen of this country, I feel that everybody is going towards it, it's becoming a fashion. American craze, that anything anybody is doing everybody wants to taste at least once. Not in other parts of world. In other parts of the world everybody is individualist. Even if you keep a big moustache others will say that it is his because he likes it but I don't like it. Here it is not like that. One man does it then ten people do it, then twenty people must imitate it, and when 30 people have done it, it has become a fashion and when it has become a fashion it has immediately over night become a tradition that everybody must have. It quickly passes on like oil on the waters, spreads out to the interior parts of the country.

And when you go at it you are very dynamic people when you go into a thing you go into it thoroughly--large scale thinking, mass production, thinking big, planning big, this is your national character. So when they think of LSD, they will not stop at one pill or two pills, hands full of pills, and if there is anything--a Hydrogen Bomb available to eat to blast your personality you will take hydrogen bomb pills also. Tomorrow another medicine, more powerful. At this rate, if you go on, is not the danger doubling quick?

Do Sages Hug Each Other?

Oracle:

You see we don't consider it a danger because what we see from it is people getting interested in spiritual subjects, dancing more, singing more, learning things more, reading more, we see people dressing more colorfully, smiling more, apparently loving more because they have been taking this drug which has opened up an experience or a vision to them.

Chinmaya:

You mean to say the saints and the sages were dancing with each other? Which saint and which climate condition or religion have been wearing such colored clothes, please. Now, which religion says that the saints, sages and spiritual seekers must hug each other? Do you know that my teacher never allows his students even to touch each other. Even when they go near each other he says "Why are you rubbing each other. That is a sense pleasure--don't!" In the cold and snowy peaks of the Himalayas we were not allowed to go near a fire he says; "Sitting near a fire is a sensuous enjoyment--don't allow it--remain in a blanket."

I will not consider the present wave of apparent love, tenderness, affection as marks of spirituality. I will not consider the new tendency of more dance and more laughter as an expression of the spiritual unfolding. The colorful dressing I will not consider it. All that from what I have seen I consider only two, three things as really spiritual. Their courage to leave the security of home--spiritual. Their, let us say, forgetfulness to toe the line of social forms and formats in dress, in eating, in sleeping, in moving about. That is the sign of spirituality. The readiness and willingness to face any difficulties in route. That's a spiritual thing. Their anxiety and silent hunger in their mind to expand their love. Their cry for peace. It is a sign.

And generally they are seeking men who are spiritual masters and listening to those ideas, practising it, many people are practising ones I know. Some are practising asanas. Bhaktivedanta's ashram (in the Haight-Ashbary). Many people are going there. They're doing Kirtan. They love that atmosphere. Their attraction for those spiritual heights into which Ravi Shankar's music or Hindu music, Indian music takes you. These are all very very good signs. But the other things are drugging the mind being dragged into this auspicious atmosphere of spirituality. Once or twice guided properly I think they will leave it.

Sensuality

Oracle:

You speak of renunciation, or riding herd on the senses which is what all the great saints and sages have spoken. Well this is a very difficult process to reach this supreme happiness. Why, why must it be so? Why has man such finely developed senses if he must ride herd on them?

Chinmaya:

The very statement that it is very difficult. Now analyze it please--difficult for whom. For the children to leave the father and mother and live is difficult so long as they are children. When they are grown-up it is not as difficult on the other hand they love to go away and to start an independent home of their own. When the fruit is unripe try to pluck the fruit from the tree. Both the fruit and the tree will weep. Juice will come out of it, when the fruit is ripe in the tree's embrace. And that ripe fruit when it drops off--look at that fruit not a drop of even wet moisture is there.

In that tree there is no mark meaning--the individual as the result of his inner growth must be able to leave these external things. Then it is not a pain at all. You have gained a great feeling of happiness and satisfaction within. And therefore when we from that joy look at these, which were joys before, we have no holding interest in it and therefore that individual drops off these material sensual things. If I am not ripe and I give up these sense objects it is painful. To a child a toy is a great wealth. Let the mother and the father try to remove the toy, the child cries. But when the child is grown he himself throws the toys away. At this moment sense pleasures are so attractive because that's the only field known to us for mental happiness; let the mind discover the wider field of a greater joy and sense pleasures are immediately thrown out.

Does a research scholar even feel the need for sensuous pleasures? An unemployed man will he not think in the evening--let me go to the picture let me go this, let me go dancing. Why? He has nothing else to do. The other man finds his satisfaction in his laboratory or in his painting or in his poetry or in his writing then he is not so sensuous. When you have nothing to do and lot of energy, man feels disgusted and disgruntled. He seeks his happiness. If it is not available within the intellect or in the heart, he searches outside. So a spiritual student is one who has prepared himself to discover greater joy in himself.

And if he has prepared for it at home before he reaches a group of spiritual students then he will not have any eye in the outer world. But he searches more and more in the inner realms of ampler and more satisfying fields of joy. I hope I've made it clear. It is a growth. It is a resurge of the growth like a flower. When you pick a flower and remove the petals Ah! you have destroyed it and yet nature destroys. When the fruit has come, the flower has done its function. It drops silently the attraction for the sense objects drops off by itself, then the mind has turned toward a higher world and grown to a greater stage. Grown! Naturally nourish the mind. Let it grow!

Oracle:

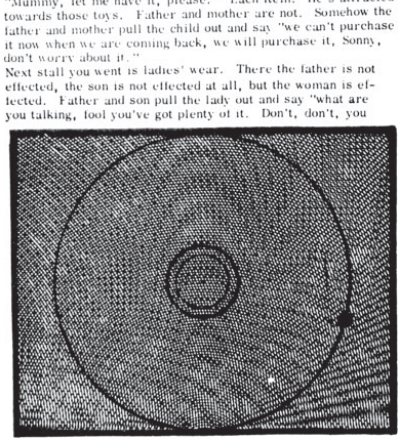
But why must it be the struggle? What's the purpose for this struggle?

The Adaptors and the Evolvers

Chinmaya:

Now why should the sense organs rush out to sense objects? When do my eyes run for those objects and crave for them when I have in myself a similar pattern or plan in mind? A father, a mother, and a child, the three of them together go into an exhibition ground. A national exhibition let us say. The first stall into which they enter, these guests, the father, the mother and the son for a Saturday afternoon, was toys. In the stall of toys the father is not attracted, the mother is not attracted, but the poor child looks at each bit of it and says "Mummy, let me have it, please." Each item. He's attracted towards those toys. Father and mother are not. Somehow the father and mother pull the child out and say "we can't purchase it now when we are coming back, we will purchase it, Sonny, don't worry about it."

Next stall you went is ladies' wear. There the father is not effected, the son is not effected at all, but the woman is effected. Father and son pull the lady out and say "what are you talking, fool you've got plenty of it. Don't, don't, you did not come here to purchase." The last stall that they went was gentlemen's wear. This very same father who had been pulling son and mother from everywhere now he says, "Aren't these beautiful ties, Ah, What patterns, these are beautiful socks - I think we have lack of socks." He gets attracted too. Now the mother and the son must pull the father out.



Why is it that each type of person gets attracted towards that kind of object? The external world of objects, when it's conducive or in harmony with the mental patterns and plans that we have got in us, we are attracted towards it. So if my pattern of desires, pattern of impatience, in my mind are changed as a result of a new study and independent thinking, things that I liked most in the past can be changed. No more have they any attraction. So today, the Upanishads declare that the creator has created the sense organs turned outwards, the eyes can see nothing but the objects, the ears can hear nothing but the worldly sounds, the tongue can taste only things outside, the skin can feel only things outside, the sense organs have been all turned outwards, meaning, they have no experience of what lies behind it. Therefore, everyone runs out every sense organ. This is the usual method of the adaptors.

Those who are the evolvers, some rare wisemen who have seen the hollowness of the sense world, turn themselves away from it wanting to realize this great Self on the greater, ampler fields of consciousness, they turn away from them. He has become an introvert; turned away from this sense satisfaction or sense gratifications seeking the fuller satisfaction, the more permanent satisfaction. So that why the sense organs go outwards is all because of the urge of desire, which in an unprepared intellect will be the urge of mere animal passions. When a prepared intellect, meaning that which has gone through the corrected thinking and study, there the intellect is no more wanting the toys of the world outside, but wants something more permanent, more eternal, more changeless. Satisfaction, not a mere momentary gratification. Again, as I said, it comes with growth and the intellect has grown to a new stature. The old things have no more enchantment at all.

Oh Man Rise Up

Oracle:

Why was man made at all to want sensual gratification, why wasn't he so constructed so as to be immediately looking inward?

Chinmaya:

You are asking me why man was made. Carefully, think what you are saying. This question comes in our mind because we feel that some manufacturer above the clouds with some ulterior motive has manufactured you and I and has pushed us into this confusing world with certain abilities and capacities of this moment and we are out to live a different life altogether, called the spiritual life. This is our concept, yes? No god ever created man, God became man.

Therefore, the Vedantic masters say, "Oh! God, why are you playing this part of a lower consciousness as a human being? Oh Man, Rise up! and realize thy own divinity." How long do you want to play in this sense world, and the consequent sorrows of it. Divinity is thy birthright. This higher consciousness is already in you. The dreamer is none other than the waker. To the dreamer we talk - "Oh dreamer, wake up and realize your godhood, you are the creator of the dream, including you the dreamer, is none other than the waking mind. Wake up and understand that I am the waker; and in the realization that I am the waker, I realize that it was a whole dream world that I saw, the dream sun, moon, stars, mountains, rivers, jungles, - everything that I saw in the dream, including the dreamer, for I am nothing but the waker now." The waker is the God of the dream world. Oh! dreamer realize that godhood. Similarly, we are now being told that you are now living the lower consciousness. In the lower consciousness, you see a world of plurality and get attracted and enchanted by it and withdraw. As you withdraw from this lesser you are inaugurating yourself and initiating yourself, or letting yourself in, tuning in, turning on the higher, not because of a pill or a smoke.

Nile River Loves You

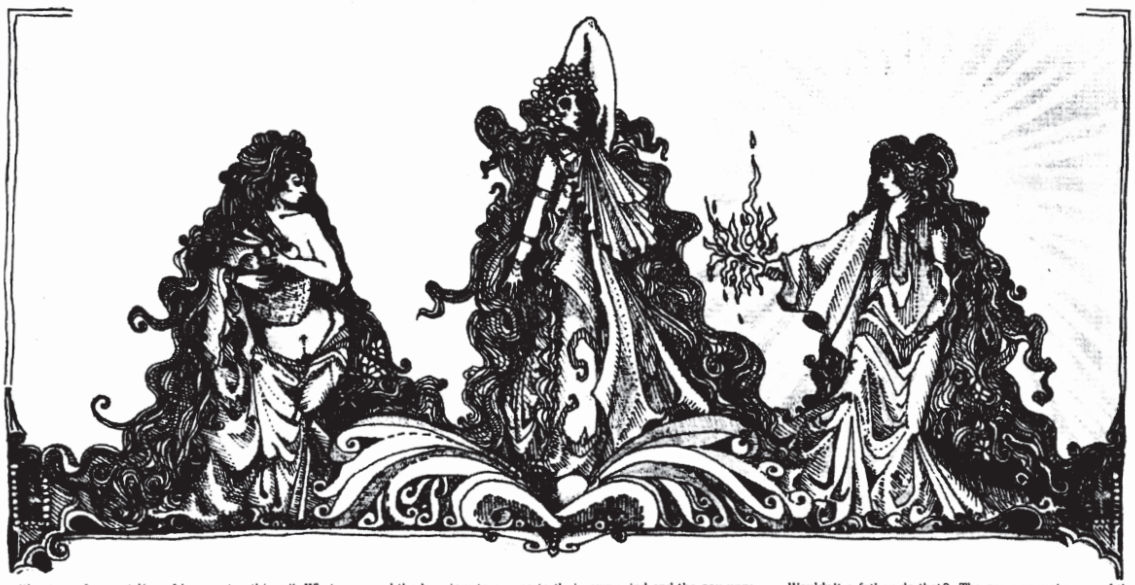
Oracle:

Swamiji, the kind of surrender that you were talking about this morning, does that come also with greater growth and the ability to surrender?

Chinmaya:

You see at this moment the best way to surrender would be to love, isn't it? Don't you surrender everything when you love a girl?

Family, father, mother, let the society say whatever it will.



"Darling without you I cannot live, I have got nothing." What all things people surrender in love. So that, in that love for Krishna, surrender is one method. Or by correctly understanding; more and more you study the scriptures and understand (oh oh). That must be my real nature, then why am I rotting here? You see by understanding also it can come, it is called Jnana Yoga, By devotion it can come: Bhakti Yoga.

Actual experience of love, hatred, jealousy, or greed or goodness or cheer or happiness. It is all within you. So I search Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Krishna until at last I'm tired and I close my eyes. Where ultimately I experience it, here. Bhakti stage by stage takes you to the knowledge where there is no Krishna, other than me, which even Vaishnavites describe as Parapati, meaning supreme devotion, is different from the lower devotion. In the lower devotion, the devotee and the devoted are two, but when they merge together, in that vivid experience of the merger, there is only one. The river reaches the ocean, the ocean alone exists, no more the river. Impossible, the river still maintains its personality, impossible, then it has not reached the ocean. When it reaches the ocean it becomes salt water, it may be millions of tons of water that is going perfectly, but even the Nile River when it merges with the Ocean becomes one.

When the dreamer wakes up, dreamer cannot exist, it becomes the waker. Think, when I reach Krishna consciousness, I Swami consciousness will have to end. The waker can never move to the deep sleep. When I reach the deep sleep, I am no more the waker, I am the deep sleeper. When I go to the higher consciousness and they say that in the higher consciousness I saw colors, vividness, beautiful patterns, then how can that be a higher consciousness, please? Because there, there is the object that I am conscious of so when I am conscious of those beautiful things, extraordinary things, extra sensory things, alright but I am conscious of them. What is that consciousness? When you are raised there vivitating is completely liquidated. Out of this emerges out the infinite.

India's Deterioration

Oracle:
A lot of Americans have a feeling that India's concentration upon the spiritual wholeness of man has resulted in the deterioration of India's material concern for man.

Chinmaya:
Yes, that is true, what you are saying it is really true. We have even the world history that proves it to be true. That India in the name of spiritualism started becoming introverted to the complete exclusion of looking after the social and political interests of the country and therefore, India deteriorated. In the West, completely divorced from sprituality, mere materialism has brought them today the affluent societies of the world, but they too are deteriorated because there is no internal inner mental balance. So it has been proved to the hilt. In the history of mankind, that either of them to the exclusion of the other, is a danger.

Bhagavad Gita in the last verse gives the solution for the human problems. The Gita is addressing a political man, Arjuna and is being addressed by a great spiritual master, Krishna and the conclusion is that unless the spiritual values of the heart and the material alertness of the body are both harnessed together, integrated together, there cannot be any peace. There, where Krishna and Arjuna are ready to do the work, there alone is wealth; there alone is victory, there alone is glory. Enduring beauty, glory and wealth shall come only in such a place, says Gita, in the last concluding verse.

Birth Control

Oracle:
Do you think that will come with overpopulation in the world?

Chinmaya:
The overpopulation itself is materialism not spirituality. Over indulgence, wanting to live in the sense world, wanting to beg pleasure from the world outside. After spiritualism is taken, the first thing that will happen is self-control. And self-control is meaningless, if it is only control of food, etc. unless it is sex. Because sex is the most powerful external urge. If that is not controlled, nothing else is controlled. Therefore if the world is to take up spirituality, the immediate change would be at least a stopping of this population problem.

Oracle:
Do you think there will have to be a material method of controlling this population as well?

Chinmaya:
It all depends. When I am having a serious operation in my limbs, and temporarily, as soon as I am out of the hospital, the doctor generally advises me to use crutches for a few days. Don't let the pressure come on that leg because it is not good, it is weak, but that does not mean that all my life I will have to lean on the crutches. Similarly, at this moment, lashed by the material civilization, people have become mentally so weak, that I do not think that they have the courage and the heroism to say no to their own mind and the sex urge.

All the time the population is increasing bringing about a chaotic situation in this society. Therefore, at this moment to preach to people only self-control is useless, they cannot do it. So we must give them a crutch and these crutches will be a physical method or the mechanical method, the pill method. But ultimately it should not be the solution for the problem.

So education must start right now in the elementary schools onwards and give them a new vision of a new world based upon self-control, where self-control is not merely self-denial, but a preparedness to enter into an ampler field of a greater joy. The positive aspect of morality is never emphasized in Christianity. They merely say, "don't do it, don't do it." If I don't do it, what am I going to gain out of it is not explained. The spirituality of India positively explains. For what greater wealth or pleasure, are we giving up the smaller pleasures. If that is insisted, I am sure that the modern man has got the courage and the heroism. He, that generation that has the heroism to go into outer space, the heroism to go and discover the moon and land there, why should they not have the heroism to discover the greater space within his own bosom. The exploration of the ampler, unknown space within the bosom is the next great discovery that the world is probably waiting for, which spirituality insists upon.

Chaos Cosmos and Bluebells

Oracle:
Do you feel that in all this seeming chaos and confusion of the world, there is an evolutionary direction towards which all this is marching?

Chinmaya:
Nothing in the world that is happening is not contributory to the ultimate rise. Never is a retard possible. Evolution is a positive movement (ah) just as a road that takes you to the summit of a mountain may itself be going down and up. So at a certain point you can see your car going down on its way up. No road is keeping the same grade. So when the car is mounting towards the summit, in route there are points where the vehicle may be looking, apparently going down on his way up, but even though going down it is a tearing soaring movement towards the summit.

At this moment, temporarily if you watch the world in certain aspects it looks as if we are going down. We are going down only on our way up, there cannot be any other way. And there is no chaos, chaos is created by us. It is a cosmos. The Lord created only a cosmos, scientifically precise. Everyone in the world is following that science, the sun, the moon, the stars, the waters, the ocean, the river, the mountains, the earth itself, the plant kingdom, the animal kingdom, all of them are following the laws. The only one who is not following the laws is the intelligent animal called man. And man alone feels that there is chaos.

Do you mean to say that the flowers of this country are all now troubling about chaos, what chaos can there be? Suppose you are a bluebell, what chaos is there? Sun, light, food, water, rain, bees come in and fertilize it, it fulfills the food comes out. There is no chaos among them, nor among the the animals is there chaos. Chaos is only among men. And it is created not by nature but by man, created for himself because of his own stupidity. He dares to go against the laws of nature. Therefore you say that nature is crushing you. Nature is not crushing you. You are going under the wheels of nature. If intelligently you live in the evolutionary direction, even today, tomorrow-onwards you can say, the world is again peaceful and serene.

So the selfishness of man and his temperament of allocating more than what he wants; the very principle of living with which the material world today is living is namely: Take more than I give. --in every walk of life: This is against evolution, against the law of nature. Look at the sun, constantly giving; moon, constantly giving; air giving, rivers, oceans, earth, trees, animals. Here everyone is giving more than what they take. Man alone wants to abrogate. Take more than what he gives. This upsets the entire balance - is against the law of nature. If man understands it earlier - the better! Or else he will get crushed. Nature is not going to stop for man's foolishness.

Freedom to Disobey

Oracle:
How can man being a part of nature go against nature?

Chinmaya:
It can, because in the evolutionary stage at this moment, man has become the best among the roof and crown of things, the best among the creations. That, because of his rational intellect - well developed - nature, apparently, has given him the freedom to disobey, knowing fully well that in his rational intellect he will not do so.

An animal can not go against the law because he's ordered by instincts and impulses. He's shackled by nature. He's something like my eldest son's (grown up now) mustache and beard has come. Therefore, I give him the freedom in my house. Wouldn't a father do that? The son can make use of that freedom and create for himself. Or he can damn the world and ruin his own future. But he is given the freedom. But so long as he was a child, the father look after him. And even when he wanted to do something wrong, the father stopped him. That the father in heaven, let us say that great kindly lord, when he saw that of his creation man has become a rational human being, he has been given the freedom to do, or not to do, or to do otherwise.

No, man is not using that intelligence to understand his relationship with the world around and therefore nescience, lack of thinking, lack of science. He is very good in science of the outer world. But regarding himself and the world outside, his own subjective relationship; he's not looking into it and therefore we call it nescience - ignorance. In his ignorance, in his stupidity, in his misconception, he's misbehaving and harming himself and others around him. Spirituality is only saying "old man relax and live honorable. There is a greater joy available for you individually and communally." It is all that spiritualism tells him. But because he has become habituated to live in lust and passions and urges, he is creating a hell for himself and for us. I don't think that this chaos is caused by the universe of nature. It's caused by our unnatural living.

Law of Karma

Oracle:
Well, you talked before about chaos, when a man is serene not being chaos anymore. I came here today wondering about riots in Detroit, wars in Viet Nam, riots in Newark, possible riots in San Francisco and Oakland. How... what kind of serenity is there in when human beings are clashing like that?

Chinmaya:
When I have over eaten for the last one week and today now if I have got dysentery, it is a result of the days of my excesses. The law of karma works. So I am trying to find out or explain the fundamental diagnosis. We have been living in the world selfishly. Some people who have the power was crushing others. The rich - the poor. Here, the whites - the blacks. You see? There - I mean some imperial powers held the lesser unevolved societies as colonies. The strong man playing upon the foolishness and credulity of others goes on. The weak have been crushed and the strong have been ruling over. This consequence has gotten to a certain stage that it seems that in the scheme of nature, now the poor is becoming stronger than the rich, and the rich is being massacred. And there are various revolutions in Asia. Here also we find that the labor class is organizing more and more, that the proprietors are in trouble - in the sense that they can't misbehave with them as before.

So that if riots, wars and revolutions and disturbances are coming up, strikes are all coming up, remember, these are all the external symptoms of a deep rooted disease. How will you remove the disease? Accept spirituality! There's no other way. Mere physical and apparent despair that we see among the youth of this nation, youth of the whole world, I should say, is not a revelation. They are only voicing forth what everybody's feeling. But that mere enthusiasm, physical enthusiasm, is not sufficient.

Better sit down and start reliving, recreating a new society wherein the principle is "I sweat, I toil, I work, and I find my fulfillment in producing happiness for others. I don't want anything more." All problems when you analyze you will find this is the fundamental: that man has become too much aggrandizing. At the political level, in power; at the economic level, in money; at his relationships, the same.

Never before was man so illiterate in the real concept of life as it is now. Even the barbarians, they may not have known technical knowledge, they may not have known engine and machine age. You can say that in many ways they were ignorant. But they were very, very wise men in as much as they knew that there is reverence for others. The spiritual values work. Therefore, unless that has been accepted - based upon which you shall evolve at that time a code of living.

New Age - New Birth

And I think that the world, as you said earlier, the chaos that you're seeing, yes these are the pains before every new birth. I find my consolation in that way. When I go around the world and see these things. There is no birth that is without pain. So that humanity in surging forwards to a new birth, has come to a stage where it can no longer stay in that condition. But a new age is a painful process where it gives pain to the mother and to the child. Every muscle in the mother is squeezing the child out. The child doesn't want to leave the security of the womb to the unknown world.

Today, the dollar dominated life, we don't want to leave it. We know that that is not the right place and we have got a greater ambition, perhaps. But we don't want to leave it. At the same time, the societal situation around the world is making us leave. That every nerve and muscle in the mother is squeezing the child out and the child doesn't want to come. Together, the world is groaning in the pain of the new birth. The child is squeeking because of the pains of his own agony. That the

world seems to be not in a good time, the generation also is not in good time, is all because of a new age.

Generally at such moments a midwife used to come: a prophet, a saint, a sage. This time, the midwife is slightly late, I think. Probably this is a false pain. We don't know. So then we will try among ourselves to help each other. Seeing as the midwife has not come, and the mother's time has come, what can you do? Nothing can be done. So the neighbors who had the delivery before, they all come together. And it may not be so scientific as the midwife. But since they have gone through the processes, they come and try to advise and..., you understand? Similarly, we comes sometimes here and advise you.

But then people say, "No, that is not the method. Put a pillow on the stomach and sit down and squeeze it out. Instantly delivery will come." All right, try! Similarly, here the youth, you know, instantly they want it and therefore drugs and other things they try. We say it's bad for the mother and the child, Please! But they say, "Oh, no, no, no." Simple thing. Logic is simple. The child is in the stomach. It is to come out. It is not coming. Therefore, the mother and the child is suffering Therefore, put a pillow on the stomach of the mother and dance on it. I mean, what to do? It is very simple and elementary logic. But these are the people who are advising a people who have never delivered! We who have delivered sometime with the help of a maid, I admit, a midwife, but we have gone through the mill. Therefore, we come and try to tell you that, no, at least, don't put a pillow there and dance. No, the other methods are old methods. This is the latest technical method of it. So that the obnoxious attitudes or new methods are dangerous, we feel, but then we can't tell you anything about it because we are not midwives. Only a prophetic incarnation can authoritatively say, "That is wrong." We can't say that. Only we can say, we would deliver in a different way. Not the pillow method. This is what we are doing. I hope you understand the suggestion.

Nuclear Weapons

Oracle:
Would you like to comment about how the discovery and invention of atomic energy and atomic bomb has influenced the human race, what opportunities and what disasters?

Chinmaya:
Ah, certainly. But such a situation has been faced by healthier men before. Isn't it? In the 18th century when the cannon was discovered, certainly it was as much a threat to mankind. And they thought that there is no question of any defense possible, because ten miles away. Think of that. They found a defense for that also. There again in the 18th century or the 19th century the first plane took off. And in the last war, we thought now nobody is safe. Planes can come over and bomb. Oh, oh. London stood it four years of bombing. And she is not the bad for it. She's still there. OK? Now we have understood that a plane is not an offense at all. Not at all, you know? Burn everything and all that stuff. Viet Nam has clearly shown that if man is determined, weapons can do nothing. So then it is each time a secret because of the ferociousness of the weapon. And hydrogen bomb and atom bomb, were more powerful than any of the instruments so far discovered by man. Therefore, there is a shake up of human moralities, human values. Because under the threat of insecurity, man starts feeling of the immediate pleasures, because tomorrow he's not certain. Hmm? So in the war time there is less morality. In the war front, less morality. The army officer who is just off the firing line, he has no morality at all. Why? He wants to escape from the gruesome of it. And therefore, he becomes just an animal. He slays all the armies in the world, whose disciplines are not even on the war front.

In all other places, we find the same thing. What happened in India - so spiritual a country - but then when Pakistan and Hindustan start coming, what an amount of animalism came out. That doesn't mean that we are so bad. There, at that moment, this Kali comes out. Ordinarily we like beauties only. Skulls, anger comes out. And there is no question of insult. So that today, because we have no defense against these mighty forces that can be released at any moment even by a madman, unconsciously, big button. The whole world is still in a rocky condition. Therefore, people start thinking that damn it all, we don't know whether tomorrow is going to be. The whole thing is going to blast out I'm glad I do as I do today. OK. Tomorrow what happens? Oh, nevermind.

This sort of philosophy would calm an average man. But just as the cannon did not shake us completely, planes did not shake us completely, similarly a time would soon come when even the atom bomb is not a threat because we've got enough defense. Is it not? Because a man who can discover an equipment of annihilation has also the intelligence to find out the defense for it It's always like that. I may take the time-lapse between the discovery of a destructive machine and the defense. The time-lapse seems to me a little longer this time, because each one of them is spending entire energy and vitality to create more and more powerful weapons. And therefore, there is a general break-up, I think. But in case they have got that idea more and more coming to their mind. That I'm immortal. I'm eternal... What does it matter if the whole world blasts away? We altogether go, not this seed but another seed. If that idea has come into our mind. Poof. Who is afraid of anything?

Machines and the Form We Love

Oracle:
There's a myth among the Hopi Indians in America that the white man would come to this country with cross and wheel. And that he would supercede the Indian race with machines which the Indian perceived 30 years before we came. But that the Indian man who kept to the way and to the spirit would remain when the man who came with the wheel and the cross would first destroy himself with the sign of the swastika and finally in the sign of the man with the red cape and red hat. And that the world would eventually go up in flames. And one of Oppenheimer's and Einstein's reluctancies in the bomb going off is that a series of bombs would turn the atmosphere into fire. And that the earth could eventually go up. And that the people who would stay to the way would be called "the Tao" or "the way of the great father" or "the way of the spirit" or "the way of good magic" or whatever term you would use, would survive. And I'm asking this question today because it seems that what's going on is that there is a war going on between man and the machine...even the thing that took place in Detroit, it is the obvious machine center of the world, and it's taking form in many areas. I think even in Viet Nam this is the war that's going on, so that it seems that the pinnacle now is arising. And what we want to know and what we are searching for is how the race can survive through this.

Chinmaya:
Now, the race that has been created is not by you and I. Are we responsible for the race? It was here when you came. When I came, the human race was here already. So somebody else is the father who created the race. Now you say that there is something that is going to happen. (Which is also not created by you and I) in which the human race is going to be exploded. How dare we take the responsibility of saving the race? We are not the producers of the race. We are not the survivors or the protectors of the race. We have never tried to annihilate the race. We, the race, come, has come already and is now continuing. And if it is going to blast itself, the father who created the race knows how to preserve it. It may be that the entire mankind is to be blasted away because the lord himself might have found that his experiment with man is an utter failure. And as an honest scientist, he is trying to break up the whole laboratory and remake another experiment. So what? But you and I cannot die. That is the point. Mind and intellect will survive. If not in this form, another form. And in this survival, sir, I mean in this very cataclysm that is coming up, as you say. If I were asked and consulted, I certainly would like to go with them. I would not like to survive that.

Oracle:
But I love this form... This form I love and understand.

Chinmaya:
Very good, sir, very good. If you love, why are you worried about. Even this form and your loving it, when you go, you come back the same form. Would anybody say that I like this dress and therefore I wouldn't change it? The changing is only to put it into the machine.

Oracle:
The dress is not an organic form. This is an organic form.

Chinmaya:
No, wait. Just as the dress is for the physical body, so the body is for you, the mind and intellect. Think. Just as is the dress for the body; for the mind, the body. The dress is not organic matter, I admit. It is a material. The body is organic. Now, fine. Thoughts are not organic.

Oracle:
They are; they come out of my whole cellular structure.

Chinmaya:
Subtler, subtler, subtler. In that we all are matter. When we say organic and inorganic, we a difference make for if one is conscious, the other is not conscious. Similarly, we are making the difference between the body and the mind. Or that, all things are matter only, but they are subtler and subtler. The intellect is subtler. The body is grossest. The spirit with which it goes, the movement that it has got, the thoughts are subtler and can move faster. The gross things cannot stop it. "Stone walls do not a prison make." For the prisoner who is in the stone wall, his body will be held there, but his mind can go to his home. The stone walls are there, but they are gross. The subtle mind can penetrate through them. Physical body cannot be brought out unless you break open the mountain. "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," the poet says. Idea being that the mind that is subtle uses the physical body to express itself. And you are saying that "I love the body."

Oracle:
Yes, because this is an expression of that.

Chinmaya:
Right, right. And musician says, "I love the instrument. True. A musician, intelligent musician loves the instrument so long as that instrument can express his music. When a damage comes to that instrument that he can not express the music, do you mean to say he will hold to that instrument because it has served him 25 years? Ha. He throws it away, takes another instrument that can sing his song. The physical body you say is not to survive. OK. The mind and intellect if it demands another physical body, it will be given another body If this body along with the other bodies are destroying itself or being blasted away, then it will go. Why do you worry? It is not the last body that you are going to get.

Oracle:
But because that atom bomb represents the distortion of reality that has come out with the machine.

Chinmaya:
Right, I admit it.

Oracle:
What has been influencing man. So I want to change it before that distortion takes place.

Chinmaya:
Right, right. But don't forget when you save that mankind from the machine, that machine itself came from...? The most sacred thing in the world - human intellect. Misused, of course.

Oracle:
But the human intellect in the service of the Vassanas, in the service of greed.

Chinmaya:
That's what I said - misguided, I admit. It is misguided. But it came from the human intellect. Human intellect purified in greed. Thought of how to get it and therefore, out of it gets this. I admit it... But it came from the human intellect. Therefore, the human intellect itself must strive now. Those who are against the hydrogen bomb or atom bomb must strive to purify the minds of the others, mental purity, intellectual purity, meaning hate, try to remove hate. Try to bring more love in. How can it be done unless a man tries to explain to them how, when he is killing or fighting somebody, he is fighting against himself. That he can't wound another one unless he is wounding himself. That this oneness when it is understood. Love is the culmination of self-realization of spirituality. When that love is recognized for a larger community, I don't say overnight it will happen, when we can at least have the satisfaction that we started the right move. This is all that the Masters and all spiritual people have tried. We are the pioneers of it. You develop. When this body is demanded by nature. Drop it. We have only temporarily taken it. borrowed. It's a tool for achieving higher realms.

First Maiden Flight

Voice from the audience:
In meditation, I find that there are times when a big fear will arise and the best way I can describe it, is when you are walking in the dark and you get the feeling if you take one more step you will fall down into a chasm and my question is, what is the nature of this fear?

Chinmayananda:
It is natural, because we are really going towards a destination for which every step we do not know, but if you have studied sufficiently the scriptures, I don't say that the whole world will be floodlit but you develop a small little pencil torch light on your toe that when you put one step then the light will show you that there you are safe to put your feet, very difficult this feat, it is all darkness admitted, but there will be a glowing toe tip, which will give you enough light to show that you are on safe ground, place the feet, go forward and this bridge that bridges the chasm from the known to the unknown, it is truly a bridge that with each step you take, the bridge behind gets burned up.
When you put your feet forward there is no bridge there mind you, but when you place the feet there, there will be one step available. So once you start on the bridge, never look down, always look at the goal only. Go ahead, wherever you place your feet, they will be supported. If you look down, finished, you will fall down immediately, because back you can't go, because it's all been burnt, you can't go back to your home. Back home means back to the P.F.T. (ego-self as Perceiver, Feeler, Thinker). Nor can you stand where you are standing (laughter) Always look at the goal, walk ahead, you shall find, close your eyes and you will learn, steps will be built as you put your foot. Next step, suppose the step isn't there. I'm dying, Sir, I shall go forward in the chasm, so what? You just go ahead.
The fear is natural in the first few steps, fear is like the fledgling birds. You know when the birds take their first flight, terrible flight it is, if you watch the little tiny birds taking the first maiden flight, the bird howls and shrieks and then at last it takes its first two flights and there afterwards the bird knows how to fly and the bird leaves the mother and goes away. So the first few stages in meditation, there will be a little fear, analyze it the rest of the time during the day. What is the fear? Fear for this flesh. This flesh can never go there, anyway we have to leave it here, so what. In meditation a chasm for the mind and intellect, which is moving? Why does it want a support? For the body, of course, it may fall down. Mind and intellect, where can it fall? It doesn't need the earth under its feet you understand? Analyze it and when you analyze it, learn to laugh at your own fears.

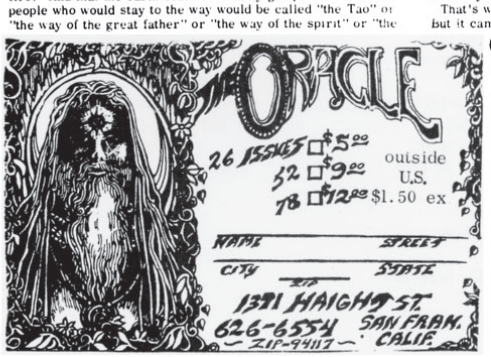
SHIRE SCHOOL

The teachers in the Shire School are naked in their clothes. The children are free to become naked then inside their bodies and this is the beginning of the Teaching. Together and alone we become naked in our minds. We can learn our mind clothes and begin to be responsible for their creation. The Shire School children can spin their own homespun mind clothes. No one expects them to choose ready-to-wear, mass-produced garments or even a one-of-a-kind original design of someone else. They try them on, perhaps, but no one expects them not to get them torn or dirty. Or discard them in the bushes.

It's free. How can they buy their own nature? And what else is there to offer? Each child is his own teacher; each teacher is himself. Adults bring their things to share with any child who digs it, and the kids share their things with anyone they dig.

The necessary legal requirements are being met so the child is not hassled by law to return to the Mind Clothes Union. One hundred children from ages 4½ to thirteen are enrolled in Themselves. The Panhandle has become a temporary meeting-place, as the leased building on 17th Street was declared "uninhabitable" by the city. For a limited period, the city will allow us to continue in the park, but a building is needed. A super-van was clothed in color by the kids and helps in getting them to some of the places that are theirs. But a large bus is needed if the Shire is truly to move together without leaving behind those who would go. Always, with or without a bus, the children are free to venture out with an adult in any direction.

The Shire is a territory of the mind, a community of beginning. The children need not be held back by a vain attempt to make them begin where we began. They are already in their own dynamic piece of mind. And when they go on from here, they may take us as far along the way as we are able to go. But we can never follow them all the way. It is their own creation.



ORACLE #11 CITY OF GOD

Oracle #11 will be a blueprint for the imaginary City of God made real. Material envisioning ideal relationships for human beings on planet Earth, in particular San Francisco's seven hilled paradise: architectural-Economic-Cultural-Social-Technological or Agrarian-Religious-Familial-Sexual-Rituals for new age. Ideas Images Visions Prose & Poetry should be sent to:
SAN FRANCISCO ORACLE, 1371 Haight Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94117..

TEMPORARY FLIGHT

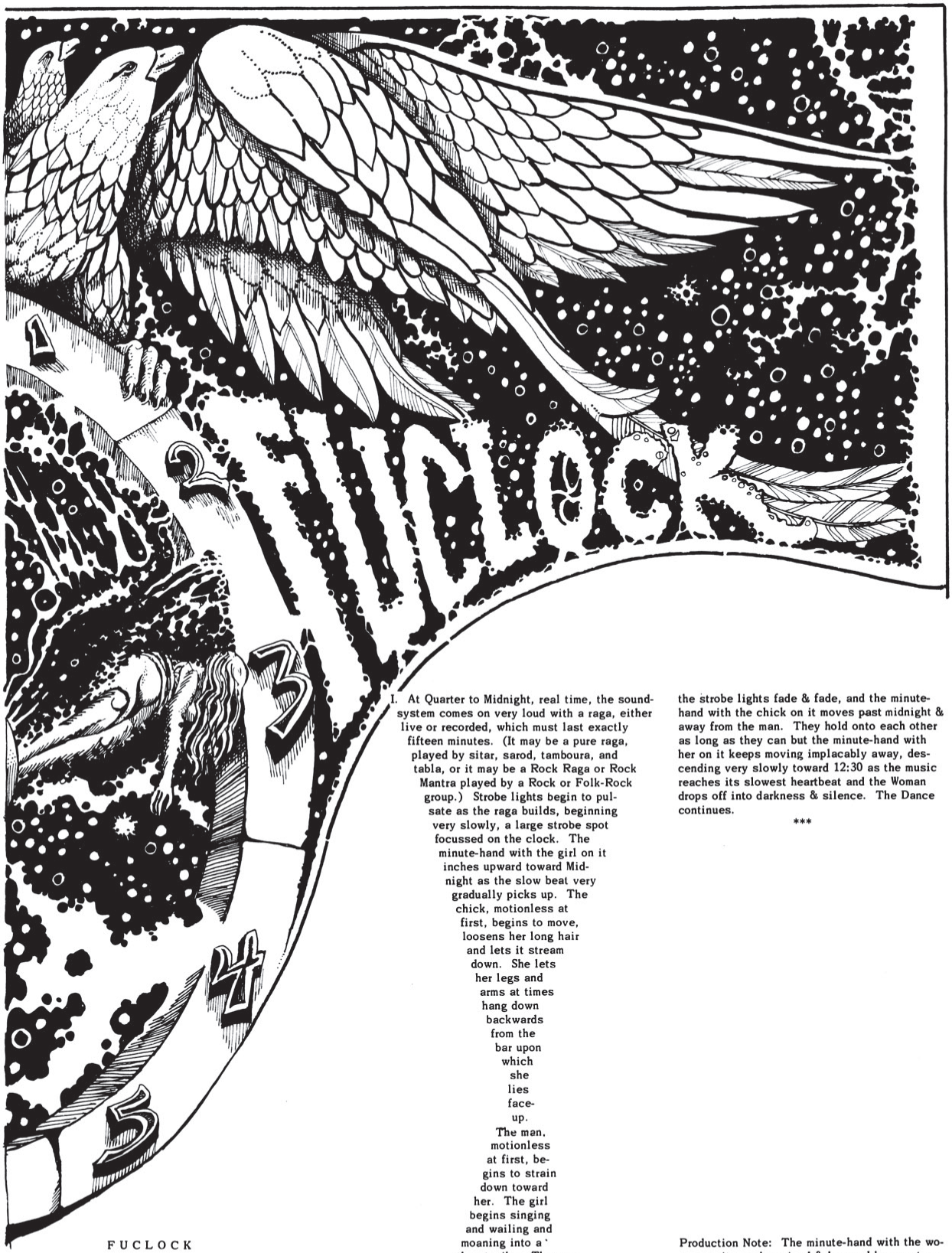
Deep blue haze
Elektra wings thru
Illimitable
White bird in it
far off
skimming
or a white plane skating
way down there
small shadow of it
sweeping
the shrunk landscape
disappeared now
into the great brown ground
as if fallen
while its plane still flies on
miraculously!
And Sunday Chicago appears
at end of autumn carpet
stuck to great flat blue cloud
of Lake Michigan
stretched out
Rich resorts & Lakeshore fronts
beaches lapped forever
pavillions asleep in time
Hum of Elektra winging down
wigging down
Seatbelts on
flaps down
swinging around
for re-entry
into that world
Engine drones
like a tamboura
Passage to India
on LSD Airlines
Temporary flight
of ecstatic insanity
into its own
glittering terminals
pulsing with light

Gliding down & down
How calm all
Still autumn forest
Golf-link in it
Straightwayhighway into a cloverleaf
cars crawling the petals
Huge cemetery in brown woods
Death itself only another
lower form
of temporary ecstatic insanity
out of your skull
into the ground
How soft the trees down there
How very soft
from up here
We
could almost
bounce into them
soft landing
among the branches

And so on down
into it
into the soft ground
illusion!
As if
as if we don't ever die
but become new burrowing consciousnesses
Earthworm Tractors
ZOOM
Still a scary landing
into <u>that</u> Underground

*

Ferlinghetti
Cincinnati-Chicago
Sunday Oct 23, 1966



FUCLOCK

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

To be performed at a Mantra Rock dance on an elevated platform. A clockface, at least 12 feet in diameter. A naked young cat with long hair is bound to the upright hour-hand at Quarter to Midnight. A naked bird with long hair is bound face-up to the horizontal minute-hand. (They are both bound by their torsos so that they may move their arms & legs freely.)

I. At Quarter to Midnight, real time, the sound-system comes on very loud with a raga, either live or recorded, which must last exactly fifteen minutes. (It may be a pure raga, played by sitar, sarod, tamboura, and tabla, or it may be a Rock Raga or Rock Mantra played by a Rock or Folk-Rock group.) Strobe lights begin to pulsate as the raga builds, beginning very slowly, a large strobe spot focussed on the clock. The minute-hand with the girl on it inches upward toward Midnight as the slow beat very gradually picks up. The chick, motionless at first, begins to move, loosens her long hair and lets it stream down. She lets her legs and arms at times hang down backwards from the bar upon which she lies face-up.

The man, motionless at first, begins to strain down toward her. The girl begins singing and wailing and moaning into a throat mike. The man does the same, or roars, whenever she is silent. The beat of the raga builds, faster & faster, as the minute-hand approaches Midnight. The two nude figures reach wildly for each other, singing & roaring together. Finally they reach each other with their hands, then with their arms, then with their legs, and exactly at Midnight as the Raga reaches its climax with a crash, the two figures entwine in ecstatic bardo embrace. Blackout.

***

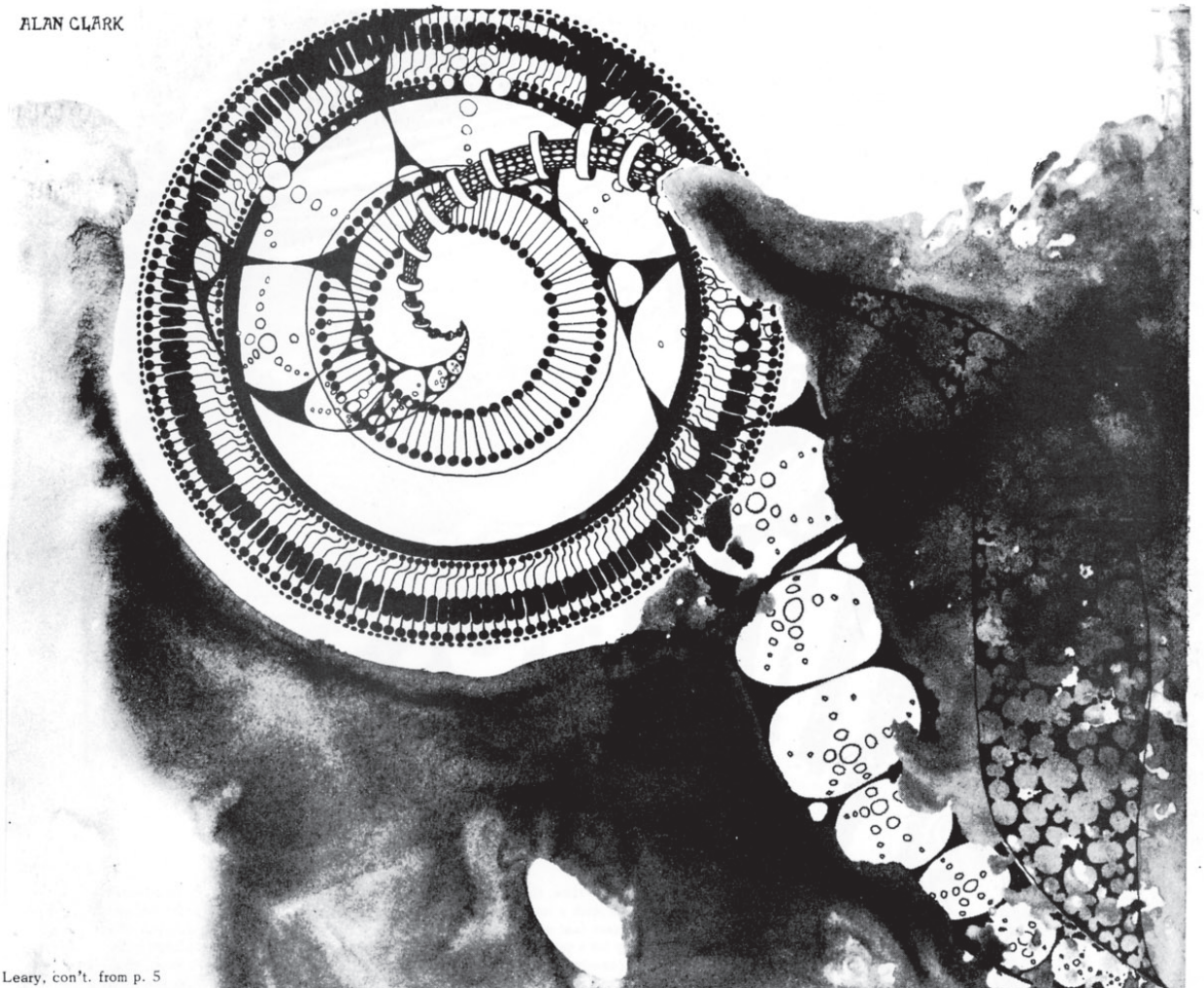
II (Optional). The Raga or rock-mantra is played backwards, decelerating very slowly, as the strobe lights fade & fade, and the minute-hand with the chick on it moves past midnight & away from the man. They hold onto each other as long as they can but the minute-hand with her on it keeps moving implacably away, descending very slowly toward 12:30 as the music reaches its slowest heartbeat and the Woman drops off into darkness & silence. The Dance continues.

***

Production Note: The minute-hand with the woman on it may be raised & lowered by constructing it as one half of a seesaw pivoted at the hub of the clock, with the lower half of the see-saw hidden behind the clock's face. One or two men behind the clockface may thus sit on the end of the see-saw & raise or lower the upper half of the see-saw, the minute-hand, as necessary. The Man may actually be supported by a tiny platform just large enough for his feet attixed at the base of the hour-hand just above the hub of the clock. The Girl may also have such a little platform to support her weight as she reaches the upright position.

FUCLOCK may also be performed with two males or two females, however desired....
"Ecstatic Bardo embrace": as in Tibetan "Second Bardo" visions of the 7th type.

ALAN CLARK



Leary, con't. from p. 5

and met, how long does it take for a person who uses LSD regularly, say once a month, to recognize that the yoga is a part of his experience?

TL: I don't know.

VA: Because there seems to be an amazing influx of yogic knowledge now. Do you think that it's primarily caused by the people that have been using acid?

TL: Yes, I think so. There's a very predictable and obvious cycle. People take LSD. They discover that there is an infinity of possibilities. They stumble on the real questions of life. Then, sooner or later, they discover that they have to do something about it in some systematic way.

Very often, people at this point say they are "quitting drugs." That's great. There are the Meher Baba people, all of whom came to Meher Baba through LSD.

Now the Beatles are going to India; they are following a master who doesn't take drugs, well, that's great. But you can't short-circuit the phenomena. You can't jump from being a robot to becoming a follower of yogic method without being turned on first. And the message of the Beatles and the Meher Baba people shouldn't be that the youngsters shouldn't take LSD. They should encourage kids when they are ready to take LSD. But when they stumble upon the basic questions, then come to Meher Baba, Maharishi, the sufis. If there's anything that the history of religion teaches us, it's that the religious yogic discipline without a turn-on is worse than just the material road of life.

The thing that frightens me, what frightened me at Harvard for example, was the ruthlessness of this educational machine, which gets them clean, tidies up their minds, and gets them more and more symetrical and metallic. That's the thing that gives me the horrors. And any way that a kid can be encouraged to step out of that, I don't care what he goes through.

VA: Once He's out. Granted that he should come out. Because we are not the educational machine, and we are not going through this thing. So it's important to have dialogue about "here's the problem, what are our reactions as human beings to these people, these kids, human beings on the moraine?" How do we react to them, and talk about it?

TL: [illegible] Haight/Ashbury you have [illegible] 100 men and women who have attained an incredible level of [illegible] and dedication and who are working day and night to tune the kids back in and harness them to something that's great. I'm convinced that 9 men and women who are pure at heart and are turned on can change the world. And you've got 50 or 100 of them here in the Haight/Ashbury--the people who are running the Oracle, the Thelins, the Communications Company, the underground papers, Ken Kesey, Allen Ginsberg...

VA: Innumerable others

RETURN TO MAMA EARTH

TL: Hundreds, thousands of saints we don't even know about in places like Houston, Texas and Lincoln, Nebraska, who are radiating, who are showing by example how to tune it back in. What more can be done than what we're doing right here in this room, in our clumsy, incoherent way attempting what we believe in.

VA: What type of evolutionary process do you expect to happen in this society, due to the influence of places like Haight/Ashbury, Drop City, and some of the places in New Mexico? What level will it evolve to? Will these people be listened to by the majority of our society, or will they be constantly harassed and perhaps wiped out?

TL: It can't be wiped out. I keep saying this over and over again to the kids. This is not new. We've been through this a thousand times in history. It's always a small per cent that bring about a religious renaissance, or a new evolutionary lurch. Haight/Ashbury has done it. And the movement into the southwest, the movement back to the land, is going to carry this thing another notch forward.

That doesn't mean that everyone is going to drop out of the city and go to live in teepees or hogans or domes. But the fact that ten per cent of your most energetic, beautiful and expressive people are doing it is going to bring the whole system up. In fifty years you're going to have thousands of communities like Drop City. That's still a small percentage of the community, but the fact that they exist will raise the level of Harvard Law School. The kids that stay in the system will be hooked up to it. In fifteen years your Supreme Court are going to be pot smokers and those people whose essence consciousness has grown out of Haight/Ashbury into Arizona/New Mexico will have changed it.

VA: And will these communities present a real alternative to the present way of life?

SPIRITUAL CENTER OF SOCIETY

TL: Not an alternative. You see, a society is guided by its holymen and by its monasteries and ashrams. Even though ten per cent or less are doing it, if they are the center of the larger society, the thing is going to move forward. It has always been that way. And a society is in trouble when it has lost its spiritual center, when the monasteries are no longer turned on. And that is what has happened in the Western world. And that is what we're changing. The fact that places like Haight/Ashbury and Drop City exist brings American society back onto the central beam.

VA: You have been through Drop City?

TL: Yes, I just finished a very psychedelic trip through the Southwest. I visited Drop City, visited New Buffalo and several smaller communities there.

TL: The main function of an ashram is to survive, to keep the flame going and survive. And Drop City is doing that. You can't ask a monastery to turn out Christian Brothers' wine or psychedelic works of art.

VA: Did you see their work of art? The one they are going to sell?

TL: Yes. It's beautiful. But I'm less impressed by these things. There is psychedelic art being done every place. I'm much more impressed by their domes and by their continuity and by the look in their eyes.

VA: How are they relating to the barren Southwest? And the desert?

TL: In what way?

VA: Economically, mostly.

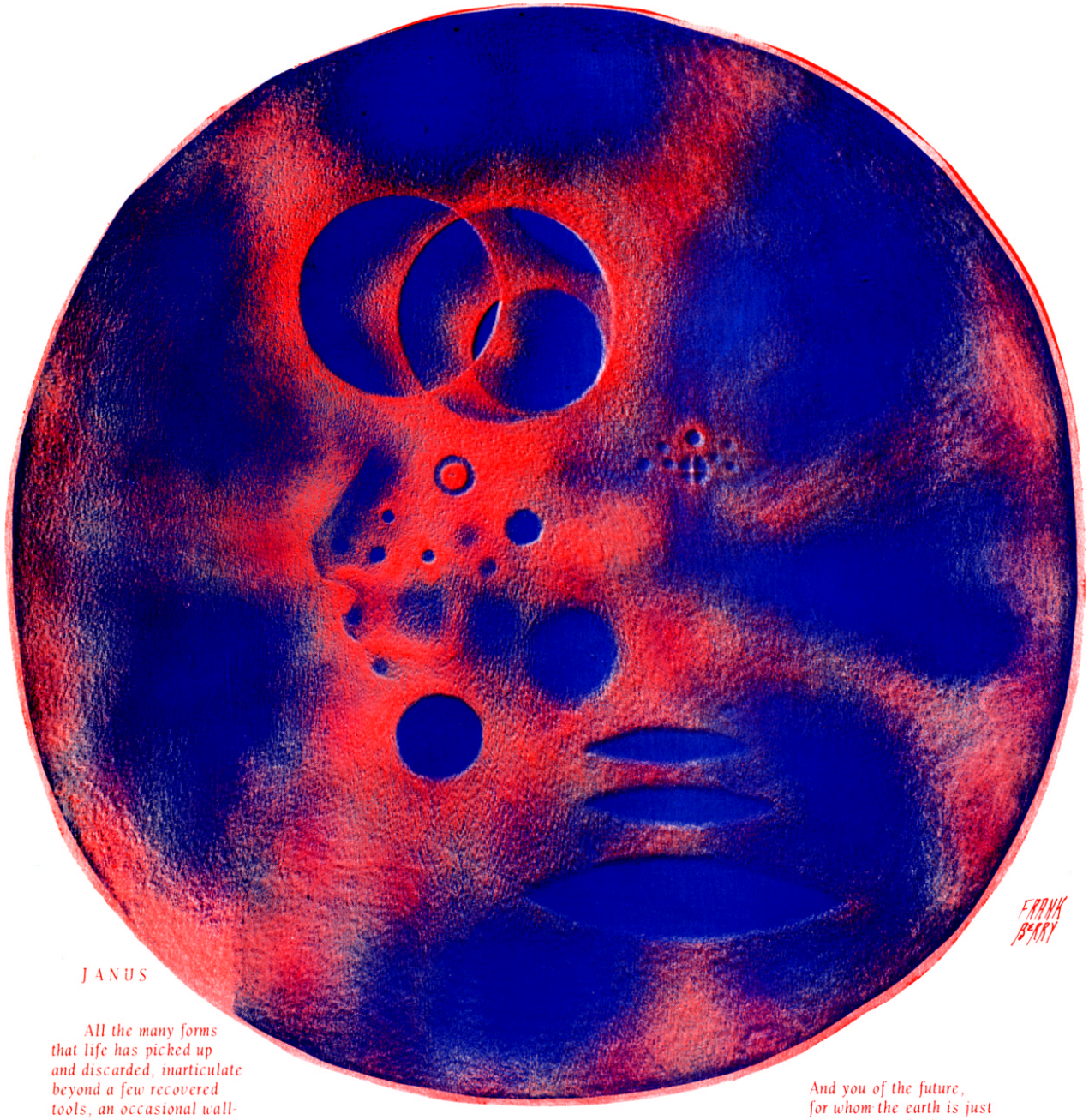
TL: They are desperately poor, but they are surviving from day to day.

VA: Hippies seem to be in the situation: the role of David about to slay Goliath.

TL: That is not in my trip at all. It is not fighting.

VA: I didn't mean literally. I didn't mean fights and not specific people. Right now hippies are barely eeking out an existence. But the effect of what they're doing, as you said, is going to be like playing David, isn't it?

Con't. on p. 24



JANUS

All the many forms
that life has picked up
and discarded, inarticulate
beyond a few recovered
tools, an occasional wall-
painting, a piece of skull
or bone, an imprint on the
split stone, reach out
to us for voices. We
cannot turn them down.
We ask as much ourselves
when we provide the future
with words. Understand how
we welcomed the child and
interred the old hunter,
the positions we preferred
for copulation, what crops
we sowed, what materials
we used to withstand the
snows, speculate upon our
alphabet and glassware,
our trade and prisons:
take us with you as
you reenact our lives
in your own occasion.
So they petition us.
We begin in mourning of
ourselves; soon include, often
in reparation, the lives
of others; and eventually:
men, gnats, molecules of
carbon, star-systems: all whom
time subjects in its glacial
movement of a few selected
forms.

That moment, on a small
lake, when winter is gone
and spring not yet arrived.
Cabins still boarded up,
boathouses locked, young
turtles sunning themselves on
piers. In the between-lake
channels some ducks scoot
ahead of the kayak, un-
willing to fly. The smell
of the unfrozen earth,
everywhere marshy, uncolored,
not even the mosses back,
announces, in some terrible
way, that this is neither
the beginning nor the end
for anyone. At night, the
stars glitter through the
tossing bare branches like
jewels in dark hair.

And you of the future,
for whom the earth is just
a terminal; who live your
ten thousand years and
then choose if you shall
die: I (and not I alone)
easily foresaw you.
Your rocketships bearing
sperm and ova that
unite on some congenial
planet where our telescopes
end: I can guess how
you will feel, learning
about us through your history
pills. You steerers of our
planet off into another
part of the galaxy to
replace the ailing sun, I
can guess your joy in
risking it. You for
whom this seedling earth
shoulders off its crumbs,
intending to spread its branches
that all may dwell there,
here, take my one extended
hand as the past has taken
the other. Transfixed, ex-
ultant, almost torn apart,
I touch you there: the
pain is hardly bearable.

Pat Sweeney

and the peace of god, which passes
all understanding
KEEP your hearts
and minds

As poet and participator, vortex and forcefield, I seek an understanding of this thing which is my consciousness. Thus I watch the watcher, translating the vibrations in my mind-stuff to the overtones of language. I chronicle my genes.

Genetic Journal I

In search of my originations my snapping-through of the energy/mass focal point stretched to an architypical matrix and sent forth from the darkness of the womb I am the light voyager set inward on the journey toward the sun the haloessence in the genetic starburst where spirit and matter are met recreating the universe.

Like that man-of-apes when for the first time he became aware that he was aware alive of experience moving toward the mouth of a familiar cave to see the solar disk for that first time.

I am the consciousness that permeates this body released from the "I am this" of locked matter to the "I am that" that equates all beings resolving the anguish of duality traversing the barriers of the symbol laden arch that boarders the vastness of the genetic landscape having no limits by which to be defined capable of flight and gill tree and claw intuit-thought & nonsymbolic reference. The Undefinable chakraed in my chromosomes.

Set sail from the hidden eye mandalaed just behind the brow gliding through the mineral sea of each cell rising from the pristine darkness of an overcrowded underworld through the ocean of mindstuff toward that indecipherable light above coming once again to the surface and hosanna toward that thing for which I have no name completing the perfect circle perfectly just beyond the periferies of consciousness attempting the cause that maintains grace through this genetic manifestation allowing me this metaphor.

Traversing the reincarnated costumes of the Cosmifarce historied in the genetic intertwine through the cellular tides of previous eras of broached and scabbered zen the orgone armored chastity belted epochs of the past the freakish misbehavior of the mind confined to arbitrary forms slave trader and canoneer of the senses tunemaster/victim of the conjured crimesong Maya virtuoso.

Passing the reflected impersonation in the fantastic mirror of illusion hardly focused then on the surface of this ether that reflects the ghost glistening in my eyes the sight substance extruding absurd organics from the waste products of the senses semipermeable membranes externalized in concepts and regalias mind and thought circus and mirage.

The microcosm sustaining the macrocosm in the perfect balance of gentle breath and vision in the paradises of the sinews and the cells receiving further broadcasts from the cosmos born of light and constantly returning to it

moving twice in opposite directions
away from the sun supported hallucination of a round planet bobbing in a continually expanding cup through the headlines of history's recurrent dream of miracle and still birth triumph and disease cannibal and celibate penicillin and the plague peanut butter and jelly Machinegun Kelly Dionysus and the lotus. Breaking the medusahead of the senses.

Inward through the constellations of the spleen and an infinity of aspacial form rising along the spine toward the blueness dharmaed at the center of the sun quasar pendulum glowing at the pituitary base of my brain the clear light consciousness seeking itself the enlightened rebirth of the mind exploding from every particle of my being. Approaching the life monad in its comings and goings on its way to re-creation and completion flowing through two billion years of ectoplasmic history mutating from G clef to the base of the skull ascending the octaves of my resurrections toward a phylum yet to come. Observing greater spectrums. Passing from this form to the next I become extinct reborn to the species I am constantly becoming.

AZUL ZANGPO

LAURIE

a tranquility contemplates
its centre
...hovering...

One month before mid-summer's night
& already the land is yielding,
in the fulness of air: Behold/
I AM.

Van Gogh's spring apple orchard
& the windy Stonehenge
met and mingled.
there is a prayer of hands
the earth is dancing
up onto its feet/ out over the floor

POEM/EXHORTATION

1. out riding

, majestic, the landscape passing
, this world of the eyes
/sweetened
by seeds of the fields.

flickering forest leaf shadows passed
down into depths of sleep
imprinted.
(everything the eyes have seen
imprinted
EVERYTHING.
everything, everything, Everything, everything, everything
everything everything

near to the brink of the mouth,
crowding immense at the thin shell,
Waiting to break thru/ spill out the soul
from its pocket

free.
into thousandfold manifest wonders:
A Oneness/ over all the mind knows

knowing but a portion.

(uncertainties in the serious life...?...
-O backyard flatland greenhouse
town in the lowland
sheltered & squinting.

:fear and trembling/
the only halt to natural progression.
(...Ah sentence of herb/
the power prophesying
possible life.....

the fields are blessing the trees
are blessing the forests and flowers
blessing.
/Lull of the fruits in the fields
first seeding.

-cows in the yellow field wooden bridge stream
/dimly moving
Dream visions of ULTIMATE GRASS.

Impossible world, Ray Bremser
wielding the intricate knife
carving the intimate vision.

the foothills mammoth greenbearded feet
,stepping down to the water
ancient lowering down to drink
inherent in herbs and grasses....

tall fields
of grasses.

expanse of water
,touching the knees of the hills.
/stork legs sticking up under houses
perched
/out on the caves of Stream.

the Lay of the Land, heaping
/hills and far valleys.

blessed & apportioned
the earth sown, increases.

inherent blossoms
emblazon the moment flown
/this silent portion of eternity
Rising.
How Much I Love Your Creation!
How much I love it!

,the crowned & tallest/
Redwood, springing/ dark
bread of the bark against green.

pressure of the toe bearing down in the
footprint/ Spell of
night winging waters
:curtailling of Mind-Blown from
all the apparent blossoming
cut short & leaned over.....

looking down into the slants and rises
for the lost soul

Remember the light.
O do not go wandering.
the growing open/ in any age
leaps back
to the brink:
all the ages of wonder are equal.

with every breath is the body's age grown down
upon it/ the heartbeat sandglass certainty
of wearing away;
/yet the mind drifts back to the Wonder:
What more?/ What less?/ What else is there, ever?
,to eyes, bright with vision
comes apparent the blossoming.

****

2. come home

the curlicues & rust of mossagate
worded into tones,
the elemental voice intaling,
hear it!

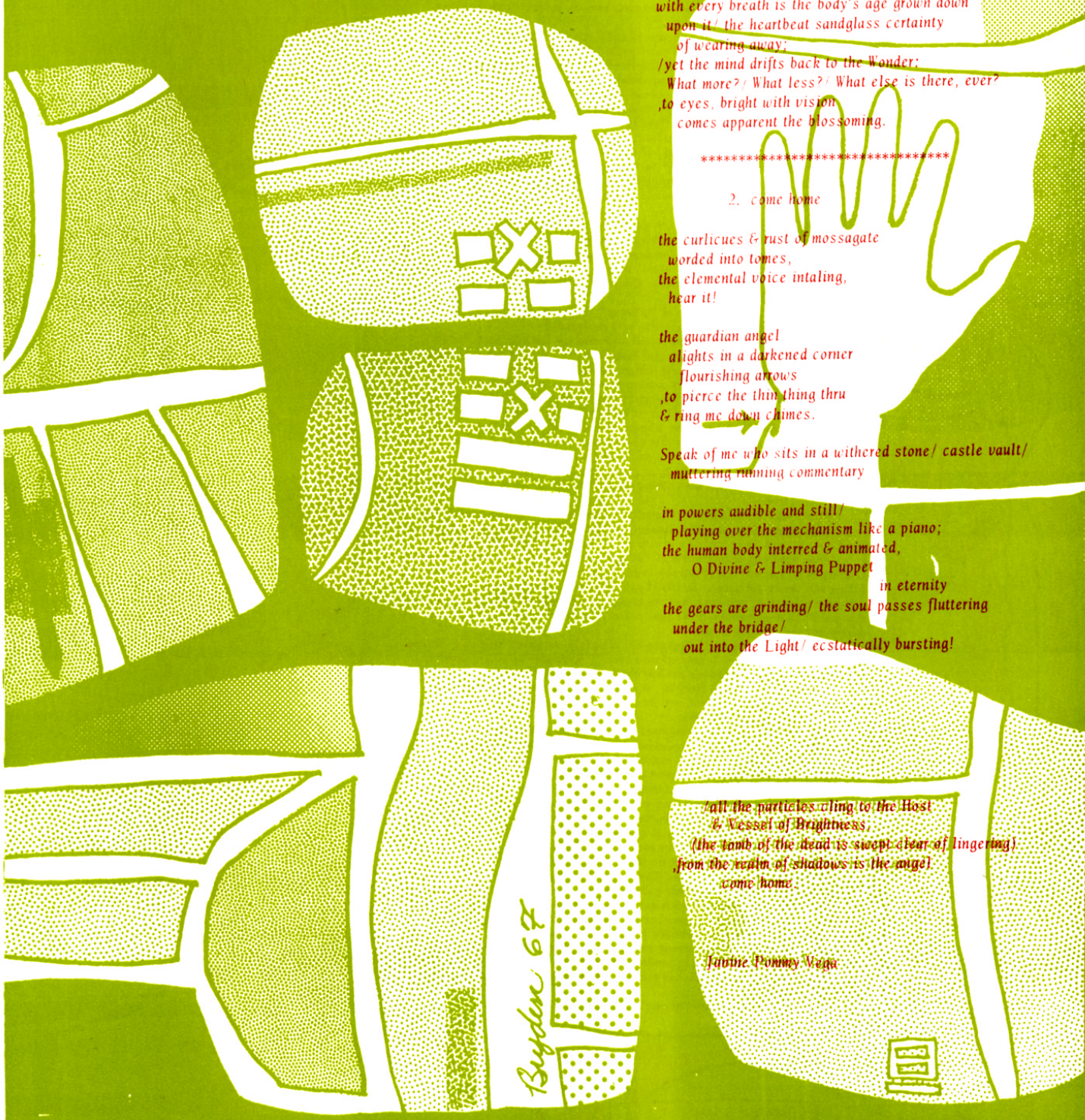
the guardian angel
alights in a darkened corner
flourishing arrows
,to pierce the thin thing thru
& ring me down chimes.

Speak of me who sits in a withered stone/ castle vault/
muttering running commentary

in powers audible and still/
playing over the mechanism like a piano;
the human body interred & animated,
O Divine & Limping Puppet
in eternity
the gears are grinding/ the soul passes fluttering
under the bridge/
out into the Light/ ecstatically bursting!

all the particles cling to the Host
& Vessel of Brightness,
(the tomb of the dead is swept clear of lingering)
,from the realm of shadows is the angel
come home.

Janine Pommy Vega



GREED

LEW WELCH

The rich man can pass into Heaven about as easily as a Camel can go through the eye of a needle, and other images throughout our 4,000-year history of stories by brave tough-minded men, have it, written down, or otherwise available.

Christ, before he was old enough to get a drink or be drafted in America, threw the money-changers out of the Temple. The story is not clear. Could He have done so with the Bank of America? And there's a Walt Whitman Savings and Loan in Walt's home town, showing us all how famous we'll get if we never cheat. The rewards are clear, and detestable.

"When did America go wrong?" is a question asked and asked again, everywhere. Thoreau asked it. Charles Olsen asks it in the Maximus Poems, and finds that fishing, in Glouchester, was out of the hands of fishermen, and into the hands of usurers (bankers) about 100 years before our first revolution.

"When did America go wrong" is a question easily answered. It was never right. And I say this having deeply, the dream of what this thing could have been. Could still be, if people would only get out of our way. Out of their way.

When I was in grade-school the story was called the "Triangle Trade." This turns out to be: (1) you buy black humans from Arabs, in Africa. (2) you sell these people in Haiti, Jamaica, Cuba, and any other islands in the Gulf. (3) you get these stolen, black, people to cut the sugar-cane down, and the cane is rendered into molasses, shipped "up East," turned into Rum, and sold in England.

It turns out to be a triangle of "trading," beginning with stolen, black humans and ending with poison, Rum, sold in England.

The whole thing is you have to get it absolutely straight, that "profit motive" means very simply: you give less than you take. If you give less than you take, you grow mean and stingy. Everybody suffers. Morality is totally impossible. "Good guys always lose," said Casey Stengel.

One of my favorites among the many tough, true, things that Kenneth Rexroth has said is this: "People look at our free public library system as something beautifully American, free, liberty, and all that, but the fact is those libraries were built with money that should have been paid to the steel-workers in the first place." (I paraphrase, not having my books handy.)

Greed, then, and Usury (the most pernicious form of greed, the selling of money) have always been the carbuncles on the neck of America. We have never been free.

We are now in the middle of America's third revolution, (the second was the Civil War). This one hits America where it lives: "The conscience of most Americans is as thin as the skin of his wallet," said Nelson Algren.

When hundreds of thousands of "scions" they call them, of the greatest fortunes in America refuse to take over Dad's big company, then the revolution will really get going. In 1950 I got the vision that the fun of making huge corporations was over, and the creative thing (as difficult to do right as to build the corporations in the first place), the creative thing is, now, to give the corporations away.

How happy would South America be, if certain countries were told "United Fruit Company will no longer operate here?" Examples in every corner of this planet are too numerous and too obvious to include here.

Hold only to this one thought: it is now the time for America to give away its corporations. This, and this most of all, is the challenge to intelligence, creativity, or whatever.

Happily, thousands of youngsters understand this. One of the most important aspects of the present revolution, and one I've never seen written up, is the large number of folks, with real big money, who've dropped out.

Here's this kid with outrageous hair, big Harley, and weird leather clothes in a bar. He looks so young and strange he gets asked for his I.D., produces it, and takes to talking to a friend of mine. This friend of mine is a real Bibliophile, collects and loves books, really, that is, reads them. Memorizes some of them. So, in the course of a long conversation he allows as how his real ambition is to have a perfect bookstore. The kid says, "OK I'll get you one. Tomorrow we'll meet with my lawyer some place. Where?"

And it turned out to be true. There was the lawyer, the kid, the dream, the contract, everything. It's a real good bookstore in Southern California, the "owner" and his "partner" each get about $4,000 a year in salary, the shop makes a small profit which goes toward the investment ($10,000 I'd guess, considering the inventory of books has to be at least $5,000).

What we have here is a young man with money, and enough savvy to underwrite a small business that is needed, and two whole families get their living out of it (making it frugally), and the rich kid loses nothing. Maybe gains by tax deductions, etc.

Continued P. 21. middle of circle right center

THIS NOTE IS LEGAL TENDER FOR ALL DEBTS, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE

N GOD WE TRUST

Maria Magdalena Barcińska

Jack Fulton

DANCE YOU BABIES DANCE
MICHAEL FERRA ST

BURROUGHS

capsules and 20 codeine tablets a piece of foresight to which I may well owe my life. Even so I lay on the ground outside the brujo's hut for hours paralyzed in a hermetic vice of pain and fear. A high tolerance is acquired with use and the brujo's daily dose to get his power up could readily be lethal to a novice. Setting aside the factor of tolerance there is considerable variation in reaction to these drugs from one individual to another a safe dose for one tripper could be dangerous for another. The prolonged use of LSD may give rise in some cases to a crazed unwholesome benevolence the old tripster smiling into your face sees all your thoughts loving and accepting you inside out. Admittedly these drugs can be dangerous and they can give rise to deplorable states of mind. To bring the use of these drugs in perspective I would suggest that academies be established where young people will learn to get really high...high as the Zen master is high when his arrow hits a target in the dark...high as the Karate master is high when he smashes a brick with his fist...high...weightless ...in space. This is the space age. Time to look beyond this run down radioactive cop rotten planet. Time to look beyond this animal body. Remember anything that can be done chemically can be done in other ways. You don't need drugs to get high but drugs do serve as a useful short cut at certain stages of the training. The students would receive a basic course of training in the non-chemical disciplines of Yoga, Karate, prolonged sense withdrawal, stroboscopic lights, the constant use of tape recorders to break down verbal association lines. Techniques now being used for control of thought could be used instead for liberation. With computerized tape recorders and sensitive throat microphones we could attain insight into the nature of human speech and turn the word into a useful tool instead of an instrument of control in hands of a misinformed and misinforming press. Verbal techniques are now being used to achieve more reliable computer processed techniques in the direction of opinion control and manipulation the "propaganda war" it's called. The CIA does not give away money for nothing. It gives away money for opion control in certain directions. Opion control is a technical operation extending over a period of years. First a population segment – segment "preparation" is conditioned to react to words rather than word referents. Count Korzybski who formulated General Semantics used to begin a lecture by pointing to a chair and saying "Whatever that is it is not a 'chair.' "

That is the object chair is not the verbal or written label "chair." He considered the confusion between label and object the "is of identity" he called it, to be a basic flaw in Western thought

this flaw is cultivated by the practitioners of opinion control. You will notice in the subsidized periodicals a curious prose without image. If I say the word "chair" you see a chair. If I say "the concommittance of societal somnolence with the ambivalent smugness of unavowed totalitarianism" you see nothing. This is pure word conditioning the reader to react to words. "Preparations" so conditioned will then react predictably to words. The conditioned preparation is quite impervious to facts.

The aim of academy training is precisely decontrol of opinion the students being conditioned to look at the facts before formulating any verbal patterns. The initial training in non-chemical methods of expanding awareness would last at least two years. During this period the student would be requested to refrain from all drugs including alcohol since bodily health is essential to minimize mental disturbance. After basic training the student would be prepared for drug trips to reach areas difficult to explore by other means in the present state of our knowledge. The program proposed is essentially a disintoxication from inner fear and inner control a liberation of thought and energy to prepare a new generation for the adventure of space. With such possibilities open to them I doubt if many young people would want the destructive drugs. Remember

junk keeps you right here in junky flesh on this earth where Boot's is open all night. You can't make space in an aqualung of junk. The problem of those already addicted remains. Addicts need medical treatment not jail and not prayers. I have spoken frequently of the apo-morphine treatment as the quickest and most efficacious method of treating addicts. Variations and synthesis of the apo-morphine formula might well yield a miracle drug for disintoxication. The drug lomotil which greatly reduces the need for opiates but is not in itself addicting, might prove useful. With experimentation a painless cure would certainly emerge. What makes a cure stick is when the cured addict finds something better to do and realizes he could not do it on junk. Academies of the type described would give young people something better to do incidentally reducing the drug problem to unimportance.

GREED, con't. from p. 18

But, and this is so important, think what the rich kid is getting spiritually. We Buddhists insist that temples, and other offerings, earn us no merit. Well, maybe that is right in some stern way. But I think this young boy's offering of this bookstore, and the 2-family faring-well bit, is meritorious. Of course, it all depends on how he takes it, or gives it. That's his problem.

But do you know what this kid's damn fool father did? He, already slated to inherit more money than he could ever spend, stepped into Daddy's shoes and ran this huge corporation. Why?

Let's see it as the true revolution it is.

Success, Ambition, Yankee Trading, and the rest of that is jazz, just plain old horseshit jazz. It's clear to those of us who don't have money, it's clear to those of us who do, and the removal of Money-as-God from America will crack America faster than Christ cracked Rome.

Good riddance.

. . . .

"You are all children of the Universe, you have a right to be here" the anonymous monk said. And while you are here you must:

(1) Eat and drink
(2) Sleep
(3) Piss and shit
(4) Die

(you can conceivably go without balling, though it is not recommended).

Since we have to pay money for (buy): (1) our eats (there being no land not owned, anywhere, anymore) and (2) a place to sleep or we get arrested, and (3) pay dearly for the place we shit and piss in, it appears that only a drink of water is still free, most places. For we certainly (4) have to pay dearly for death and burial, unless we are very clever indeed.

We are not free.

We are slaves from the minute of birth until long after death -- we're on an eat later, work now, plan (maybe that's what is meant by Original Sin).

In order to pay for these things we cannot live without, we are expected to sell ourselves, not to the Devil (which might be a way better deal), but to a Corporation, a State System of several kinds, a husband, a rich relative, there are a variety of purchasers and the price may vary, but the fact remains we must, in order to live, die a little or a lot.

(Note that we left out breathing, and that the city of Tokyo now has a vending machine which gives you several breaths of good air, and that soon we will all wear metered masks).

Money is death. Ask yourself why banks and currency use the same images as tomb-stones.

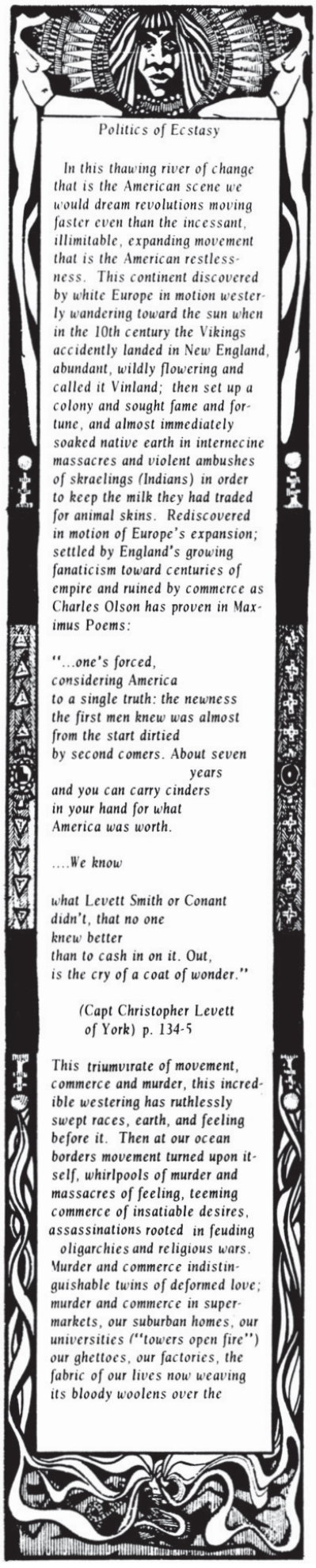
. . . .

But how to do it? And will it happen fast enough? Almost 15 years ago Gary Snyder had the vision: "If nobody bought a new car for just one year, the whole thing would collapse. Then maybe we could build it right this time."

This country, all countries, get younger every year. By 1970 more than half the population of the world will be under 25.

Some of these will find themselves "owning" huge amounts of money and power. I know one person who, years ago, told me he could "buy"

Cont. on p. 26



Politics of Ecstasy

In this thawing river of change that is the American scene we would dream revolutions moving faster even than the incessant, illimitable, expanding movement that is the American restlessness. This continent discovered by white Europe in motion westerly wandering toward the sun when in the 10th century the Vikings accidently landed in New England, abundant, wildly flowering and called it Vinland; then set up a colony and sought fame and fortune, and almost immediately soaked native earth in internecine massacres and violent ambushes of skraelings (Indians) in order to keep the milk they had traded for animal skins. Rediscovered in motion of Europe's expansion; settled by England's growing fanaticism toward centuries of empire and ruined by commerce as Charles Olson has proven in Maximus Poems:

"...one's forced,
considering America
to a single truth: the newness
the first men knew was almost
from the start dirtied
by second comers. About seven
years
and you can carry cinders
in your hand for what
America was worth.

....We know

what Levett Smith or Conant
didn't, that no one
knew better
than to cash in on it. Out,
is the cry of a coat of wonder."

(Capt Christopher Levett of York) p. 134-5

This triumvirate of movement, commerce and murder, this incredible westering has ruthlessly swept races, earth, and feeling before it. Then at our ocean borders movement turned upon itself, whirlpools of murder and massacres of feeling, teeming commerce of insatiable desires, assassinations rooted in feuding oligarchies and religious wars. Murder and commerce indistinguishable twins of deformed love; murder and commerce in supermarkets, our suburban homes, our universities ("towers open fire") our ghettoes, our factories, the fabric of our lives now weaving its bloody woolens over the

Pacific for loose credit, cheap labor, and ultimate markets of human desire. Madame tapping the drum beating the heart of yellow races into submission.

Aware now that there is an erotic web binding murderer to victim, an erection in the abysmal wound of bleeding throat, we can see the real victim of bloodthirst and money is feeling, or more precisely, man's feeling for woman and woman's feeling for man and everyone's unknowable, imminent feeling for the ecstatic body of God and self or the freedom we can not know or barely glimpse in our barbarity and slavery.

In the vortex of roving bands of teenagers in Peking, rock and roll dance halls, gangs of white and blacks in all large steel purgatories of America, artists liberation fronts, communists, democrats, brechtians, capitalists, new lefts and old rights, we must affirm that the source of creation and community is self and its cellular chants of lifelove felt but unmarketable, and unsaleable, ungiveable and untakeable. Whatever or whoever would brutalize, organize, use himself, you, or me, surrenders his one hope for being in his own body, his own fully felt experience of the effulgence of life and becoming upon which a community of men and women can depend, live, work, create and love with honor and all but natural deathlessness.

Secretly behind all illusions of order, civilization, law and tongue wipings of rhetoric the anarchic, natural, wild condition of body exists in an invisible present, in the forgotten past and in the imagined future, except that it is hidden by the ramifications of "knowledge" and "power" constrained by the conceptual culture of profit and propaganda into the image of ugliness and arrogance we call America. The moment the IS of eternity in time is personally and overwhelmingly felt it will appear in NOW in our relations of flesh and then in wood, clay, glass, steel, word, paint, that is, in building and creation. The body and being of man is all fountains of youth and heavenly apparitions.

Allen Cohen

Essay appeared in OR²OAR-ORE and Haight Ashbury Tribune.

ARE YOU READY...—

FOR THE NEW SHEL SILVERSTEIN ALBUM. "DRAIN MY BRAIN" CADET LP/LPS 4054

Leary, con't. from p. 12

TL: (laughing) You want me to say it is. OK I must repeat again that all this has been worked out in manuals. I urge all of you to turn on to the book The Sufis. Or the new book, The Teachers of Gurdgieff which describes this ancient process of turned on people who pass on wisdom and keep the flame of religion and meaning going.

And there are certain strategic and tactical moves for the inner message, which are exactly opposite to outer success. If you want to be a spiritual success, you systematically do the opposite of what you would do to be a political success. You let go instead of grabbing; you admit your wrongs instead of pretending you are right; you give up land. By giving up space, you gain time. Above all, you prefer to be poor than rich because we are always going to be struggling. We're never going to have money. We're never going to have big bank accounts or huge buildings like the established churches, and if we do, we're in trouble because the facts of the matter are: if you understand how to use poverty, it's harder to use poverty than to use love. But if you understand how to do it, you understand that poverty is sensual, poverty is turned on, poverty is thrilling. So I'm not worried at all about Drop City because they are scraping along from day to day, because that is the needle point of clarity upon which everything else is balanced.

THE CITY IS AN ADDICTION

VA: Does it seem that most of the people come to Drop City for spiritual reasons, rather than running away from home, for economic or familial reasons?

TL: The beautiful thing about the Southwest is that it's pure and it's poor. And it requires hard work. You have to be ready to drop out of the city. The city is an addiction...and we're all hooked to a certain extent on the power, the games, the glamour of the city. It's a real addictive process. You have to kick the city to go to the land. That means a very few people are ready to do that.

Once you get there, many people can't take it. They can't take the straightness that's involved. So after awhile, they leave. But the people that are left in the Southwest, the people that are left in Big Sur, or the people that are left in Mendocino County, or the people that are left at Millbrook (and I'm just mentioning a few of the many places where this process is going on), these are those people that are ready to take the step.

TRIBALISM IS DIVERSITY

The beauty of this land, this tribal concept, is that each group is completely unique. It's got to be that way. Each tribe has got to evolve its own style, its own metaphor, its own language, its own way of building its shelter. There is an incredible variety, and that's the great thing about it. I would be shocked if groups that left the city and tried to root back in followed the plan of anyone else. Then we'd be in trouble. Some groups are more middle-class than others. I would say in general, the best communities roll their own cigarettes... that's one of the symptoms...they don't have electricity, they're dirtier. But again, there are some people who can groove better behind more comfort.

Millbrook, again, is not just one clan. Millbrook is a tribe with five clans. There are five separate groups living at Millbrook, and each of these five has its own spiritual teacher, its own way, its own diet, its own technique for making a living. This is very healthy.

VA: Isn't there a danger when a community forms and divorces itself from technology that they are going to lose their children, and if not their children, their children's children?

TL: I don't think they are divorcing themselves from technology. You mean by living in teepees?

VA: No, electricity. That's one of the basic technological advancements of the century. Our children growing up and discovering books of the world outside that has all these things. "Where are these people, where are they at? There's a whole world outside that they don't even know about. Of course, we know about that, we came from it. But we divorce ourselves from that. We're going to lose our children, and if not our children, our children's children.

TL: To electricity?

VA: To the desire for these technological things. Maybe that would be avoided because of a more healthful environment that they grow up in as opposed to what we grew up in.

TL: Well, none of us is suggesting that we turn our backs on science or technology. Obviously, God created the television too, just like he created the lysergic acid. I think what will come out of these communities is the notion of the sacred way of life. You see, to the Indian, every sequence of technical activity is sacred. When he hunts, it's a sacred dialogue between him and his brother, the animal. When he plants, it's a sacred sexual union between him and the seed and Mother Earth.

I feel that we should use every piece of technology and energy that's available, but for spiritual purposes...not for money or power, but for turning yourself and other people on. So have no fear that the psychedelic kids won't know how to use electricity. They'll see that electricity is here not to shut the light on and off-because that's no place-but that electricity is here to make psychedelic lights, to make the sacred saw cut the sacred wood for the sacred fireplace.

Again, to drop out is not a behavioral or visible thing. Drop out is inside, and you come back and you groove behind every form of energy and every social possibility.

BLACK POWER

VA: A lot of people have seen saying that in our country the spiritual, or religious or psychedelic movement is primarily a movement of white men. Whereas the black race is moving in a different direction toward a unity in tribalism. What do you feel about that?

TL: I don't like to generalize about the white people and the black people because millions of individuals are involved. I think that healthy things are happening to the Negroes. And I think that their discovery of their own power and energy is a glorious thing. Naturally it is going to express itself in many different ways; there are more and more Negroes who are turning on to LSD. This will be inevitable. I don't see why the Negro has to sew himself up into a black power bag only. Shouldn't he have as many alternatives and possibilities to go beyond the current political situation? I think the more black power there is, the more black drop outs there will be from black power, which is healthy.

VA: So they will have to go through the same changes that we've gone... the people who are now in their 30s and 40s, through political education and political thrust...political activity, and we dropped out from that. Well, do you think a black man is going to have to do the same thing when he goes through the black power and then the black drop-out?

TL: Maybe it will be Stokely Carmichael's kids who will turn on to the next step. I hope the Negro doesn't have to go through this dreary white middle class process.

VA: Another question about people that are in a minority amd what relationship they are going to have to Americans who have had psychedelic experiences. How about these young men who are coming back from Viet Nam who have the rest of their lives to work out the state of mind they've been forced into living with--what kind of changes do you think they are going to go through when they come back to the United States? Regardless of what you may think the future is, war with Red China, or anything like that, what kind of a time do you think these young men are going to have when they come back to the U.S.? Indeed, already are having.

TL: I don't know. I suppose the Viet Nam War Veterans are like the rest of us; they vary. I do know that some of the best pot you can get around the New York City area is Viet Nam grass. If there's enough of them turning on to that in Saigon, they'll come back just like a kid comes back from Harvard--ready for something better.

VA: What is the incidence of drugs fucking up people that you've seen in

your experience?

TL: Well, by drugs, do you include alcohol and ...?

BREAD, WINE & LSD

VA: Well, in each drug, perhaps... you could probably break it down to coffee and nutmeg also...(laughter)

TL: I think that psychedelic drugs--marijuana, peyote, LSD, STP---are sacraments. I think that they are developed by the divine process, the DNA code, to help man survive.

All this has been argued out thousands of times before.

In the early period of the Catholic church, when the bread and wine were psychedelic and really flipped people out, you'd take bread and wine once and, man! you'd take off your Roman centurian uniform and you'd run naked in the street barefoot crying "Praise the Lord." That's what bread and wine did 2000 years ago, and that's why it was against the law. That's why they nailed people on crosses.

The issue came up: is the sacrament bread and wine still good if it's given you by an evil priest who wants your money for the bread and wine, or who may be connected with the Mafia? Or who is giving you the bread and wine because he wants to cop your mind, or because he wants to cop your girl. Is it still a sacrament? This is called the Donatist heresy. The Donatists know that the drug is only good if it is used by good people. And the Catholic church in its wisdom said "No." The sacrament is put here by God, for our use, and it's always good --no matter who gives it or who sells it or why.

I'm very orthodox. I think that psychedelic drugs are good. Nothing happens with LSD or marijuana that wouldn't happen to you anyway...it's all a test. The bad sessions are really the best trips because they are the ones that show you what you have to see.

A reaction to one of these experiences must be seen over a long period of time. The worst freak-out horrible trip five years from now, you may look back on to say "wow! That's what really did it." I don't know, I'm just laying my trip on you. But my trip is that if it works, if it flips you out, turns you on, blows your mind, it's holy.

It may well be that the value of your bad trip won't show up for three generations. And the next messiah may come from that time when you ended in the mental hospital. That's my trip...

VA: We spoke with a monk from the Himalayan Academy, that's the Christian Yoga Society here, and he said that everything that causes you, everyone who causes you to have a reaction is your guru.

TL: Right. And the more powerful the reaction, the greater the guru. One thing I might say, which concerns me somewhat, although I'm not very concerned these days, is the fear of the State, the fear of arrest. A bust causes panic and terror in the hearts of hippies. You just purify yourself about that. Welcome arrests. I've been arrested eight times in the last three years, and each one is a test. Gives me a chance to share time and space and the vibrations with the cops. There is nothing to be afraid of. It shows you where you're at. If you just keep that focus, you won't be arrested for one thing. Cause you won't bring in the cops, and if you do, it won't harm you or them.

VA: In other words, is it a certain vibrational wave length or something that the cops are on that you happen to get on and then you run into them? Or, what's your trip on that? In other words...can you put yourself into that wave length and then you are arrested?

TL: When I was arrested in Canada, it was like the Yankee/Dodgers ballgame. I marched down to the field, and they marched their team up and the arrest took place.

VA: You knew about it beforehand?

TL: Well, I gave them a chance to do it...like going to bat, and they had the ball...and the glove.

VA: You joined the game...

TL: Yes. It didn't do any harm.

There's one other piece of technical information which might be useful. There is a lawyer in Denver, Marshall Quiat, who is fighting the legality of LSD arrests. He has a chemist from a well-known university who has testified that the government's methods of testing for LSD are a) very inadequate; that they don't really isolate LSD; and b) the procedure itself is illegal because it's not public , and the defense doesn't have the opportunity to test using the same methods that they do. On these grounds, any arrest on possession of LSD can be challenged. I urge anyone who gets into trouble for LSD possession to write Marshall Quiat in Denver and get the details.

There are two issues here: one is that the tests which the government uses to detect LSD are inadequate. It could be many other substances in addition to LSD, but presumably the thing they are looking for is LSD. It's taken for granted it's LSD. So the government evidence can be ruled out on that basis. Secondly: the method itself is not public, and they are going to have to make available to the defense the particular test they use.

VA: Is the defense allowed to test the evidence also?

TL: Yes.

VA: Colorado seems to be a mainstay now for resistance against drug laws. Hasn't Mana had a recent State Supreme Court ruling upholding the use of peyote in religious ritual?

TL: Yes, Mana, the Apache from Denver, won his peyote case on religious grounds.

VA: What are the ramifications of that? What does that cover now, as a precedent? Does it mean that anyone that sets up a religion in their own state, should they get busted under the same circumstances, can they use that as precedent to try to beat the case?

TL: Mana is a member of the Native American Church which has precedent behind it which other religions don't. Each case will have to be fought on its own merits. But the fact that Mana won is encouragement, is a good omen.

STARTING A RELIGION

VA: You have done some writing on how to start your own religion and how to set up that type of situation where it would indeed be used under the best most spiritual mode, most advantageous surroundings. What are the basic things that would be done to allow the question from the legal point of view? How would the sacraments be kept? Would it be in a separate room?

TL: I've written a manual which I would be glad to give anyone who writes to Millbrook about it on the details of this. In general, if you just put down on a piece of paper why you are smoking pot,why you're taking LSD, and with whom, and where you're doing it, where your shrine is...this is a religion.

I think that one of the problems is that the average person doesn't do this ahead of time. He may know why he's doing it. He may be completely sincere in his spiritual use of marijuana. But, the fact that he doesn't make it explicit leaves him and the law in doubt.

There is absolutely no restriction here. You can say: "My religion is me and my wife. We want to use marijuana to get higher levels of love-making. Our temple is our bedroom. And we have a little candle that we worship in front of." Or, "We like to worship with the lights out." That is religion.

VA: What has to be done with that paper? Post it on the wall?

TL: Post it on the wall, mail it to yourself in a sealed envelope, keep it unopened. The very fact that you do that puts you way ahead of the game--because the love-making with your wife will be better. (laughter)

VA: Whether you mail it or not...

TL: The interesting thing about how to form your own religion is that anything you do that will make explicit and valid for the law, if it is right, will make a better trip for you. It means you've given some thought to it...to arranging the circumstances and purposes of your trip. You'll find that if you just put on paper the things you have learned about how to have a good session - man, that's your religion. And it's probably more effective than anything the Protestant church has come up with.

VA: How many organized lysergic acid based sacrament religions are there now? In the United States?

TL: There must be hundreds.

VA: Recently, Tim, there has been a lot of publicity about marijuana. Most of it seemingly pretty favorable. You said a few months ago that you thought that marijuana wouldn't be legalized for 5 years. Do you think recent months have sped up the potentiality of that prediction?

OVER 10 MILLION ACID USERS?

TL: I've been way off on all my estimates. I thought it would take until 1970 before we'd have 10 million LSD users. I've been very conservative with everything I've said in the last 7 years. If I had it to do over again, I would have turned on ten times more than I have, and made all my predic-

tions ten times more outrageous.

VA: There's a community evolving in the Southwest that has a natural shrine and it's this old redwood that's been hit by lightning. The shoot of its root shot up purple through the trees. It's a shrine, and the moon shines down on it...

TL: Well, I don't want to push the Southwest because it would change things it there were an avalanche of ruthless people suddenly descending on the Southwest. The main message is to get out of the city and go to the land. And the second message is that those that have done it had better consider themselves pioneers or like the guys that came over to this country in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries. You've got to plan ahead of time. You've got to outfit yourself. You've got to be prepared to do just what those pioneers did. You've got to struggle. You've got to give up a lot of luxuries and a lot of the frivolities and a lot of the entrancing complications of city life.

I think it would be unwise for people to just hitchhike to the Southwest and expect to be taken in. The thing here is tribal. And if you study how the tribes operate, the tribe is a natural unit designed by the DNA code. It's familial, it's animal, it's territorial. You can't just wander into a tribe and say, "Well, man, I'm here." You can't do that to the Hopis. You can't do that to the Navahos. You can't join. You can't become a Jew, which is another very powerful surviving and important tribe.

The essence of the tribe is it doesn't want to proselytize; it's not looking for new members; it's based on a little piece of land; it's centered around a totem or a religious center. And these things just don't happen easily.

And it's not necessary to go to the Southwest. Within a hundred miles of any large city in the United States there is sacred ground...which is probably available at very low cost or can be rented very easily by anyone who wants to do this.

And the final thing, which I've said many times before, is that the basic psychological problem of growing up is sexual. And the communities, the utopian tribes, which make it are those in which the sexual energy is harnessed. What you have in H/A and the cities is a healthy thing--young kids coming, wanting sexual freedom, wanting to explore, wanting to overthrow this horrible sexual puritanism that the middle-class in this country is obsessed with.

Making it as a tribe, making it as a clan of animals, sexual energy has to be harnessed in some very explicit way. The clans that are making it, from what I've observed, are those built around a core of male/female units. These give a centeredness to the community. Then if you have four or five couples, young people can come and go. Sexually unharnessed people come and go but the gyroscope of the tribe will remain untouched.

VA: Have you found or thought about different forms of family units, that is different from the male/female/child relationship?

TL: Yes. There are a number of ways in which tribes have harnessed sexual energy. There are some tribes in the South Seas where there is complete promiscuity and group marriage. That's of course the highest form of human communication. But it's very hard to pull off. It takes generations to develop that sort of thing. And for people as crippled as the American society, this is going further to tap on a spiritual sexual matter. But anything that works, that survives, is right. Though we must be explicit about these sexual issues, if you're not, your ashram, your tribe, your clan will flounder.

I've been involved now for seven years in utopian communities and psychedelic/pot living. And I've observed many others. Sexual energy becomes eccentric and it throws it off...

I say once again that our great gurus in these matters are the Beatles. I consider them the four evangelists in the psychedelic movement. I think their intelligence, their creativity and their spiritual power just can't be overestimated. There was a picture in Life magazine last week of the Beatles sitting each one with his wife, covered with flowers, in front of their guru, and behind that smiling old wise man was a picture of his guru. And I think that that's the great message at this point for all acid heads and pot smokers and flower children. Tear that picture out and put it over your shrine cause that's where it's at: the male/female relationship, the giving up of commercial things, they're following a teacher. And it doesn't make any difference who your teacher is as long as he's someone who's got something for you at the moment. And they're downplaying drugs. They're still using drugs I know, but they're downplaying it because there is a certain point where the drug experience has got to be tied to some tune-in spiritual method. And I am dropping out of this role I've been in for the last few years. I very happily turn over the robes to the Beatles.

VA: Why do you think the Beatles are the forerunners of the movement? Do you associate this with their national heritage being as they are British? (British accent)

TL: Absolutely yes. (laughter)

I have just written a long essay called "My Trip to England," and I demonstrate very conclusively that the great things of the psychedelic movement have all come from England: Aldous Huxley; Humphrey Osmond, who coined the term 'psychedelic;' Gerald Herd; Alan Watts, here in S.F. who is the real father of the hippie movement if you trace it back ten or fifteen years. The psychedelic books, like the Tibetan Book of the Dead, these ancient books were translated by Englishmen.

It traces back to the English conquering India, but it was really India that caught the minds of the English. It was as inevitable that George Harrison would go to Calcutta as it was that Elvis Presley would go to Hollywood.

VA: The Beatles and The Stones and the others, you notice, have all come up from the lower working classes...

TL: Yes. I wrote a second essay in which I showed that the English spirit is basically Irish

NEW REFLECTIONS
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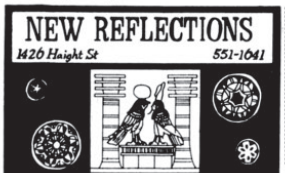
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Wanted: One very fine son. One who can accept the love his family has for him. Qualifications: Nice looking boy, age 16, 5'8" tall, brown hair, grey-blue eyes. Known as Mike Radford. Last known address, Lake Tahoe, Calif. If you meet these qualifications, please call home collect. We miss you, love you, and want you with us. But, call even if you think you prefer to stay where you are.

Dear Betsey Epstein, "Peachie" or "Elaine": We once said we are all responsible to each other. You have responsibility to phone your upset mother, so she will know you are alive. If you telephone, I will tell missing persons to stop looking for you. Some day you will grow up to be a fine woman. I hope.--Dad.

A girl that is looking for a good home, in the beautiful land of NM in Santa Fe, all girls interested should please send photo of themselves. I will pay their fare out here. My address: Henry Selters, Seton Village, Santa Fe, NM

JERRY W. & FRANK C., you can still avoid eventually going to jail if you appear in Somerville at the right time. Phone the P.S. or Mr. C., or have someone phone for you if you are afraid.

Mount Zion exists. Wanted--gentle young men and women girls and boys who are interested in starting a colony in the mountains of B.C., in the name of love, hope and charity in preparation for greater things to come. For information write-Georgia Straight, Box 111, Vancouver, B.C. Canada.

WANTED: Psychedelic slides & film strips. Write or call collect: Manuel Rubin, The Truama, 2121 Arch St., Phil., PA 19103. PHONE 215-O 7-8656

Need young female to take care of and help in finding peace & truth in Nature, Sierras, free to pursue varied interests. Can be temporary or permanent escape from concrete desert. Write "Chuck", PO Box 15, Quincy, Ca. 95971.

RHODA BAGNO
Contact Ted Moynahan, 11 Marie Ave., Cambridge, Mass., 876-2576. Who knows where Rhoda is? Help me find her.

Want to build Drop City type geodesic dome: in Mendocino. Need materials: 2x4's, sheet rock, tools, electric shears, chicken wire, cement, tar paper, sheet aluminum, insulator. Write Box 351, Mendocino.

Wanted: Saleable painting, sculpture, pottery, photography, jewelry & "area" art work for Haight Ashbury Free Medical Clinic Benefit Art Sale to be held in October. Contact: Ray Westergard, 822 - 40th Ave, San Francisco, Cal. 94121 Phone 751-1211 (home) or 399-2413 (work).

PIONEERS WANTED. If you are interested in starting up an out-of-town colony, or if you already have one going, contact Jim Campbell, c/o Georgia Straight, 619 W. Pender, Vancouver, B.C., Canada. Donations of land money cheerfully accepted.

$100 REWARD for info leading to recovery of female Siamese lost Labor Day wknd around Haight & Divisadero. 898 Steiner St.

DEBORA BLACKWELL your folks are concerned. Please call home collect. Love. Mom

KATHY ROWE call home collect. urgent. Mother.

Horoscopes, necklaces, charts with interpretation. Send exact birth time, date, place to E. Greer, Box 3, Westport, Cal.

Linda-Kim or Mari L. Will you trust me enough to call collect and let me know you're alright? (Office GI 7-6000 or home) Love Mother.

SANDY-RABBIT ALLEN: Please come to Oracle office to pick up letter for you there--important!

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DONNA THEA -- Much Love, Peace and Euphoria on your birthday. --Hank

If anyone knows what happened to Al Rand's stolen films, call the Oracle. No questions asked.

Peter & Fran. Budge would like to know how you are.

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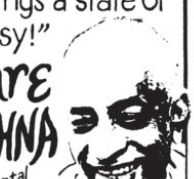
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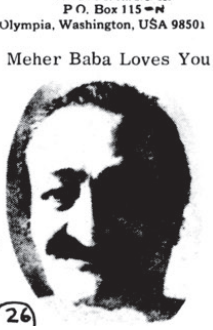

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GREED,
cont. from p. 21

9 nations -- that is, he had more money than these nations had It nearly drove him mad, did make him a little crazy, because it wasn't his Way to do this thing. He was benign enough, but he didn't want to be a dictator.

Somewhere around $100,000 money stops being money and turns into power. Thousands of young Americans have this power. The proper use of it could free the entire world.

It will be very difficult. You would have to make right use of this corporation. You can't just give it away, because then it falls into greedy hands again. It has to be put to work, good work, and those who have this power have to learn what good work is. Not an easy task, but far simpler than most college profs would have you believe. Actually, everybody knows what's true and good, it was there in the first place.

And perhaps we'll be delivered by the hands of babes. I sure hope so.

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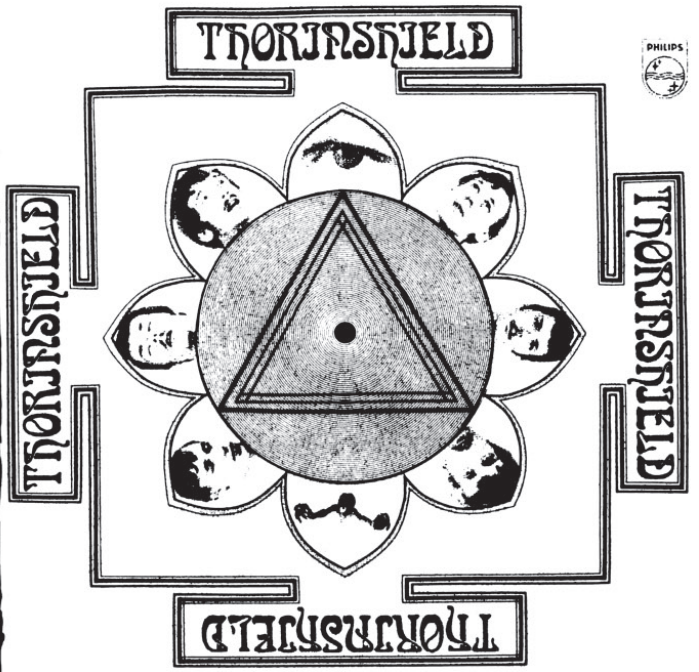

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THORINSHIELD
ALIGNMENT AND ASCENSION

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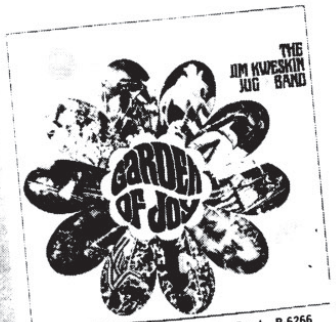

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Editor
AN FRANCISCO O[...]
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ir:

ecent an[...] current "race" riots ave ma[...] causes, but one of em [...] most certainly hatred [...]ce. In this country, [...] big-city police forces have, at present, an extremely bad public image, which must be changed now --because nothing is more basic to the morale of the community than respect for the law and its officers. May I therefore submit the following simple and practical proposals. They will not solve the entire problem, but will make a substantial contribution to that end.

1. Clothes all too easily make the man, and those who dress like Nazi SS troopers tend to behave like them. Police uniforms should therefore be changed from black or blue to khaki-green, and, instead of helmets or vizored caps, we should restore the old Campaign Hat, as worn by Forest Rangers and Mounties--officials generally liked by the public as helpful "scouts." If there must be helmets, let them be those of the British "bobbies."

2. The police must cease to carry armaments other than truncheons or night-sticks. Concurrently, the civilian public should forbid themselves to own firearms other than shot-guns or rifles for use in sport and hunting. Hand-guns and automatic weapons should be outlawed, and I say this even as a former member of the National Rifle Association.

3. In accordance with the constitutional principle of the separation of Church and State, the police must have no further jurisdiction in matters of personal and private morals. Nothing brings them into greater disrespect than being required to act as armed preachers, enforcing sumptuary laws against gambling, wenching, boozing, and drug-taking. Such jurisdiction is also a major cause of police corruption, inviting blackmail, harrassment, entrapment, and acceptance of bribes. The drunken driver, for example, should be charged with bad driving --not with intoxication. All efforts to get rid of the causes of crime, by force, end as attempts to get rid of human nature, and all truly moral behavior is, by definition, voluntary.

4. Police duties should be confined to the essential functions of (a) directing traffic, (b) protecting the citizenry from murder, robbery, and violence, and (c) giving due assistance to lost children and little old ladies.

If these four basic principles are worked out in detail, we in the United States will have loved and honored police forces, as distinct from officially sponsored corps of racketeers, hoodlums, and booted bullies--all the more dangerous for being allowed to vent their spleen with a clear conscience.

There will be respect for authority when, and only when, authority is itself respectable.

Very truly yours,

Alan Watts

Hello peoples of Heaven,
Believe me you are in Heaven and I am truelly in Hell. We were residents of of your hippie haven until last June when my husband was busted here. He had been inticed into delivering some baggage containing such evils of humanity as Marijuana, hashish and acid by a undercover federal narcotics agent and met at LOVE? Field by some of the same and busted. We were advised by attorney Marvin Cahn in L.A. to hire Phil Burlison here to get us a Change of Venue so the case could be tried in our domicile California where Cahn could get them off on entrapment. Well I raised money for thier $2000. bond and $750 Burlison fee and Kirk came and got my 10 mo. old daughter Desiree and I and drove immediately back unoticed to wait with him. About a month later a search warrant was served on our apt. and no drugs were found but instead they illegally took $300 just borrowed and stached to pay our lawyer which they turned over to Internal Revenue [...] claim on anything of value in our possession [...]ds $128,000. tax due on the marijuana, letters [...] just written (very incriminating) one to a friend in New York mentioning Kirk going to Calif. to get me, and our daughter Desiree who we had left for a few minutes to go to the corner for milk. With much hassle my daughter was released from juvinile home, no one will help getting back the bread and they called a special hearing over the letters which were splashed in their worst possible interpretation in the local papers. The U.S. Attorney using these for his only evidence demanded and recieved from Judge Sarah T. Hughes (she swore in President Johnson) an increase of the bond to $5000 and only surity bonds corporation to bond it. Well after the publicity no bondsman in the state will talk to us or our lawyer and the boys have been in jail a month. It has been well over two months since the Motion for Change of Venue was presented to the U.S. Attorney and he refuses to acknowledge it. He has been known to let things go for as much as two years because of a heavy dockett. ACLU here won't talk to us because we have a hired lawyer who is too busy with better paying clients to go all out for us. Welfare who were supporting us in California said they might be able to help but haven't heard from them in a month. No one will hire me after seeing me on television with choice quotes from my letter like "I want too leave this fucking country." Anyway we need help bad and all our friends are either busted, broke, moved, disconnected paranoid and helpless. If you could possible print a plea for help in the Oracle it would be most highly appreciated and just may save Kirk Wells and John Blount's life or good part of it.

Paranoid and D
O
W
N

Kathy Wells

Dear Allen:

Got your letter in England and have been thinking about Paradise Now but everything seems so Infernal it's hard to imagine an Age of Golden Machines. I will try & send something - have been working on new poems & sightseeing with father his first trip Europe in 72 years. Hope all's well with you. Dialectics of Creation scene in London was dominated much by politics (Black Power Angers - Paul Goodman has good ideas for rural reconstruction (one: cities shd. pay welfare for folks to live away from cities.). Italian Civil rights laws are a mess but renaissance architects were Paradise builders.

Love, Allen Ginsberg

ORACLE

F.B.I. - ferocious Beast Incarnate. Mudra for victory, hand signal V. Recent historical use - Allister Crowley to Winston Churchill from Budda & Rishis long ago now manifest in unconscious mass in embryo in U.S.A. MUST BE USED BY YOU AND ALL (if it is yr will) NOW. Is beginning of next step in our task of reversal U.S.A. and planet.

N O W

All love and blessings from brotherhood.

Michael

P.S.
N. O. W. no other way
ONE

dearest beautiful oracle!

enclosed are photostat's of my work--my dream is to expand the dream columns into every sort of magazine, newspaper & printed page. however, i'm writing more than publishing. why? well, maybe it is not quite time to publish yet but especially because the IT seems very un-coordinated at the moment. infact, i felt their business deadlines so inconsiderate & the looks of their paper (& ofcourse, contents) so appealing recently that i asked them to return all my unpublished m.s.s. this made me quite sad as i have been publishing in england for some time now & all of my friends live there so there is a soft spot in my heart for the u.k. however, this may have happened just to make me turn towards america once again... i was brought up in california (the mojave desert!) & have a u.s. passport but left in disgust as soon as i was able (age 29) & have been living in europe & the middle east ever since. i was not even interested in reading anything printed in the u.s. but the oracle mysteriously (no, not mysteriously--it's everywhere!) came into my hands & i could hardly believe it. i am writing you all these words because i feel very emotional, like a returning prodigal daughter. can you believe that in all my years in america (i was not born there but lived from the age of 4 till 20 in calif.) i made only friends with american's of negro or indian descent, or other naturalized citizens like myself on their way out? yes you can! i had an unhappy childhood because of the neighboring children would beat me up, but a beautiful childhood because of the sunsets, wildlife & the great expanse of the desert. i am sure there are many, many other people--maybe now abroad also--who feel the same way i do.

also, please send a subscription to my mother at this address:

yes, i sit silently with all of you & breathe, breathe, & hold hands with eternity!

everloving o m
l e
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het steenen huis
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limburg, holland

Hello:

At the time that I mail this letter, I will send you four parcels -- one package of groceries and three of clothing. I hope that you will distribute these things to anyone who needs them, or that you will deliver them to the free store for distribution. Mr. Hedgepeth (whose article in Look was one of the factors that motivated my sending these packages) was kind enough to give me your address. He said he thought you would not mind handling [...] me.

The other factor that prompted me to send these packages was my recent first experience with marijuana. Although I may never again have the opportunity to use it, it was a powerful and moving experience for me. I felt, somehow, that some response such as this was required, for I know that it is your culture and not mine that keeps such drugs available.

I wish that I had the courage to join you. But lacking that, I would like to assist you in any way possible. Although my resources are not unlimited, I certainly hope that if there is ever anyone in your community who is in serious need you will call me collect. I will try to help if I can. I will be moving to the Washington, D.C., area this week, and if there is ever anyone visiting the area who is in need of dinner or a place to stay, please tell them they are welcome to contact me.

I hope that you will find a use for the things I am sending.

Sincerely yours,

Marlena Roeder

Dear Oracle,

Within the last year there appears to have been an intensified effort to control the flow of Grass from old Mexico. The killing of the two border guards provided an incident which aggravates the situation. I think that the pressure will increase along the border and in Mexico. The logical outcome will be that the traffickers will (a) be reduced in number, and (b) will professionalise, and (c) become an organizational operation, i.e., the Mafia.

There is a way to avoid all this and it's called "Broadcast." Don't flush seeds down the John; plant them. When you go hiking, take some seeds. Plant them away from highways and on moist ground. Beautify America. A creek bed is excellent because it provides moisture and will spread the seeds by carrying them downstream. It's also a good idea to soak the seeds for a couple of days in the jar before you take them out so that they can sprout. Plant about ½ inch down.

So far the idea is simple planting. The most important part though, is that you always plant for other people. We can have our own patches, but always leave plants for other people to swing with. This is a real gift freely given.

They are starting to do this in Santa Cruz, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles. We outnumber the cops and we go places they don't. Spread this over California and they can never stop it! Broadcast!

Amigo, I must ask you not to use my name. I still function occasionally in the professional world, and they will certainly impose sanctions on yr. humble servant. Best wishes,

Yours in the Sangha,

Dear ORACLE Editors:

This Is to let you know about PROJECT GASBUGGY. Project Gasbuggy is an underground nuclear blast, equivalent to 20,000 pounds of TNT, due to go off more than 4000 feet underground five miles from Farmington, New Mexico on the Jicarilla reservation. The reason that I am writing is not to stop the blast, though I wish that it were possible. But it's due to go off Nov. 14. This is just to let people know that yet another outrage is being done to us, and maybe if enough of us care we can stop future blasts like this.

Project Gasbuggy is a joint effort of the Atomic Energy Commission and El Paso Natural Gas, which means that taxpayers' (ie., our) money is being used to help a private company get a resource which they can sell--ultimately, back to us. Even if they do recover natural gas, which is the supposed aim of the project, it may be too radioactive to use.

To my knowledge, this is the first time that an underground blast has been set off so close to populated areas. Even military underground tests often have radioactive leaks, endangering people, animals, plants and life of all kinds hundreds of miles from the test area. What of a blast only five miles from a twon--Farmington?

What of the danger of contaminating the ground and underground water supply for hundreds of miles around? What od the danger of earthquake from rock slippage that might result from such a tremendous explosion? The fact is, they don't know what they are doing. They'll risk anything for a profit.

All the people of Northern New Mexico stand to be affected by this impending radioactive contamination, not only the many communities that are trying to create a good way of life for themselves and their children. But to do so, it's impossible to ignore the affects of something like Project Gasbuggy. Maybe ignorance is bliss, but how can one ignore the fact that his very water and air, on which EVERYONE'S life depends, may be made radioactive? I can't. If we open our eyes to what they are doing (isn't that one aspect of consciousness expansion?) we can raise a loud cry of outrage. If we keep our eyes closed and say nothing, they will keep doing this to us. They hate people to expose their evil deeds--after all, people might get together and try to stop them, like people stopped the PG&E atomic substation at Bodega Head from being built, like people stopped the Grand Canyon Dam.

This project has all the earmarks of one of the psychotic dreams of Dr. Edward Teller, the Transylvania scientist. Let's protest these evil things! Yes, many feel helpless, but the power of people united is very strong. "Let's all get together, now--right down here." May the people who are starting communities join hands with everyone. Or will we be like the Germans....

Yvonne Bond

As [...] president of my high school, and the head of our Student Cultural Program, I would [...] invite you, or a representative of your newspaper, to address our student body on some aspect of the culture which you so beautifully ex[...] in your paper. If you consider the trip too [...], arrangements can be made for your stay in [...] (Ameri[...] withheld) Peninsula City of no culture. Any weekday during the coming year would [...] fine. I do hope you will come, for if you cannot, we will have to resort to a pun[...] speak[...] trip to Oxford.

Thank you,

Statement of reason for non-payment of Federal Military Defense Tax of 41% due:

First, As a Catholic I believe I have a moral imperative not to kill anyone if I can possibly avoid it.

Second, I believe I cannot justify, at any time, the slaughter of thousands so that I may defend myself or my loved ones.

Third, I believe this country has a divine right to self preservation in extreme situations. This present war is not an extreme situation to the best of my understanding. I also believe that war has proven itself absurd. The principle of relying on physical force to defend the country has brought us to the absurd possibility of a nuclear exchange that will destroy 300 million people in one hour. This is against the basic instinct, that is, the life instinct, and will be made obsolete. No war is an adequate defense for the kind of life I want.

Fourth, In theory at least, I can forfeit my divine right to self-preservation in order to consistantly support a policy of unilateral disarmament. I am willing to trust in God and I am willing to take the risks.

April 15, 1967
In hope of peace,

Robert John Hickey

Dear Editor,

I would like some information regarding the new rural communities that are springing up in the States. I've been teaching English on the island of Lesbos for the past two years and during that time have given a great deal of thought to the necessity of creating new patterns for Communal Life in order to develop, test and transform the New Ethic and Philosophy that is now driving a significant part of of our generation.

From experience I have come to believe that the forms and rhythms of modern urban society are antithetical to the kind of unity and wholeness we are trying to achieve. If the spirit you write about in The Oracle is not to fall into the pit of Commercialism, it will have to free itself entirely from dependence upon the present economy.

Europeans see the whole thing as a kind of exotic market place - and in many respects they're right. So put me in touch with someone in the post-pot/acid stage, whose got the strength to do without the paraphenalia and get down to the real task at hand for us - that is creating new Life forms to live and grow in - not to exhibit and stagnate in.

Awaiting Reply - I remain
Yours
Jay Kugelman

Jay Kugelman
c/o Marchand
Pasitelous St. 5
Pangrati, Athens
Greece

MONTEREY POP COP

Back last Spring, April, or was it June, sometime anyway, they, the unknowable, they held the First Monterey Pop Festival.

Lots of love and beautiful music and a pitch about how the money made from the festival would not be used for any crass commercial purposes, but rather would be spread about in the hip community, or some community, for elimosinary purposes or some other such happy horseshit.

Many well meaning people as well as high line con men put in bids for some of the bread, which was raised by bands playing for travel expenses.

The net after the nut was $210,000, that's 21×10^4 dollars one hell of a large amount. Nearly 25 times as much as CAFF raised with its benefit.

To this day the money has not been disbursed and the story is beginning to change, the sure sign of a con-trip. Now the story is that the money will be used "to further popular music" rather than as a fund for the community from which the music developed and from which it has received its support. The guy who has the dough is in L.A. and his name begins with a C. He is an attorney for the Exec Comm of the of the Fest.

If the T.V. tapes are edited down into a film, there will be even more dough. Who gets it baby, we all worked for it.

By the way The Haight Ashbury Medical Clinic, the free doctor for the kids on the street had to close up shop because of the bread shorts. Dig it and dig yourself when you think of the Pop Festival. It was a gas wasn't it baby?

Lovable Ol' Doc Stanley

PENTAGON WE IS ONE RISING

Richard J. Honigman

"And so we shall press forward. Two things we must do. Two things we shall do.

"First, we must not mislead our enemy. Let him not think that debate and dissent will produce wavering and withdrawal. For they won't. Let him not think that protests will produce surrender. Because they won't. Let him not think that he will wait us out. For he won't.

"Second, we will provide all that our brave men require to do the job that must be done.

"These gallant men have our prayers — our heart-felt praise — and our deepest gratitude.

"Let the world know that the keepers of peace will endure through every trial — that with the full backing of their countrymen, they will prevail." Lyndon B. Johnson. San Antonio, Texas. Sept. 29, 1967

At the Pentagon on October 21, we will witness the death of the old Liberal war protest and the beginnings of a new scene. The old protestors are coming to the ultimate war protest to end protests. They are probably going to do their old thing and make speeches; carry pickets and so on but they are also going to meet new comers to the scene who will be involved in street or guerilla theater and a religious exorcism ritual. The multitude assembled will represent the largest coalition of dissident elements since the depression. The participants will read like a Magic Menue of Shamens, Indian Medicine Men, Wizards, Priests, Rabbis, Black Power, White Power, Mothers Strike for Peace, Sane, Artists, Diggers and thousands of Mr. Nobody's sick of senseless killing. All will perform in a spontaneous happening and religious rite to exorcise the traditional and actual symbol of evil - The Pentagon.

It is a citadel of propaganda, corruption and mistrust. A totalitarian, drab crypt ironically configured in a symbol which appears in many religions and cultures as the symbol of evil. To ring a Pentagon is to render it impotent. We will ring it many times over with thousands of people celebrating, defying, dancing and praying.

But that is only a start for what is perhaps more important than the ritual and protest demonstrations is the fact that so many people, possibly half a million, will converge in the best possible place to search for new militant ways of fighting the gigantic shit heaving crud machinery in this country.

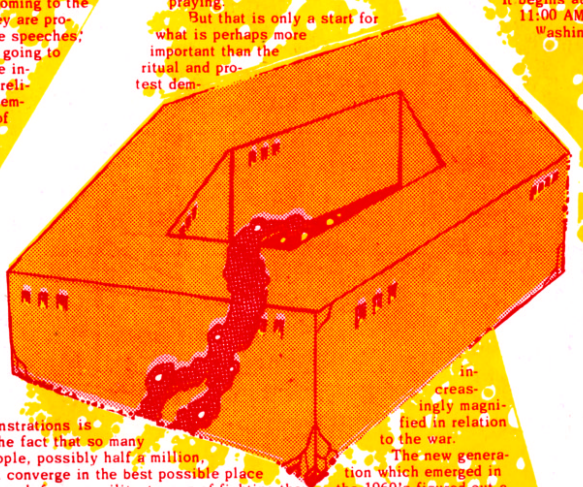
The war is laying bare many threads in this country that most people would rather not consider. It also spreads old wounds, some relatively unnoticed a few years ago, to produce a widening of the interest and intent of large numbers of alienated and disaffected people. Are not the Negro riots, the middle class youths disaffection from the mainstream, everyone's increasing disgust with the aims of the Great Society and the emergence of the new left directly related to the war crisis? The longer the war goes on the wider the gap between the people and the government, between a war economy and a peaceful society, between freedom and suppression. Yesterday's impotent dissent is starting to bare some claws as the reasons for the social ills and sickness which beset us become increasingly magnified in relation to the war.

The new generation which emerged in the 1960's figured out a lot of what many others had to learn the hard way. To protest only leads to the illusion of a free society which Johnson needs to carry on with the war, the right wing coups, the Insane Bomb programs and "educatin' the nigger" to his rightful place of servitude in the plastic society. Recently in San Antonio, Johnson laid on the final sermon for all liberal dissent, and to carry it one step further on Democracy itself. What he said in effect was that no matter what you do or think it won't do shit to mitigate what the military-industrial complex and their stooges in the government have in mind. The lies and oversimplifications in that speech defy parallel except as what could be found in a primer by Herr Goebels.

A new power is rising, as yet undefined and Untried. It is now obvious to many that this government is unable and unwilling to cope with or even understand the problems of today. But the people are slowly becoming aware and are looking for answers and while they are at it are finding new freedoms and new possibilities in their action and life style. The artist has been freed from tradition to find art in life, the people freed to find life in art.

The Pentagon is Rising, it is just a symbol; you are all just symbols in a grand illusion. It is all just as it appears. The Pentagon is rising. Join us. The Pentagon is Rising.

It begins at the Jefferson Memorial at 11:00 AM October 21, 1967 in Washington DC.



"The Pentagon in
Alexandria, across the Potomac from
Washington. An effete and worthless baroque con-
ceit, resurrected in the nineteen-thirties by United States
military engineers and magnified into an architectural catastrophe.
Nuclear power has aggravated this error and turned its huge comic in-
eptitude into a tragic threat: for here the citadel has come back to life
once more, with every ancient dimension magnified, every error raised to the
tenth power. The Bronze Age fantasies of absolute power, the Bronze Age practice
of unlimited human extermination, the uncontrolled obsessions, hatreds, and suspi-
cions of Bronze Age gods and kings, have here taken root again in a fashion that imi-

PETER LEGERIA

tates—and seeks to surpass—the Kremlin of Ivan the Terrible and his latter-day succes-
sors. With this relapse, in less than a decade, have come one-way communication, the
priestly monopoly of secret knowledge, the multiplication of secret agencies, the suppres-
sion of open discussion, and even the insulation of error against public criticism and
exposure through a 'bi-partisan' military and foreign policy, which in practice nullifies
public reaction and makes rational dissent the equivalent of patriotic disaffection, if
not treason. The dismantling of this regressive citadel will prove a far harder task
than the demolition of the earlier baroque fortifications. But on its performance
all more extensive plans for urban and human development must wait."

Lewis Mumford
The City in History

CITY of SAN FRANCISCO
ORACLE
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VOLUME ONE
NUMBER 11
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ORACLE ✧ ETERNAL

A LETTER; APPEAL

My wife, my children, myself in the City of God.

Rising or falling? Place, but not as locus (land, space, etc.) only, where we are at. No one seems quite sure where. And yet everyone agrees, even the straights, so-called, perhaps especially the straights, all agree that something other than our congested machinery must move. Hiatus? A friend of mine suggests that this is our condition. Hiatus achieved in this manner: the old conditions (traditions of behavior, and that, relative behavior – I'm not talking about ethics now) are dead. They exist in time past. They are if anything, an hysterical pastime. But they hold us. Transtional. We, each is his or her own case, are either breaking away, as best we can (how difficult), breaking up (those, the broken ones really, and of course their sadness is so much a part of our rebellion), or giving up. Given up. Friend continues: "I have much hope that a Hero will appear to show." And that an idea with so much history: Messiah, Guatama, Krishna, Mohammed, The Warriors of the Rainbow. The argument occurs readily: the "great man theory" all over, as against the collective achievement of the City of God. Wife, children, can I lead you to this City. Would you follow, even? But place again. Taking you, say, where? I mean to what geographical place? To shorten the postulation of the difficulties: what was done at the Tower of Babel was done. And *babel* is a very accurate word in our cant. For we talk and talk, and then do what we must. Some make it; most don't. Do we then pray, chant, make the proper libations that this City of God be given to us? Do we try to wrench it out of the earth, this City to which we all yearn? Is the time ready?

Is there a man to lead us into this city; to inspire us toBuild this city. Do we, even, really have the necessary Vision of this City? (Do I write, or, am I written?) Babel.

All right, to return to the matter at hand. What, precisely, might be an historical precedent that could be turned to the collective good? Moses' decalogue. I will try. Even knowing perhaps that I would be the first to fall in keeping my own commandments.

1) Love all things equally, forsaking not yourself.
2) Revere all Nature equally, not forgetting your own body as flesh.
3) Whatever harm others have inflicted upon you remember these and strive in your own person to be the End of that harm: to effect such an end of the harm by not repeating it in your own actions.
4) To Love God as you know Him, or as He chooses You In Whom to Reveal Himself.
5) To share your Visions as you are Blessed With Them, but Never to Coerce those growing into their own around you.
6) Cultivate a gracefullness of person. In this, as in all things the Supreme models are in the Natural World.
7) Instruct yourself, and most particularly, the children in the Virtue of adding to the beauty of life through the creation of beautiful things. Yield always to the creative forces within yourself, and take care to care for these gifts.
8) Teach, if possible, always by example, but failing that, be vocal in descrying any outrage perpetrated against life and love.
9) Be not afraid. Nor take shame if fearful. To voice a fear is to diminish it, for man is a child of nature and Nature-in-Him understands the foible of fear.
10) Seek patience, for patience is a place: The City of God.

Then, and. I cannot wear myself out searching. And yet I would make whatever reasonable efforts, if graced with the means to do so, to find this Place, this City of God, as a real place with a roof and warmth and food and love and happiness. And as a condition of the Collective Consciousness, that we all share and KNOW. For these things we DO ALL KNOW. EXCLUSIVENESS is NOT REAL. And yet, barring our individual failures, my own, yours, our children, the lovely others, failures of fear and Impatience, and exercising CARE in keeping these are whatever commandments each mind is dictated (all good is of the same order) perhaps we can make it work. In a real place. We shall go as far as we can on our own light, and then humbly appeal that our light be increased to reckon with the darkness we encounter. Until the city is there as El Greco saw it; others as well. Then we are there happy and blessed. As it is, let us be prepared to know it. Be prepared to accept it. Some of our roots, in each, are depraved and cankerous and would wreck havoc on our visions and our City. We have seen this in our own lives already. Finally, love and beauty. This is our City. A... a grace that transcends understanding. And a place for it to last.

DODD

CHUCK MITMAN

SIX SENSUOUS CITIES OF THE MOON

The most acute dreams are the everpresent reminder of beauty burgeoning. There have been generations that survived on dreams alone, as there have been generations that have been slaughtered for a dream, but the dream persisted.

Grew.

Soldiers burned & hacked its roots. Priests tortured it. Kings & autocrats denied it. Realists scoffed at it. Scientists refuted it. The most able orators of the day sneered at it. Congresses outlawed it. Power scourged it, but the dream persisted.

Grew.

There were memories that gnawed. Better days. The Garden of Eden. Perhaps eight thousand years ago, or six thousand from the beginning of the Xian era. More benevolent rule, & a more equitable distribution of the world's goods.

Blasphemy.

Guilt.

Yes, man fallen. Once fallen never to return to a state of grace. Ingrate. But in India a steel pole stands the relic of an unknown era.

Steel, & the well civilized Vedics. What a link, but it is more convenient to forget. To submerge this racial memory, this artiglyph.

Steel.

Echoing.

The cellular recesses bulging, squirming, begging to speak. 'For thou art not guilty, even if you desire to be. Even if thy rulers proclaim you so. Thou art the son of God!'

Re-echoing.

It is possible to look at modern history as the imposition of guilt on the many by the few. Even as a simple industrial equation. I over Thou: I/Thou

The bread I eat turns sour in my mouth/
I cannot enjoy Pitiful lunatic scream

Was there ever a time? asks the boy, just five years from the womb. Cellular memory. Yes, yes, we nod, deeply from within. Language is too learned, too impotent to respond. The measured intellect too sluggish/too frightened. The crash of categories psychically disruptive/ a threat.

Then, why? asks the boy.

The question begins. It has taken several years for this little fellow to formulate. The further one gets from the womb, the more difficult it is to understand. More necessary to ask.

The dream grows.

At one time there was a telepathic transit lane between earth & moon.

And grows.

Had the moon ever been part of the earth? Moon people believed that they would eventually come to the correct deduction, and it was better if the answer evolved.

Six beautiful cities generated spontaneously in harmony with the cosmic consciousness.
Freeing the imagination of constraints, ambiguous fears, which proliferate in repressive institutions here on earth, erecting impossible guidelines breeding further ignorance/further fear/further

insanity

the dread/the scourge/the virus suddenly appeared on the moon/cults scourging themselves & repenting for unspecified deeds

Aberrants they were called. The Aberrants built a city on a rock in arid desert, though they were offered fertile lands. Thousands perished miserably in the streets, while others with running sores begged to follow. This city, more a graveyard, was named/ Nu Cle Onus.

Dread/dread/dread/dread

we define our fears unconsciously, though extremely accurately, but it is their resolution that is the prugative.

The compassionate responses of men to men makes life worth the trouble (the doubt/the fear/the agony).

This joyous accord.

Rejoice.

Hallelujah! Sing the glory of thy brother! On earth as in heaven/hallowed be thee...

Discovery. Nu Cle Onus rested on rocks containing an exotic ore that could be used to generate cosmic energy. People cheered. There were the reluctant few/but the ore was common on the moon/ it was proper to show the inhabitants of this strange city how to synthesize such a magnificent force.

Telepathic communication with earth intimated the millenia was at hand. Earth itself was in a state of balance & wonderment. Sing the glory of thy brother! The cosmos reveals

itself.

Hallelujah/Hallelujah/Hallelujah/Halle-

The Nu Cle Ones multiplied, obsessed with the need to build/to produce. Plant & animal life disappeared. Nu Cle Onus, they bragged, was germ free. Look! they cried, but the others asked: Where are the trees? Who needs them? they replied. This is all manmade, it is more beautiful than anything created by God!

ah beauty/beauty/beauty/beauty
which is both comfort & despair/mingling
hopes & imperfections
(the art is in the flaw)

In secret & in stealth their city council met in crystal chambers, a prism is a prism, perfection is a vice. If beauty was not beauty, truth was not/ truth.

Better to die than live like that!

***note: (the last two syllables of Nu Cle Ones are pronounced the same as in drones)

Agreed, agreed, all shouted, but first put it to a vote. The votes the test. If others cannot see it our way then it is better to blow up the moon/for truth is truth/& Nu Cle Onus is the most beautiful city. Yes, yes, yes, they roared, and not a no was heard. Remember, it was said as they departed, not a word of this to anyone. The decisions of the council are secret & binding on everyone/

that is the joy of representing government!

The vote arranged, the ballots counted with strictest honesty. We'll die by the ballot, the Nu Cle Ones asserted. A festive day, but grim in other ways. One vote for one man and everyone must vote without exception, the Nu Cle Ones reminded everyone. That is the principle/ (and principle is the purpose that serves our way).

The tabulation began early in the afternoon and ended late at night (no citizen could vote for his own city). By actual count, though not by word or deed or thought, Nu Cle Onus was deemed the ugliest city, receiving no vote at all, and just a glance at the moon today will show you what resulted.

ii.

But the dream grew.

the city is a dream/is poetry/is the imagination seeking its own harmony
a procedure of mind/soul/spirit/heart/stars/moon/sky/clouds
non-crystalline specific matter & energy emanating from varied sources wherein
all is not one nor one all/wherein the real difference is the similarity
between us all/which is a beginning & an end/a culmination/but not a finality/& that all
life surrounds us/is within us & beyond/proliferating on a cosmic scale
that dwarfs the consciousness of exclusive patterns of punishment & reward

& speaks to us on vegetarian earth through bay/river/mountain/ocean/soul
& the alliterative tongue of human hope/this minimal city built to human scale
to comprehend the mystery/the knowledge/the divinity of the cosmos
& beyond/without clutter/without static conceptions & to live
in flux as the agent & reagent of human consciousness
for life is everlasting as is the spirit & conception
whether it be the child/the holy ghost/the daffodil/or everlasting nature

here/on this magic shore/i leave this temple without walls or paint
or material objects & look to the great oceans/whether maritime or celestial/
wherein the great destinies of humanity & consciousness are to be preserved
& propagated/& that what is not humane is not cosmic/
for the conception is greater than the act & ventures forth
comprehending that limbo is the preoccupation with that which has no soul
& builds in the image of death though death is non-existent

herein/i dedicate this soul/nurtured in the fecund earth/to the awareness

this consciousness i accept

let there be laughter in the temple of God

GEORGE TSUGAS
Thanksgiving 1967
San Francisco

INVISIBLE

(BUCKMINSTER FULLER was alive, well, and eloquent in the Haight-Ashbury this month.)

Voice From Audience: About universal rebirth how is technology affecting it, how is technology bringing it about?

Fuller: There are now on the earth three or four hundred million babies in the wombs of mothers; they are alive. And I think that we will learn within possibly a decade, what up till now man has spoken of as telepathy is the ultrahigh frequency electromagnetic wave propagation in which we use our eyes for beaming mechanisms (beaming and receiving).

We've learned in our technical experiments that the bat is flying absolute radar at 186,000 miles per second. It is bouncing signals off the walls getting information from the walls so that he doesn't hit the ceiling. That a bat with the size brain could do that, makes it clear to me that the human size brain could do this. When you say brain you are really talking about the complexity of technology, that the brain could do the same thing that the bat could do.

THE WORLD WOMB

VFA: Do you think the human brain is doing it all the time?

Fuller: I think the brain is using electromagnetic waves all the time. I've talked before, probably over 1000 times to audiences around the world and I am utterly aware of what everybody in that room was thinking. And when I'm doing all the talking I'm really talking for everybody. And I never prepare a lecture and I've learned it is possible of course, to think out loud and if I'm thinking and finding my way along everybody goes along with me. I'm simply making the sounds for all of us. And I've really learned to do this and I find that people can stay with me. Otherwise it would be impossible for people to stay with me 8 or 10 hours which I've found that I've been able to have them do seeing as how it gets awful uncomfortable. And it gets so concentrated that they can do that. So it's the only really good explanation. I'm receiving all the information from others, what their interests are usually steering his way

I'd like to come back to what my preamble was, that I had 300 to 400 million babies in wombs around the world. They're alive and they have all their equipment. I just, then, have a hypothetical electromagnetic wave communication between these human beings. Any communication they have would be in terms of experience and their experience is entirely inside the womb. They're not getting oxygen directly, they're getting oxygen in their blood from their mother's blood. And they're not using their lungs. They're using only one thing which is touch. A child, a newborn baby, you put your finger in his hand and it closes on your finger adeptly, absolutely amazing. You feel as though you are really communicating with that little thing lying there. He's not using his eyes or ears. When you want to remove your finger he immediately opens it up and accomodates and when you put it back he closes his hand again. How can it be that this child is born with such beautiful communication? When you think about it, this baby has been in the womb for 9 months and his whole communication has been tactile. So the tactile is already extraordinarily mature. So this is not just a first instinct he's been using it that way for awhile. Later on when it's out of the womb it takes in air and oxygen, the olfactory goes before the other, he smells for milk and smells the flesh. Then after many days he begins to hear; many days after that he begins to see, so this tactile is a beginning where we really start. So it's very very prominent in all our thinking.

But we know that now, atomically in physics, that nothing ever really does touch. I'm touching but I'm really not touching. The atoms get into critical proximity. They get into critical proximity all kinds of things begin to happen. Could we get to the atoms themselves we find that their components are as immobile as the milky way. So we get to critical proximities, various things happen. There's bounce off, there's reflections and refractions, smash up, all kinds. What goes on in the end is also electromomagnetic even when we get into their proximities and gravitational and reverse radiation and gravity. So a child in the tactile with his mother is electromagnetic, is also very very high frequency. These of course, are words for a phenomenon of the extraordinaryorderlinessin the universe and it doesn't make it prosaic, that you and I have invented the terms like electromagnetic to describe experience. Because there has to be something before the experience, there has to be principles that are operative as we discover it and we just give it those names. It doesn't make it prosaic, or any less marvelous!

I was coming to the point then that we have a whole, 3 to 400 million is a very large population for this country with 200 million population in America, there is more than the population of all the Americans in the world womb. So there is a whole way of living.

We then, have these large populations of 2 and 3 and 400 million even billions human beings who are only in a tactile world of electromagnetic communication and talking to each other and so forth. Well then, they emerge into going out of the womb coming into an entirely new world where they're breathing air. This is a very sudden and extraordinary change of experience. I discovered that certain things that happen to individuals happen to groups, this is a group of extraordinary number of cells, fantastic number of atoms.

FULLER

Our individual brains have a quadrillion times a quadrillion atoms in fantastic coordination. There is a coordination of all of us and I think we are all coming out of the womb of very fundamental ignorance, mental ignorance. We talk in the ways that sound sometimes very faithful to our experience and many times very imaginary. Which would indicate that we think that we know quite a lot and are responsible for a lot of what is going on.

I do say to you whatever the last meal that you ate you haven't the slightest idea of what you're doing with it. You're not consciously saying to yourself that I have designed and decided now I'm going to have a million hairs and they're going to be such and such a shape and color. We don't do any of this; it is all automated. Man is more than 99.9% automated and he is only a very small fraction conscious. Whereas he tends to be so impressed with consciousness, he tends to suggest that he is really highly responsible for what goes on. I find that he doesn't invent the oxygen, he is really very successful despite his ignorance and his vanity.

I would suggest that all of humanity is about to be born in an entirely new relationship with the universe. Where, having been given intellect, we are going to have to use intellect as we have never used it before. We're going to have to have an integrity--a good faith with the truth (whatever the truth may be). We're going to have to really pay attention. We've been allowed up till now to be shortsighted and to compromise and to make quick hard decisions that make it possible for this one to survive versus the other, things like that. We've learned that we can take care of everyone so it isn't the employment of the intellect just to make quick decisions of which one is to live and which one is to die. That's the way it used to be. My father was really carrying a gun at his side, that he would shoot at any minute. And their fathers were carrying rapiers. And if you couldn't afford a rapier you were carrying a bludgeon.

VFA: Do you think that the population of the earth is an over population or an over concentration of population?

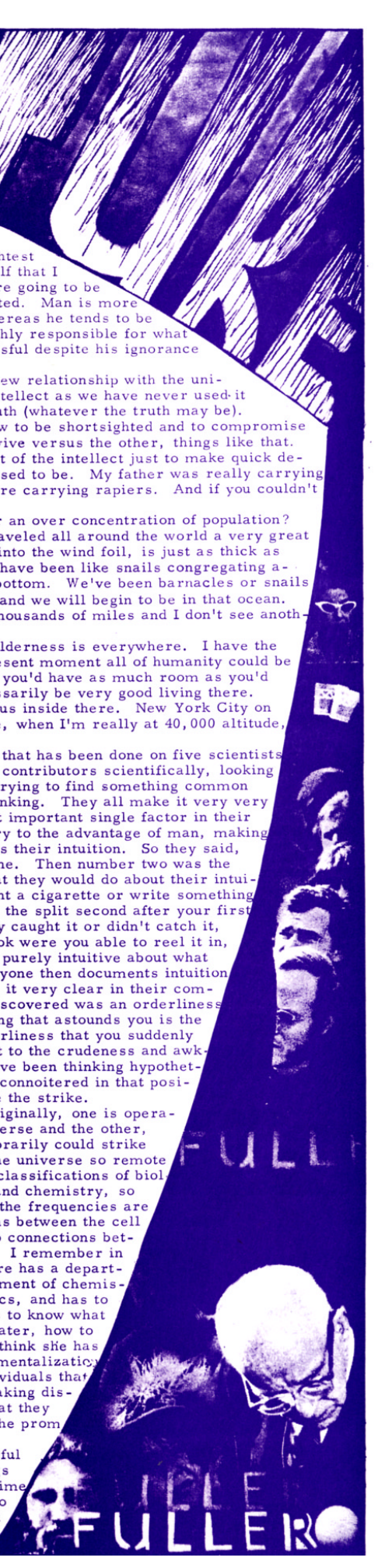
Fuller: Over concentrations. We're anything but over populated. I've traveled all around the world a very great deal, I go by air. I would like to point out that our atmosphere as we get into the wind foil, is just as thick as water. Our atmosphere is an ocean, there is an atmospheric ocean. We have been like snails congregating around one or two little places where survival was very probable. On the bottom. We've been barnacles or snails up till now rooting, just beginning to learn that we can take off the bottom and we will begin to be in that ocean. The minute I go up into that air ocean, when I leave the airport, I travel thousands of miles and I don't see another human being.

I find it fantastic how much woods and actual amount of wilderness is everywhere. I have the statistics on it and it is very impressive. At the present moment all of humanity could be brought indoors in greater New York City and you'd have as much room as you'd have in a cocktail party. It wouldn't necessarily be very good living there. We're very tiny and you can get all of us inside there. New York City on that map, when I'm on that altitude, when I'm really at 40,000 altitude, is only three inches.

There is beautiful research that has been done on five scientists that showed--so clearly great contributors scientifically, looking at their diaries and papers trying to find something common that they said and were thinking. They all make it very very clear that by far the most important single factor in their turning of their discovery to the advantage of man, making it available to them, was their intuition. So they said, intuition was number one. Then number two was the second intuition or what they would do about their intuitive flash. Do you light a cigarette or write something down. What you do in the split second after your first intuition, if you really caught it or didn't catch it, the fish was on the hook were you able to reel it in, and your instincts are purely intuitive about what you did about it. Everyone then documents intuition everyone of them make it very clear in their comments that what they discovered was an orderliness in the universe, the thing that astounds you is the sublimeness of the orderliness that you suddenly discovered as a contrast to the crudeness and awkwardness of what you have been thinking hypothetically by which you're reconnoitered in that position or you suddenly make the strike.

So all the scientists originally, one is operating in one area of the universe and the other, which for the moment temporarily could strike one, as a different area of the universe so remote that we have man developing classifications of biology, mathematics, physics, and chemistry, so forth, where the magnitude of the frequencies are such that you saw no connections between the cell and the molecule and you saw no connections between the molecule and the atom. I remember in in 1917, saying, I don't think nature has a department of physics say, and a department of chemistry and a department of mathematics, and has to have a department to have meetings to know what to do when you drop a stone in the water, how to make that beautiful circular wave, I think she has only one department and this compartmentalization is an accident because man, these individuals that made the discoveries happened to be making discoveries so remotely from the others that they didn't see the connections and they took the prominent features.

Suddenly with the more and more powerful instruments, we gradually found these things coming together. Where the world by this time thinks that they have to become specialists to find something out and all of a sudden we find great scientists coming together having to become bio-chemists and had to become--they



SUWA-NO-SE ISLAND AND THE BANYAN ASHRAM

Several years ago Nanao SAKAKI, the wanderer and poet, was travelling on a small inter island freighter between Kyushu and Amami Oshima and got into a conversation with a fellow passenger, an islander, who casually invited Nanao to come visit his island. Nanao did, another year, and just when a typhoon came; so he was holed up for over a week in a farmhouse waiting for the storm to blow over.

The island has only eight households--40 people--and though the major part of the island is volcano and lavaflow, there is plenty of unoccupied land that is livable. Hence the islanders told Nanao that if he or his friends wished to come camp or live there, they'd be welcome.

Nanao's old circle of friends in Tokyo, the "Emerald Breeze" branch of the "Harijan" (formerly known as the Bum Academy) had already started a farm in the highlands of Nagano prefecture. They decided to add Suwa-no-se island to their plans: In May Nanao, Miko, and Shinkai went down; Pon in June with several others; Franco, Naga, Masa, and me in July. You have to go to Kagoshima, the southernmost town of size in Kyushu. A boat leaves for the "Ten Islands" once a week. Unpredictably. So that we were hung up for five days in Kagoshima, a cheap waterfront inn, while the ship waited out a typhoon scare. Did our grocery shopping and walked out to the ends of breakwaters waiting. The Toshima Maru left at six in the evening. A little diesel freighter of 250 tons. At daybreak coming in on Kuchi-no-erabu island--silvery rainsqualls, green cliffs, flashings of seabirds. The ship called at three islands through the day--anchoring beyond the edge of the coral reef, loading and unloading from tossing little unpainted island boats.

Late in the afternoon the ship was approaching Suwa-no-se, a violet mountain from afar, with cloudcaps and banners of mist. (The fishermen who come down from Miyazaki on Kyushu in their seaworthy little 3 ton fishing boats call it "Yake-jima"--Burning Island. Because much of the time the volcano is smoking.)

Anchoring offshore, the Toshima Maru blows its whistle and finally, down a steep trail through bamboo, a few men running. After half an hour a small boat puts out from behind a big boulder and cement breakwater at the base of the cliffs--steers through a path in the coral reef and comes alongside the freighter. The islanders brought out watermelons and wild goats. The goats go down to Amami Oshima where people like to eat them. Then, us, with our rucksacks and provisions, aboard the little boat, ashore through rough waves and getting wet, up on the rocky beach. Stepping over and through the lines and cables of several small fishing boats, nets, cables of the winch system for handling the boats in and out. Everybody waiting for us, almost black from being always in the sun. Packed all our groceries and rucksacks up the switchbacks and across a mile or so of trail through semi-jungle to the abandoned house and clearing they were using. Nanao and Shinkai had just finished a small extra shelter of bamboo; dome-shaped, with a thatch roof--so there was sleeping space for everyone. Fourteen people, almost half of them girls.

Suwa-no-se is latitude 29 36' which puts it on a level roughly with the Canary Islands, Cairo, Chihuahua, Persepolis, and Lhasa. Almost half way from Kyushu to Amami Oshima. The Amami group of islands continue into the Ryukyus and the culture is quite similar to the Okinawan but there are dialect differences. From Yoron island you can see Okinawa they say. Yoron is part of Japan. Suwa-no-se was probably populated off and on for several thousand years depending on the activity of the volcano. The "Ten Islands" are part of a stepping-stone system of islands all the way from Taiwan to Kyushu, by which paleolithic voyagers worked their way up to Japan. So they must have stopped off. Suwa-no-se was abandoned after the great eruption of the 15th century, and nobody returned until a century ago when some settlers came up from Amami to try again. Our villagers are thus of the Amami line, and speak Amami dialect; play the snake-head "jabisen" instead of the catskin-head "shamisen". They keep pigs, which is also an Amami custom. Mainland Japanese has never much taken to pigs. Also, they drink distilled sweet-potato liquor instead of sake; and sweet-potatoes make a main part of the year's food--cheaper and easier to raise on the windy islands than rice.

The main part of the island is mountainous and uninhabited, but there is a kind of plateau about 400 feet above sea-level that makes a southern extension, with several good streams running through it--an arable plateau maybe 2 miles by 3 miles, and covered for the most part by bamboo and grasses. A great pasture of fifty or so acres toward the east, and some pine and tabu forests on the flanks of the mountain. Banyan trees and other large subtropical plants follow in the watercourses.

Sweet-potato and watermelon fields are cut-out squares in the bamboo here and there. The houses are clustered toward the west, which is closest to the little harbor; each house separate and enclosed in a wall of bamboo. Even the trails are shadowy corridors through the bamboo jungle and under the limbs of the Banyan.

In the open pasture twenty-three head of black beef cattle at large, and on the edge of the pasture the abandoned farmhouse that became our headquarters. Up the meadow a way toward the mountain is a magnificent Banyan on the edge of a ravine--we cleared out a meditation ground within its hanging roots--finally called our whole place "Banyan Ashram" or Pon calls it "Banyan Dream."

Daily work was clearing a new field for sweet-potato planting. We had to get all the bamboo root runners out, turning it over with hoes and grubbing the roots. Backbreaking work, and very slow. Because of mid-day heat it could only be done before 10:30 AM or after 4 PM. In mid-day we anpped in the shade of the Banyan, or in the Bamboo House. Other work was fuel-gathering (dead pine underbranches; dead bamboo; or driftwood from the beaches loaded in a carrying basket and toted with a tump-line on the forehead--cooking, done by turn in pairs in an open kitchen-shed with a thatch roof on an old brick campfire stove. Chinese style. (Our diet was basically brown rice and miso-soup with potatoes and sweet-potatoes and occasional watermelons or local bananas.) Also a lot of carpentry and construction work was continually going on, and a few hands every few days down to the village to join in on a village project, community trail-repair, or helping gut and flay an extra-large flying fish catch before it could spoil.

The ocean: every day except when the wind was too strong (fringe of a typhoon somewhere) most of us made it to the beach. There are three places to go: the eastern beach, forty minutes by trail, is wide and rough, with a good view of the volcano. The waves are very heavy. It looks across the Pacific toward Mexico. The coral reef goes out a long way, so it's not suitable for skindiving except when the weather is exceptionally calm. The beach has splendid driftwood and drift-lumber, and lots of seashells to gather. There's a cave toward one end within which thirty-six cows can stand in a rainstorm without getting wet. The southern beach is reached by a brushy trail also forty minutes--steep descent down the cliff but possible no-hands; it has a shorter coral ledge and a lovely natural cove within the coral which is deep and affords a passage into deep water under the breakers (i.e. you swim out to the gate and dive and glide underwater for 30 or 40 feet and surface beyond the heavy pounding). There are strong tidal currents here and we decided it was dangerous for anyone not an excellent swimmer and diver.

The western beach is the most sheltered and the best for fishing. We had vague ideas about spear-fishing from the beginning and I brought a pocketfull of steel harpoon-heads (the smallest ones) with me--but it wasn't until Arikawa-san, the youngest family-man of the islanders, showed us how to make a long bamboo spear with an iron rod in the end on which the spear-head sockets (attached to the main bamboo by leader) that we seriously began to think about adding fish to our diet. The spear is powered by inner-tube rubber, and is about 9 feet long. Ito and I made three of these. With flippers and goggles spent two fruitless

days in the water 'til we began to understand the habits and feelings of the different species. Then we began to regularly take them. It became noticeably easier to do heavy work with more protein in the diet.

Most of us would be vegetarians by choice, but this was a real case of necessity and ecology. The volcanic soil of the island (and the volcanic ash fallout) makes it hard to raise many vegetables there; but the waters are rich in fish. We offered our respects and gratitude to the fish and the Sea Gods daily, and ate them with real love, admiring their extraordinarily beautiful, perfect little bodies.

Hundreds of varieties and thousands of individuals, all edible. Cobalt blue, shades of yellow and orange seemed the most common. None of the fish are really "tropical" and strange--but they are clearly sub-tropical with more variety than you'd find in colder waters. I became absorbed in the life of the sea. Without a fish book I came to recognize dozens of species and gradually came to know their habits and peculiarities and territories and emotions.

There is a great truth in the relationship established by hunting: like in love or art, you must become one with the other. (Which is why paleolithic hunting magic is so important historically: the necessities of identity, intuition, stillness, that go with hunting make it seem as though shamanism and yoga and meditation may have their roots in the requirements of the hunter--where a man learns to be motionless for a day, putting his mind in an open state so that his consciousness won't spook creatures that he knows will soon be approaching.

In spearfishing we learned you must never choose a specific fish for a quarry: you must let the fish choose you, and be prepared to shoot the fish that will come into range. For some fish you must be one with the sea and consider yourself a fish among fish. But there was one large and unpredictable variety (cobalt with a crescent-shaped tail) that digs the strange. When one o those was around I would change my mind and consider myself a freak and be out of place; in which case he will come to look at you out of curiosity.

When you go down with the fishes minus your spear they treat you differently too. I got so I could go down to twenty-five or thirty feet fairly comfortably. An old man originally from Okinawa, Uaji-san, dives sixty feet. He's seventy years old, and has a wise, tough, beautiful young wife. He caught a sea-turtle and gave most of it to the Ashram once.

Sometimes the islanders had special catches on their little boats: once we had all the shark meat we could eat; another time a giant feast of raw sawara; once a whole bucket of flying-fish eggs. A few times went on shellfish gathering expeditions together. By next summer the Ashram plans to have a small boat, which will make fishing a regular and efficient operation.

The weather is breezy, the sun hot. The ocean sends up great squalls and sudden rainstorms which dry up in twenty minutes. The volcano goes grummmmmmmm and lots of purple smoke comes up, into the sky, to 15,000 feet.

Meals were served on the mat-floor of the farmhouse everybody cross-legged, with Taku-chan the Gotos' two-year old boy wandering stark naked through it all. After supper at night we generally sat almost totally silent around our two or three candles, sometimes humming mantras or folksongs; or went out in the cow pasture with a bottle of shochu and played the jews-harp (which the Harijan all call a bigigi, the New Guinea name for it) and the Kenya drum I present from Ginzap 4 years ago) to our patron star, Antares.

Those who rose very early went to meditate under the Banyan--a lovely thing especially because of the song of the Akahige ("Redbeard" Temminck's Robin) which sings in the early-morning canyons with a remarkable trilling falling song that drops 3 octaves and echoes across hills and meadows. Also the songs of the Hototo-gisu (Himalayan Cuckoo) and Blue Doves--filling up the whole morning world with song. While morning mists blow and curl around and the grass is all dewy and the Rising Sun of Japan comes up through the ocean and the fog like a big red rising sun flag.

After breakfast every morning there would be a quiet, natural discussion of the day's work, people would volunteer for various tasks--never any pressuring--somebody might say "Let's be sure and put the tools back where we got them, I couldn't find the file yesterday" or something--but without acrimony; Westerners have much to learn from this easy cooperativeness and sense of getting the work done without fuss. The Banyan people had less ego-friction (None!) and difficulty over chores than any group I've ever seen.

Masa UEHARA and I were married on the island on August 6, the new moon. The whole ashram stayed up late the night before, packing a breakfast for the morrow--and broiling a splendid pink tai that was a present from the village (no marriage is complete if you don't eat tai afterwards, the noble, calm AUSPICIOUS FISH of Japan) We got up at 4:30 AM and started up the brush trail in the dark. First dipping into a ravine and then winding up a jungly knife-edge ridge. By five we were out of the jungle and onto a bare lava slope. Following the long ridge to an older, extinct crater, and on to the crest of the main crater and the summit shortly after sunrise. The lip of the crater drops off into cloud; and out of the cloud comes a roaring like an airport full of jets: a billowing of steam upwards. The cloud and mist broke, and we could see 800 feet or so down into the crater--at least a mile across--and fumaroles and steam-jets; at the very center red molten lava in a little bubbly pond. The noise, according to the switch of the wind, sometimes deafening.

Standing on the edge of the crater, blowing the conch horn and chanting a mantra; offering shochu to the gods of the volcano, the ocean, and the sky; then Masa and I exchanged the traditional three sips--Pon and Nanao said a few words; Masa and I spoke; we recited the Four Vows together, and ended with three blasts on the conch. Got out of the wind and opened the rucksacks to eat the food made the night before, and drink the rest of the shochu. We descended from the summit and were down to the Banyan tree by 11--went direct on out to the ocean and into the water; so that within one morning we passed from the windy volcanic summit to the warm coral waters. At four in the afternoon all the villagers came to the Ashram--we served sake and shochu--pretty soon everyone was singing Amami folksongs and doing traditional dances.

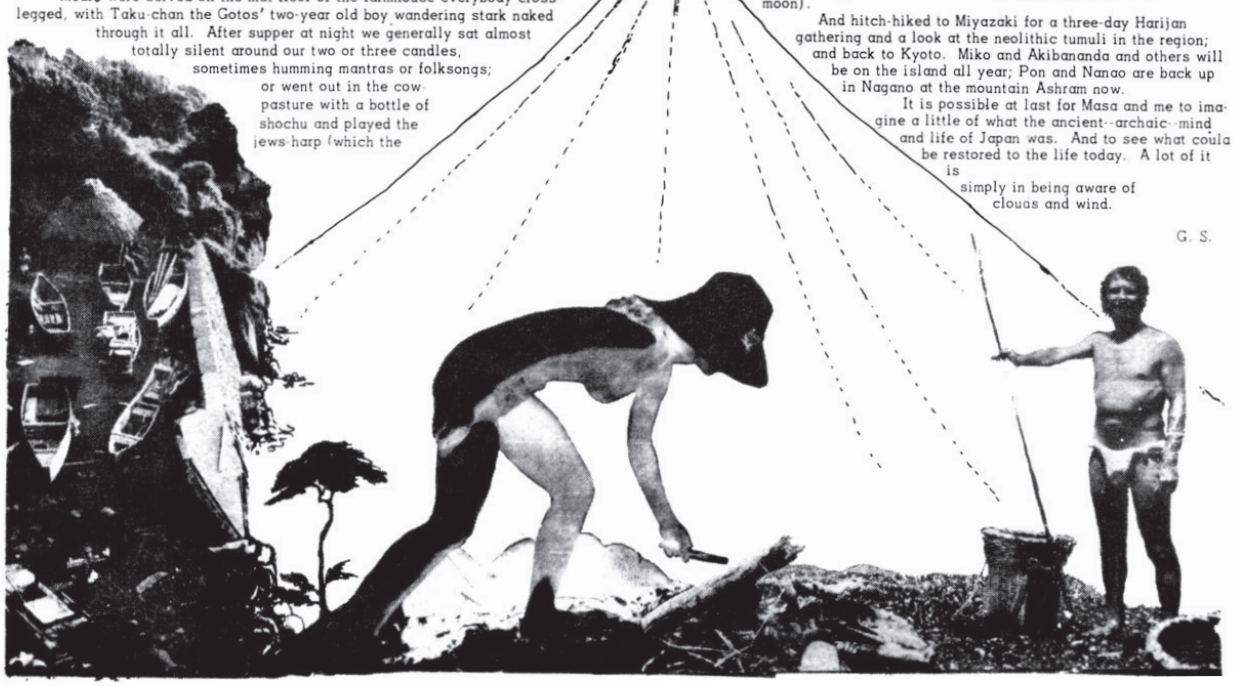
The sweet-potato field got cleared and planted; Franco left a bit early to be in San Luis Obispo by mid-September; we started clearing another patch of land and built a big outdoor table of driftwood; went around to the north side of the island in a small boat to investigate other possibilities of settlements and fishing.

Masa and I caught the Toshima Maru heading on south at the end of August and visited Cho in Koniya, with Shinkai checked on boat-builders prices; took another ship up to Kagoshima (all night on the deck sitting on matting watching the full moon).

And hitch-hiked to Miyazaki for a three-day Harijan gathering and a look at the neolithic tumuli in the region; and back to Kyoto. Miko and Akibananda and others will be on the island all year; Pon and Nanao are back up in Nagano at the mountain Ashram now.

It is possible at last for Masa and me to imagine a little of what the ancient--archaic--mind and life of Japan was. And to see what coula be restored to the life today. A lot of it is simply in being aware of clouas and wind.

G. S.



ENVIRONMENT for EXPANDED AWARENESS

Neill Smith

In discussing environment for expanded awareness we architects have much to answer for; for none of us is designing such an environment. Perhaps no one can, perhaps the best that a designer can hope is that he has not further constricted awareness by closing down alternatives and shutting out perceptions. But it is here that all of us who work with human environment have failed. For awareness must expand from within in each one of us. It is always there, in the void, this essence of what has been called the Divine. And all we have to do is open our minds and out it pours-whether through drugs or meditation, through love or fasting, music and dance or silence and quietude, its attain-ment is a reminder of the state of existence inside one's self-awareness that is fulfilled in itself, that underlies all being, that is infinite joy and infinite love. It needs no future; it has assimilated the past; it lives in the present, bright and infinitely quiet. This is the state of expanded awareness to which all other awareness, all other sensitivity we hope leads. Where in the outer world do we find more than traces of that feeling except in fields and forests, or on oceans or mountain peaks? And why can't we match this inner reality with the outer, less flowing, less tractable world of material and structure?

With thousands of years and some of man's best minds at work we should have done better with the world around us. Since the dawn of civilization humans have used the outer world as a dumping ground for inner refuse. Our fears and hatreds we have thrust on the inanimate world outside ourselves.

From the axe and the knife to the bulldozer and dynamite, the tools we have used to shape our physical world have been the harshest and most blind. We've filled it with massive constructs, rigid separations, divided it up, walled it off, made it defensive, impregnable, immovable and unalive.

Gestalt psychology theorizes that each of us has developed a psychic dead-layer to protect us. Inside this wall of inert material we hide our secret feelings and our secret desires. The man-made world, it seems is a perfect model of this theorem. Our houses are collections of compartments, each containing its own secret identifications and protecting its own areas of falsehood and fear.

Our cities with their block lines and their property lines and their walls and their floors and their separations seem to be merely an extension ad infinitum of our unwillingness to accept our inner selves and, hence our unwillingness to accept each other.

What is this desire to move greatmassesof material that seems to begin with the Megalithic cultures and survives today? From Egypt, the English Domens, the Incas, the Easter Islanders where stone gods were crowned with a 10-ton block of stone. Even now when the need for physical safety and security is no longer pertinent, we persist in isolated fortress-like buildings to satisfy some inner need; perhaps we attain from inner conflict by outer exertion.

Architecture and building have always given impetus to new hopes and ideas. The time of hopes and ideas. The time of building has often been the most creative period in one's life or the life of an institution or the life of a culture, yet isn't it ironic that once a building is completed, paralysis seems to set in.

The environment, once a source of hope and joy, becomes a force for arresting of time and change, for controlling and freezing of values and identifications, for the expression and reinforcement of power.

And the most terrifying aspect of these buildings is their deathly fixity, their own mute testimony to the ideas and values that built them. Even those buildings which have about them the appearance of life may not be life-giving. It is not enough to bear the Tantric images of life's beauty in our environment if the pattern of human life that underlies it is inhumane and deadening.

Especially suspect are the noble monuments, the great works. They are, beneath the surface, bolstering the most inhuman of values and aspirations; and the petty falsities of material and style, the banal concepts of human relationships, once built, are fixed and affect the patterns of thought and life for generation after generation that follows.

But, if the world that we have made is a product of our own deprivations, an expression of our own needs for safety and security both physical and social, and of our striving for achievement and recognition, and if, manifesting these deficiencies in the world, we help recreate them in ourselves, what kind of world would we create if we were motivated only by the goals of growth, of self-actualization and of self-realization? What would the environment for a joyful world be?

First there would be a reawakening of the personal and the need to reflect one's here-and-now feelings in the environment around us. For it is hoped that the computer will not free us from drudgery merely to surround us with an increasingly nameless and characterless world. Everyone will take a stronger hand in the creation of their own personal spaces.

Buildings even in cities will no longer be built complete and static allowing nothing to be given or taken away. Instead, an apartment building will be perhaps merely a series of terraced gardens in space with electricity and running water on which families can erect their sky-breaker domes or their tents or their modular structures. Arizona Architect Paolo Soleri in his designs for mega-structures has explored many forms for dense urban living. One scheme, a tree-like structure rises hundreds of feet into the air with tribal communities living in the branches and gardens on its flat, outstretched leaves.

Deep in every human is the builder's instinct, and only a renewal of the actual involvement with the design and construction and enhancement of one's own dwelling will allow us to renew the sensitivity to a life-styled, rather than concept-styled environment. Why should we continue to live surrounded by feeling-less objects, store-bought, anonymous, unresponsive to our own needs. In this new world nothing will be done that cannot be done with love and involvement, for the only drudges such a world can afford will be its machines.

This will be a new age of craftmanship, its appreciation of life processes expressed in its furniture, its clothing, dishware, and its utensils; and art, in the form of objects, separate and distinct from the process of life, will have less and less meaning; for depth involvement in life will replace the watcher-listener mode of today.

We will build no longer to arrest time, but to encourage its shifting, ever-fresh tides, whether for the moment, or the season. We will build of materials that weather beautifully, welcoming the changes of day and of seasons, and years, welcoming new purposes and new functions.

In contrast to the predetermined environmental forms of today there have been periods in the past when a people or a culture had a sense of the personal continuum of time. The reed hut, the tree house, the tent, each was shaped by man for his lifetime and with his own hands. His works began with his life and ended with it. The jungle hut returning to the jungle, mut hut to the dust of the desert, and the cave to the bear. This world that we build, like these or like the Zen houses of Japan, will sit lightly in time, leaving few scars. The Japanese house was an open structure of columns and roof; the walls were movable; in summer they were replaced with silk netting and bamboo screens. Safety was in readiness, warmth was in the hibachi, or in the power of the mind, and privacy lay in mutual awareness. The furnishings and decorations were changed with the seasons, and everything was designed to keep one in touch. The daily rituals were of alternating action and repose. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the house was that every room, and even thegarden was multi-use space, every room could be considered a bedroom or a parlor, a reception room or a meditation room, and with a few changes of hangings and cushions, they were transformed one into the other. Life was considered all one thing.

We may not continue forever to build out of wood and stone and other natural materials, for we will soon exhaust the earth's crust. But we'll design new materials and instead of creating them to resist change and to resist nature, they can take advantage of time, like the new steel called Corten that weathers to a beautiful dark rust... perhaps synthetic films that breathe like skin. We could even achieve structures that renew themselves such as new plant forms that they themselves will produce a living structure in concert with human needs. Why not? Why not a living space roof composed of a mesh of giant, translucent leaves creating shelter, providing pure oxygen, tempering the environment in winter and cooling it in summer. Wouldn't this truly be a subtle house. Or, imagine a tree whose bole swells to form a room, when joined to others makes a cluster of rooms. Plants will do this for us if we will only learn their language, their genetic code. Why should we be content with only dead materials as our sources of structure and environment?

Along with renewed sense of the personal will come its counterpart, an increasing feeling of social oneness and universality, but no longer in the isolated terms of today, for as personalism increase, individualism, as we know it, will decrease. No longer will we consider ourselves as McCluhan does, - "Strangers in a world full of strangers". For we are not alone, and we never have been. We will learn to live in continuous and deep involvement with each other, and this open and transparent sense of self will lead naturally to an open environment, transparent and interactive, where self-disclosure and acceptance are assumed as the basis of human growth.

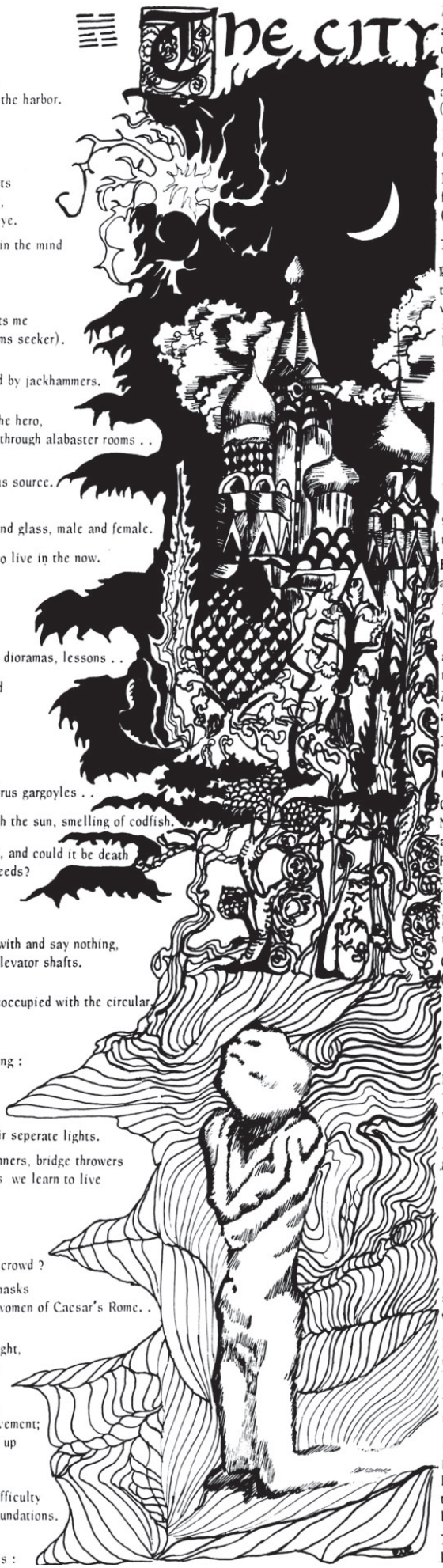
The fixed dwelling space of the typical family unit with its fixed plan and preconceived functions is neither suited well to the changing family pattern, nor to individual growth and development. This will give way to a much freer, more flexible social form. In the 9th century a Chinese family might range up to five hundred members living in a single garden compound. Most of the successful tribal cultures made much less distinction between one family and the next, and it seems increasingly appropriate today when nothing is accomplished alone that the new human ecology be more than a nexus of abstract economic, social and political bonds. Living patterns will be much more truly interlocked. A world of light must accept the essential oneness of all living beings. We are not beginning to realize what ancient cultures have long recognized - that the range of sub-visible phenomena that operate on one's psyche is as great as the visible ones. The existence of continuum of human auras that makes human competition an empty jest. For if such a subtle, unseen force unites us all, and if feelings of pain and pleasure are equally transmitted through this medium, what is the value of gain through other's loss?

The fruits of Bio-technic evolution and human development can begin to ripen together. Our technological capability is already producing security and leisure seldom known before even to the few. Machines can produce for us an environment of great freedom and beauty. Buildings of great physical lightness produced without drudgery and slavery, like the domes of Buckminster Fuller or the tents of Frei Otto. Wouldn't it be wonderful to imagine the hillsides around San Francisco in returning to their more natural state, the highways and freeways returning to greenswards over which we fly in our air cars and through which deer and other animals can roam. Family and group encampments spread lightly over the hills. Perhaps they will be in transparent tents, small ones for families, large ones covering whole communities. They will be light, for in lightness lies freedom. Each tent, a garden within a garden whose rooms are one and one with the sky and the trees around, responsive to time and to temperature. Privacy and warmth will come from radiant hoods that can be spread over each area within when needed. The bath and the bathroom will have been returned to their rightful place in the sun, partaking of the garden air and its sweet smells. There

CONT. ON P. 24

mike hannon

THE CITY



Where should we begin ?
At any street, any intersection . .
Notice, all lines of power lead to the harbor.

Blue dawns I walk the periphery,
the parks, lakes, and fountains
of a very great whore's heart.

Afternoons I seek those vacant lots
that lie frozen between machinery,
sweet anis, and the rare lizards eye.

Industry dethroned, a ball swims in the mind
spinning itself to sleep.

Other streets, other afternoons
something breaks out and confronts me
(timeless, mute gesture of the alms seeker).

Something breaks out of me
and too quickly vanishes, blasted by jackhammers.

If, in the round of hours dawn is the hero,
then dusk must be Sappho moving through alabaster rooms . .

The night enters on warm winds
from an intermittent and mysterious source.

This is a part of the dream
and the dream is concrete, steel and glass, male and female.

The lesson of the imagination is to live in the now.

Here the fact is evident,
that life does not offer too much,
but too little to be understood.

So that our shop windows become dioramas, lessons . .

That faked elegance can be ruined
by the wonder of a milk carton.

Steam leaks from titanium arms
as our days begin again.

Memory leaks over abutments, walrus gargoyles . .

In alleys Chinese boxes go through the sun, smelling of codfish.

What is the smell we carry with us, and could it be death
waiting inside us like cantalope seeds?

That those we do not touch
may show us heaven is difficult,
those atoms and electrons we sit with and say nothing,
those eyes that open onto empty elevator shafts.

We are waltzing
in a roller rink of organ music, preoccupied with the circular.

City of hills, city of sirens,
yachts turn in the harbor whispering :

William Carlos Williams,
as they knife the rich water.

Fog and rodadendrans diffuse their seperate lights.

Where the spirits of founders, planners, bridge throwers
jump up in us through our shadows we learn to live
with ideas larger than ourselves.

Lucid hour, you come to me
smelling of stars and vermouth.

How am I to pick a lover from the crowd ?

These costumes, these cosmetic masks
beneath which move the pleasure women of Caesar's Rome. .

Or so it seems
as I make time exposures of the night,
ropes of moving multicolored light
tracing the loneliness of streets.
Somewhere the bisexual stone lion
takes life from our predestined movement;
we do not meet, and the city gives up
a great poem of indifference.

Things come to the surface with difficulty
penetrating as they must the old foundations.

The notions are nameless,
waiting for us in unexpected places :

A Chinese begger offers his face
and the city dissolves into the terrible perfection
of a jade bowl patterned with tigers.

Pigeons circle through smoke
and buildings take leave of their sense of proportion
(alarming transitions occur in the stable elements).

Light years distant from the mythical destination,
obscured by death : The Ends Of Knowledge.

Life struggles for metaphor
forcing the troubled channel onto an alien ocear
(our city's name painted at the stern).

The Fishermen:

Perhaps they can show us
those men from Italy or Greece
who came here fifty years ago,
and having amassed a fortune,
long for the old country, the cool labyrinth.

Derrick and smokestack
pointing the air like chiseled words,
we go about our business with an increasin,
inclination towards the pragmatic immense.

Our days pass neatly, printed onto the calendar
along with phases of the moon.

I long to live my own astronomy.

September the eighth,
the moon in her last quarter :

Fable and Myth,
anonymous independence among the lemmings.

I rise from the wet street burning into a sunspot.

Foreign pronouncements, white bolts shot home
and locked, marriage of gear to sprocket,
meld of wheel, and interdependence . .

A bright red car climbs afternoon
and my head goes with it.

The days hangover one another.

October the second :

Communication at its usual price :
Nails driven into our heads
and surmounted with Indian Rubies
Hum of aging fluorescent light,
the fugitive heart eating itself
(an idea taken from all previous men)
I am writing backwards on a clear slate
the prognosis of our condition.

October the second requires a new solution
(seizure of the towers of strength by silent magicians).

On a cold and distant mountain
my counterpart puts an eye to his telescope
and scans the stars, trying to compute
the courage I will need to reach noon.

Noon :
The streets amok with engineers,
Wagnerian helicopters looking for survivors.

Astronomer of the mirrored dome,
give me Capricorn in ascendance, Venus in a pearl mist.

October the second:

Nothing comes easy anymore,
but if you think this a complaint
you haven't been listening.
It is only we, the man in the cold tower
searching out the ends, the marvellous stone
which is found and hidden among us.

Not Babylon, not Rome, but the City Present,
the vast colonial soul of our kind.

All of matter is uncertain
yet I fortell a thousand meetings,
intercise of flesh and stone, starfire and Walpurgis night.

My life is words, sand, filligree, grapeshot,
pointed seizure.
In the city of confusion I begin to see double
the ultimate monolith emerges tier on tier.
blinking in the hard light.

The sun spreads and goes down .
like cold fruit dropped in the alle

I'm going to have to move very fast in order to say the various things I want to say. I plan to talk about what can and must be achieved by 1987. I do this with a good deal of hesitation because I'm very worried about anybody standing up on a platform and announcing what reality will be in 1987, because you may take me much too seriously. But I decided to do this because I feel that the time has come to at least begin to open this debate, and that I think we have reached the point where we can say something about the structures we're going to need in 1987.

WHAT'S NEW, WHAT'S NEXT

But, before I can get there I'm going to have to provide some models and ideas about the nature of the present world. And I would like to suggest to you that the basic, underlying pattern of today is that man can do what his decision-makers decide is worthwhile. And that this is true because we have four new realities: first, we have a drive towards unlimited energy availability. And this will be based not on fossil fuels as in the past but on the potential of nuclear power which is essentially inexhaustible. And this will allow large-scale irrigation, conversion of salt water into fresh water, use of low-grade ores, mining of the seas, etc.

Secondly, we will need less energy because of our growing capacity to manipulate the micro-structure of nature. In other words, to create materials at will. And that this is already available to the point that if you want a material with a specific set of chacteristics and if you have the money, you can get it. In addition, let me remind you that we're very rapidly understanding the micro-structure of man's body and mind, and that this has other implications which I shall not deal with very much.

Thirdly, we have a growing amount of brain power. I'll talk more about the type of brain power later. Let me only state for the present time that in general we are turning out people as surrogate computers, which is somewhat unsatisfactory. By that I mean that most students are learning to have the capacity to deal only with structured problems; in other words, problems for which the decision-making rules can be set out in advance, and that computers do that better than we do it.

And finally, we have the computer, and the computer is a logic machine of rapidly growing power and strength. But please note, a logic machine, which means that if you ask a stupid question, you get a stupid answer. Or, to use the computer scientists' jargon: garbage in, garbage out.

OLD DECISIONS

Now, that's all fine. I said we can do what our decision-makers decide to do. Unfortunately, they will decide to do things which are highly undesirable. And I say this not because I am making any judgment about their quality, but because of the nature of the socio-economic system in which we presently live.

First, in our system it is essential that every country be able to defend itself against any potential attack. This means it must adopt and strive to invent any form of weapons which are conceivable. Now, those of you who listened to the President's State of the Union message will have noted a passage in which he said that Russia is building an anti-missile missile system, therefore we will be forced to - in which he essentially pleaded with the Russians to stop doing it. Well, the implications of this are very strange, because what is essentially being said is that foreign policy is being made in Russia rather than in the United States.

MODERNIZATION AND SLUMS

Secondly, we are constrained in our actions because each country and each firm must be competitive. This means that any form of equipment or supplies or materials which are cheaper than those presently being used must be introduced. And this means that in the end, after all the rhetoric has been taken away, a firm must modernize, must introduce new equipment. And we now know that this is resulting in a very rapidly grow amount of unemployability in the ghettos and the slums. And the recent survey by the Department of Labor of the ghettos and the slums will, I hope, once and for all eliminate the argument that there really isn't an unemployability problem, because it has now been proved again and again and again in theory, and now we have the practical evidence.

TECHNOLOGICAL CONSTRAINT

Thirdly and finally, we are forced and constrained in our actions because in our system we must be able to sell everything that can be produced. And this means that we must allow and indeed encourage any form of consumer seduction that anybody can imagine. And that we must apply this to all age groups and to everybody in our society. Now this means that we cannot do what we ought to be doing, that we are constrained by our technologies to act in certain sets of ways. But this fact is unacceptable to us and so we rationalize. We carefully put out press releases, which we cal 'management of the news' news' in government and 'public relations' in business and universities, to prove that what is necessary is desirable; and increasingly these rationalizations break down. And we come to distrust all decision-makers who are clearly not being honest.

PROTEST AND DISORGANIZATION

I would suggest to you that the malaise between the young and the old, which I do not believe to be of similar type or quality with that of the past, is due to the fact that the young perceive this break between our stated profession and our real actions, and they are no longer willing to live in this form of society without protesting. But they perceive far from clearly how protest can be organized.

I would suggest to you that the young are asking that the educational process deal with real life, and that it help them to understand real life, and that the educational process does not, in general, do so. That, in effect, we are still teaching about the industrial age; and that our very pattern of teaching reinforces the industrial age values and prohibits their questioning.

Now, if it be true that we are constrained by our system, and if it be true that we are not challenging it in education, which is where one would expect it, it is quite clear that we are not going to succeed in getting the necessary changes. And there really aren't that many choices.

THE DANGER

Irving Kaplan, in an essay he wrote, has said, 'we really only have three choices: one is that change will continue to accelerate at its present pace,' and I think this is a fair estimate, 'that in this case between the year 1967 and the year 2000 we will have as much change as there has been between the year 0 and the year 1967.' In other words, in one generation we would cram as much change as there has been since the beginning of the Christian period.

I would suggest to you that this is not a feasible course, that human beings do not change that rapidly, and that the end of such continued paces of change must inevitably be disaster. That's his second choice, that there will indeed be a disaster. And when you look at the world around you, with any honesty at all, it seems to me enormously difficult to avoid that conclusion.

As a Martian reporting back to Mars on the future of Earth, I must inform you that in my opinion such an individual would produce an extremely pessimistic report from our point of view, and I suppose if there are Martians around it might be an optimistic report from their point of view, at least if they want the Earth.

But we presumably do not accept the evidence of our senses; in other words, we say that catastrophe may be probable, but our job is to avoid catastrophe. But let us not underestimate the problem because the world is shifting from a stable conflict between the communist and the capitalist powers to a highly unstable conflict between the rich and the poor parts of the world, which means by extension and definition -- a conflict between the white and non-white parts of the world.

And when you consider that in this country immense lines of stress are developing between the poor and the rich, which again means predominantly between the white and the non-white powers, we really seem to me to have major immediate crises on our hands.

We also of course have long-run crises, in terms of pesticides, in terms of fertilizers, both in unbalancing the ecology and the environment, in terms of air and water pollution and in terms of the problem of finding good ways for us to live.

CYBERNETIC COMPLICATIONS

I think, therefore, that his third choice, that of slowing down the rate of technical change, of moving towards the society which is more nearly stable, of learning to live in a society where we do not accept all change that is possible and feasible technologically, is the only possible one.

But it is very difficult to imagine such a society. And it's very difficult to imagine it because I am convinced that it requires to be based on cybernetic principles, and cybernetic principles turn out to be profoundly contradictory with what we presently have.

Cybernetics, let me remind you, is the system, the science of communication and control. And it is a formal science which applies to all systems, whether they be mechanical or social or human or personal.

FLOW

Now, the first requirement of an operative system is that the flow of information

in the system be accurate. This is necessary because decisions made and actions taken are always on the basis of information received; and if you want an effective decision, you must have accurate information.

Let me suggest to you that we are a long way away from such a condition. We are, after all, beyond 1984 because in 1984 it was assumed that it would be necessary to change yesterday's newspapers to conform to today's news because some of us would go back and check what was said. Now we tell a different story every day and nobody bothers.

The second requirement is that somebody in the system be willing to act. In other words, that when there is a need for action, somebody will take the needed action. This means that you must have some people who believe, as President Truman had it on the sign on his desk, *The Buck Stops Here.*

But in our society, the buck doesn't stop anywhere. Essentially nobody is responsible for anything.

HUMAN ROULETTE

Now we have the computer, it's possible to say the computer did it and it can't be corrected. If you try and get a correction, for example, from a (billing) department, I would suggest to you that it's probably not worth it unless it's a very expensive bill that you got from them. And this is what makes me so very wary of the plan presently being proposed for New Haven.

The plan that all of the information about all of you should be placed on computers *in the hope that somehow out of this will come a human system.*

Now, I am willing to concede that this result is possible. I am not willing to believe that in the present state of the art and with our present value systems that such a system can be anything short of highly unfavorable. We do not have the wisdom to cope with that sort of volume of personal information in such a way that it enhances human freedom rather than destroys it.

Thirdly, our system must work in such a way that it does not destroy its relationships with other systems. In other words, the human system cannot continue to believe that it can take over and destroy the rest of the world. We must, in fact, cease being the greatest predators. But we show very little signs of moving away from characteristics which were suitable when we were striving in the jungle, but which are highly unsuitable with the sort of power and strength which we presently have.

And finally, any system which hopes to work must, if it is to work efficiently, collaborate with other parts of the system. We have made a virtue out of failing to cooperate with other parts of the system. We have said indeed that cooperation is a very dangerous idea, and that in certain versions of the American myth has made America great.

THE FOUR VIRTUES

Let me translate these four statements into terms you will recognize more readily. A functioning system requires the virtues of honesty, responsibility, humility and love. And you may recognize those; seeing that this is under religious auspices, I suppose we ought to give a plug to religion. That's where they came from.

In case you think that is a far-out statement, I made it at a Columbia seminar on technology and social change last week with one of the top computer experts in the country present. When I was challenged, I asked him whether he agreed; and he said, 'Yes, that's exactly right. My problem doesn't lie there at all. What I'm worried about is whether we would like the sort of system that we would have, or whether we don't need some sin in it.' And I said well that's a very interesting question, but let us realize first what the basic system has to be and then worry about what else we need.

ABERRATION AND PHILOSOPHY

This means that in philosophical terms, the 19th century is a gigantic aberration, and that extraordinary philosophical statements about the greatest good of the greatest number coming by everybody's striving for his own narrowly defined self-interest never made any sense at all. It did, however, get us to the point where we have a choice, a choice of becoming fully human or fully inhuman.

And Keynes, who has been made the prophet of growthmanship by certain economists who apparently never troubled to read him, pointed out that when abundance arrived, we would be able to recognize the vices we presently have for what they are, and that we would cease to have to describe them as the highest virtues.

Now, I want to take about essentially what I think some of the structures may be by 1987. The date is a tricky one because time is very peculiar at the present point in history.

FREE HAPPENING

Let me try and demonstrate what I mean by this. The guaranteed income in 1963 when I proposed it in my book, *Free Men and Free Markets*, was unanimously described, with two exceptions, as a nutty idea. It has become one of the prime policy options opened to the Johnson administration

It is very difficult to anticipate exactly how long events are going to take. I would suggest to you that somewhere in the middle of this period, between now and the year 2000, most goods and services in the United States will be free.

Let me make that quite clear; I mean that it will be possible to walk into a store and take off the shelf what you want. Period.

Now, what does that require? It requires basically two things: an end of our fear of scarcity, a primeval fear that there won't be enough to go round and that if something's in the store we'd better get it while it's around, and that buying goods is really a very satisfying occupation.

Psychologists have done studies and found out that the satisfaction that comes from purchasing lasts for three days.

The second thing we have to do is we have to cease to accept waste. We got very good at saying, waste makes the nation work. In fact, I've seen some statements that said if we didn't throw away beer cans on the highway, America would not be the most abundant nation in the world. That's one way to do it, but I don't find it a very satisfactory one.

THE BLACK OUT

The reason we will develop both of these attitudes can already be quite clearly seen. One is because we are coming to understand the issue of sensory overload, the fact that if you have too much stimulation your brain blacks out on you. There're two ways you can see this: one is by traveling too much, you cease to absord anything. Another is by going to a dentist using a particular type of drilling technique or rather anesthesia technique for drilling, in which case you cease to feel pain because you have so much noise going through the brain.

Once you recognize this, the economist's myth, that more is always better than less and that a good standard of living is a thousand dollars more than you presently have, goes out of the window. What you discover is that satisfaction is a "peak" phenomena and not one that simply keeps on going up.

Most of us at the present time would get more satisfaction out of life is we stopped doing more things and have more time to enjoy the ones we do do. We're all suffering from sensory overload, and we all need to slow down.

I would suggest to you that in the near future, we will come to make our holidays periods of quiet rather than of noise, that one day perhaps we will stop giving gifts at Christmas and will make it a time when we do not give gifts but just settle down and enjoy each other.

I mean, it's perfectly logical, Christmas was set up when we didn't have enough sensory input. Now we have lots of it, so the thing to do is to go the other way and to make it a holiday from sensory input.

The second reason we will do this is because we will come to accept that waste and pollution are the things which are going to destroy the quality of life, and that many of the types of production we are carrying out are not worth the types of waste and pollution they are causing. The automobile is a prime example of this. It is an obsolete method of transportation, kept alive by rather strong pressure from certain companies.

THE IDEA FREE

How do we get to the idea of free goods? First, because we adopt what I call basic economic security and is now called the guaranteed income. ...and also Committed Spending, which is a plan for income maintenance for the middle class.

Those living on basic economic security and Committed Spending will come increasingly to live without money. They will hold their goods in common, and money will be just an awful nuisance which they will only use in their transactions with the outside world.

HIP-HIP

If you want the beginning of this, look at the hippie community in San Francisco and many other similar smaller communities in other cities across the country, where money does not move within the community but only moves outside.

As more people get involved in this, the prestige structures of our society will shift, and instead of people wanting to hold a job, they will want to get their money as a right and be able to develop themselves. Therefore all this discussion about how terrible it is that the people on the guaranteed income are going to be written out of society completely misses the point. The prestige structures of the society are going to be outside the monetary job sect.

PROFIT AND SCARCITY

The second shift which will happen will be a shift in the proper function of the firm. Now, today the manager would love to be concerned with developing goods for the society, but he can't. He has to make a profit.

Now, how does he make a profit? He makes a profit by distorting information to suggest that there is a scarcity of products of which there is no real scarcity And we

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had to put in hyphens because they didn't do it purposely but they suddenly found themselves adjacent to each other because the instruments were suddenly powerful enough to show the inter-relationships.

We're coming to an awareness of an omni-interrelated ordiliness of the universe, an apriori set of principles which are utterly regular, purely metaphysical. They are only discoverable by the metaphysical and cannot be found by the physical; physics is a medium of the discovery. We're discovering apriori intellectual integrity of the universe, the universe is never at a loss as to what to do about this (drops a coin). You and I don't know what happens when I do this, but the universe is never at a loss what to do. That's all understood where we're at. I didn't know about it but it's all understood. So I would say that we're coming out of an era in the womb of man, of total society in a womb condition of being really taken care of. The baby is inside of his mother. Finding itself in the universe where he doesn't have to invent the oxygen or any of the 98 chemical elements; they're just waiting; he doesn't have to invent the mathmatical elements by which hair actually grows, beautiful things. But we're gradually begining to come out of the vanity as we come out of this, out of the womb, sort of group womb, into the new relationship with the universe, our real guidance is going to be this metaphysical with fantastic respect for that truth itself which you find, and you've got to find. Once you've found the true interrelationships you've got to go with them. You don't assume that man is so smart that he can short-cut and cheat. Which is what we've been able to do up till now.

VFA: You said recently that the earth is a space ship...

Fuller: Well it is a space ship. It's never been anything else. So this shows how ignorant one way you can prove how quickly, how little man knows, is to call to any body's attention when they say, "I wonder what it's like to be in a space ship," when in fact that's all they've ever been in. Everybody's an astronaut. We've been astronauts here with our knowledge for 2 million years without ever knowing we're aboard ship. The ship is all equiped to take care of all those astronauts and we're allowed to be so ignorant that we don't even have to know that this is a ship. We're moving just around the sun at 60,000 miles an hour. One thousand miles each minute as I'm talking. A fantastic speed. As we launch a little space ship, we're launching it off the big space ship and that idea suddenly becomes realizable. And lastly we have to accelerate taking off from our big space ship at 15,000 miles per hour only a quarter speed of our own space ship, you see. This is a good way to really shock yourself into realization how little we really are in tune with what we're finding out.

All you see seems to go up or down. There is no part in the universe that is up or down. What we really mean is in towards the center of various masses and out from them. The words up or down are invented to accommodate the concept of the world as going into the infinite play. With some local mountains and you come outward to the sea, always around the mountains, so that went on into the plane. This is what man saw.

If you're dealing in a plane then all the perpendiculars to the plane are parallel to one another which means that all the ends of these perpendiculars when one set of ends point in one direction we call it up to heaven or down to hell. We suddenly discover that in relation to all experience, all existence, none of the perpendiculars are parallel to one another. So one moment what's up is going to be down. So which star is over head when you say up is going to be in the direction of your feet in a few minutes. You hear the scientists saying to the astronauts on the television program, "Well how are things up there this morning, boys," and the astronauts happen to be in the direction of their feet. So I've found then that the scientists themselves are using the words up and down which will give you all the documentation you want that we are operating in complete ignorance.

VFA: It's this ignorance that all of us are somehow oppressed by, that the spaceship isn't running right.

Fuller: All I'm trying to discover is the condition of our awareness. We are making discoveries and we do have this extraordinary intellectual faculty which is weightless in metaphysical capability. In the last two years I took off 65 pounds. So I say that wasn't me. I got rid of it and here I am so there was a time when I weighed 7 pounds and there was a time that I weighed only 1 pound and a time when I weighed less than an ounce. I was always me. I don't think the weight counts, it's essentially a way of you and I communicating. I've now processed over 1000 tons of air, water, and food which became temporarily mine and then was cut off so it wasn't ever me. We've discovered that when men die no weight is lost. Whatever we really are, if we are utterly weightless, is metaphysical and is what really counts, because all the sensing mechanisms go away when we die.

We've discovered experimentally and Heisenberg's indeterminism makes it very clear that the act of measuring alters that which is measured. Just to single out this phenomena enough to begin to try and isolate it would be to alter it by doing that. Just the light that comes to bear as you make a microscopic note just the light there changes the temperature and the behavior. You discover then that the act measurement always alters the measured. You find the poets saying earlier that the act of just consideration of history alters history. It really does say, thought itself just simply alters that which you think about.

We've gotten so that you cannot get to any absolute truths. The word truth is simply a direction rather than an attainment. It's not a static. Truth is really then a yielding to the integrity of the intellect not trying to persist in sticking with something familiar just trying to rationalize what you thought was an explanation. I say then that we're coming very swiftly into an era when we will think together, an enormous comprehensive spontaneity of society to act in unison. As you see a beautiful flight of birds acting, simply because we will be adhering to the information which is closer to the truth and the truth will be guiding us all the time. The nuances will be much more impressive, much more delicate, much more exciting!

VFA: As we open up to these subtle perception impressions, how do you think it will effect our environment?

Fuller: Well we have an environment as you call it, 99.9% of all of our environment is invisible. We have this tune range in here red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet. We didn't know that was there until this century. Really just yesterday. I could bring in 100 thousand radio sets in this vicinity right here. You could tune each one in on a different program which is being broadcast from some place around, not on earth, but on the Venus and the Moon right now, and we could bring equipment out here and do it.

We have present everywhere around the earth, information coming in at a split second, at 700 million miles an hour, is the velocity of that speed, with the information and it's all there. And we're tending to pay attention to only that which we can see and tune in on. I find this very very important in relation to the environment. The environment is trying to give this information all the time especially now since we've organized ourselves to be able to tune in on it. It's been very meager up to now. From now on we're going to be tuning much more in, it's going to be much more interesting, always, much more challenging. But your future beautiful city is going to be an invisible city.

VFA: What do you think about ancient Yogic methods of tuning the mind to receive a wider spectrum of information, a wider spectrum of experience for instance, Raja Yoga, or the ancient sciences of astrology, which seem to be picking up influences, for instance from Venus, Mars, Saturn.

Fuller: I spoke to you about intuition and Follow-through. A certain amount of extraordinary intuitive perception and speculative formulations are very very important. Only a relatively small amount has been actually reduced to practice in what we would call the practical world and the people who deal in dollars and cents. I think that quite obviously if you try to get near the sun you will burn up. It's fantastic, the principles that are operative there. Just the association of the chemical elements on which is not even mildly chaotic, fantastic order.

We were given the design introducing an allowance for us making errors so we could learn. Designed into it was our discovery of the importance of our intellect and the importance of integrity. We had to make many mistakes in order to discover that was so, to discover the importance of mind, and of right over might. That all had to be built in there so we could really discover it because unless you discover it, you're just told it, you don't get anywhere. So I find some minds getting really constipated making some very long florrid mental expirations because this is built into the equipment and we could use it. They were getting so far out that you really couldn't do the practical connections about the red berries right now. They were too far away for other people to pay much sense to, they were starving and they wanted to know which berries they were going to be able to eat.

So I find that in the process of getting our higher faculties really brought into play we had to grow. There is a gestation rate, maybe it just grows in certain rate. I'm deeply impressed with gestation, extraordinary timings, the way things come together, there are the different frequencies, there are different magnitudes. They have to have their synchronizations. So that some people felt quite far out. Obviously what astrology is dealing with, the power, the interrelations of different astronomical phenomena. When you get to that power, of course, it is important. We really haven't had time to get to paying enough attention to that yet. We will find a great deal of importance. All of the time here we have to make sure we're not kidding ourselves about something that we might call magic, something that doesn't have reason. I find that every bit of it always has integrity, always really beautiful, and a really beautiful explanation once we really have time to get there. I see when you really have time to come in there it's marvelous. As the scientist and really great artist find, the truth is much more beautiful than the hypothetical formulation.

So I think that the hypothetical astrological or numerological or anything else that you want to think about are getting into all this mystic range, where it's not being accredited by this practical man, the people who are holding onto it are holding onto it awfully hard because they feel they have got an important discovery. Not properly so. So the fact that one is calling impractical or just magic doesn't make it magic. It's going to turn out to be extraordinarily rational. It's going to be superb. Certainly my life is one of asking questions and I find that for every question, every problem that is solved I have thousands more new ones; so that life always gets more interesting. Just the opposite of getting old. And when people think they're really getting to the end, again this is apathy. Principles have no beginning and end. So that we're in an infinite variety something gets always more interesting.

VFA: You think the city of the future will be invisible? You mean you wouldn't bother to design one?

Fuller: You people keep talking about architecture. The future I say will be really invisible. The walls that you're familiar with were very terrible walls. They're walls of bad faith and ignorance so you had to have something to stop the bow and arrows. Somebody was trying to come in and kill you. Walls for protection. Walls represent great ignorance, fear and ignorance.

(IN GOLDEN GATE PARK)

The cities the way we've known them have grown up as many private anarchistic enterprises, somebody takes some real estate and tries to exploit that, and somebody else takes hold of something else. The cities haven't been coordinated organically. And the cities may themselves be obsolete, just some people who have some property and want to keep it going. On the other hand the Queen Mary as a ship is an organic city. For it is designed as a whole thing, with the energy equipment the organic equipment all beautifully done. I can tell you as a consequence the kind of buildings that people build on land have been very inefficient.

Mankind comes together as we've come together here now, sometimes he wants to grow apart sometimes he wants to come together. There is no reason why we shouldnot have an increasing freedom this way. So I see that cities are where people converge and come together today not for the physical big warehouse and the big exchange and manufacturing, all those things are done out of the city. People come together in the city for just what we do here today: the metaphysical, the abstract, the weightless, communication. I see then a floating city where people can come together in appropriate ways when they want to come together.

Most planners tend to think of humanity as really having roots and having to stay put. The planners say that you're going to go in there so I'm going to plan your community and you eat at this time. I think that that's not what's really going on. We were not born with roots like a tree but we were born with legs to move around with mobility. I find that what humanity is doing is increasing their degrees of freedom. I am simply talking about the facilities, we just converge together, like on this grass. I'm talking about a tool where it makes it possible to converge. Particularly where it's floating because what I'd like to do is get out of all the laws for the moment and give man a chance to get over the bad momentums of the way he has up until now

How long o Lord how long

THE INSTRUMENT

The antiquity of man in Europe and along the Mediterranean littoral has early stone age beginnings and is considered to have come to an end with the Heroic Age; an age that saw, as well, the beginning of history. It stretches across durations of time embracing prehistoric adventures that have given rise to myth and legend, and during which man passes from primeval Savagery through stages of Barbarism that lead him to civilization and the first written history.

In antiquity man knew a manifest experience of life and, dressed in its time and place, this made of him a composite of life triumphant and the death of dying. In being he was beauty.

She had many names, as many as there are peoples over whom she reigned and whom worshipped her: Great Goddess, Earth Goddess, Moon Goddess, White Goddess, Divine Goddess; a Triple Goddess always, a triad of Goddesses whose three aspects of maiden, matron, and crone, are the anthropomorphisms comprehensible as beauty, birth, and death. Her influence was absolute over peoples whose concerns remained the simple ones of agriculture, grazing, and hunting.

It is likely that at one time or another the worship of this divinity has occurred all over the world, embracing all peoples who have moved from savagery (typified by hunting, fishing, and the gathering of natural products) to barbarism (typified by cattle breeding and the cultivation of land) and had attained the median or higher level of barbaric development. Authoritative voices imply that, except for those primeval peoples who have remained in a state of savagery, exceptions to some prehistoric or historic rule of the goddess are rare. Upon examination of the nature of exception as it applies here, we must consider this improbable unless we are to assume something that has no known historical incidence: the discernment of the perverse in a primeval people. We would be wise to assume that early man by the nature of his worship was imbued with a reverence for life that was the poetic fact of his existence and which he made manifest in his sexual and spiritual reverence for woman.

Basic to antiquity was the family.

Now if we assume nothing of an earlier state, possibly an extent promiscuity or, possible, monogamy (there is evidence of both) the family was at the earliest consanguine: that is, it was made up of male and female marriage groups according to the generations. All members within such a family were mutually husbands and wives. Latterly the family was Punaluan (from the Hawaiian). The consanguine family excluded parents and children from sexual relations. The Punaluan family excluded parents and brothers and sisters from sexual relations by the totemistic partition of the tribe into *Gentes (s. gens)* and, later, as gentes multiplied by division, into *Phratries*. In this wise, the tribe followed the most natural development open to unorganized group marriage.

Group marriage is to be understood as a marriage of wife groups to husband groups wherein the fidelity by groups was total: each to each, common to all within the groups.

In the barbaric setting of the Punaluan family, the members of a gens were those persons who were by its virtue the recognized descendents of one founding mother. Most simply, it worked this way: children of the daughters of the gens remained in the gens; children of the sons of the gens fell outside the gens, being included in the gentes of the women whom their fathers marry. The gens came naturally to barbaric man in antiquity; maternity being as certain as paternity is not.

A gens was organized and functioned simply in accord with natural need. All members of a gens were thought of as being free, although bound to help each other when the need arose. Marriage within the gens was prohibited. What property the dead possessed was distributed to members of the gens. In effect this meant to relatives of the female sex.

It was in time and place remote and mysterious in every case where a tribe divided into marriage groups and the order of the gens was instituted. With tribal increase these gentes divided again into two or more gentes, each, however, remaining within embrace of the original gentes which then became a phratry, or super gens. In time a phratry was composed of several gentes; the tribe, of several phratries.

Whatever the tribal increase, population still remained a meager thing of disparate centers wherein the fair division of labor was dictated by the nature of the sexes. Nonetheless, the adoption of the instrument of the gens and phratry and augmentation of the tribe by confederation gave the barbaric order a grandeur peculiar to simple communism. Everything was used by all and all used everything. Nothing was earned and, except for personal effects, nothing was owned.

Things were so ordered in this way in the times of Homeric myth (there were a few exceptions). This was in perfect accord with Mother Right which was characterized by tracing descent along matrilineal blood lines.

In the east, in the pastoral lands of grasses and cereals, and of nomadic herds, and increasing productivity, time widely inaugurated a new diet and caused the early slipping into past times of a cherished ritual cannabalism and the magic subsequent to it.

A ploughshare improved by the smelting of iron so increased population that, later, man entered into walled towers, and invented the alphabet, and epic and Homeric mythology. Such an increase had moved him from Savagery to Barbarism; now he moved on to the threshold of civilization. But that is to run ahead of the story.

The advent of nomadism with the resultant separation of the pastorally inclined peoples from the barbaric generality was the first great division of labor, and occurred when the developing Nomads left the forested areas for the grasslands that were necessary to their existence, as such. Upon the pastoralist's success and the dynamics of that success, exchange began between individuals for whom cattle was king. There were no dates for things when elsewhere in Asia men moved as naturally from horticulture to agriculture. But the new occupation, raising the productivity of nature, greatly enhanced the value of labor.

In the old order, lands and cattle were tribal property. Within the tribe, they were the property of the various gens and were administered by the gens. The spinning loom and the smelting of metals, with the exception of iron, composed what there was of early industry. It was from this point in man's development that the conceptions of wealth that have come down to us in the present age were first beginning to influence man's behavior.

It was this surplus of production from agriculture giving labor an increased value that led man to slavery.

When a people moved out of the forest to lead pastoral lives on the grasslands, herds and the trading instincts of herdsmen began to create and place aggregate wealth in the hands of individuals. In the pastoral life, property began to be removed from the common hold of many to the peculiar ownership of one.

Pastoral man was made wealthy by the domestication of herds.

Agriculture so enhanced the value of labor that captives from wars or raiding, who previously had been slain or else adopted into gens and tribe, became slaves to satisfy another man's need. Greed thus led to barbarian slavery. Additionally, it provided the world its first Masters.

The result of surplus production attending the success of herdsmen and of agriculturists was to introduce slavefy and to create a wealth that fell to the man and not in any great part to the woman. Previously, man had been second in precedence to woman within the matrix of a natural theosophy that guaranteed the human beings
it embraced a way of life
that seemed
endlessly
possible, and
from which everything
flowed in a stream that was
as consistent as it was immortal. In the old order of things, the man had to keep the tools of production and the woman the household goods and hearth; cattle and agricultural produce, like tools, were within the man's province. He may have pre-empted her here!! He grew wealthy, she remained relatively impoverished. Now the shepherd was no longer simple. He and the agriculturists, who had become a slave-master in an order that divided labor into changeless patterns according to the sexes, returned home and overthrew the goddess of the hearth.

With his new wealth and power able to change women's hitherto equally meaningful and productive role in life and life's provenience into a secondary one, man set himself in rebellion against the sacred female of mother right. The hearth, once so symbolically sacred, he left intact: now symbolic of the helpless woman, it chained her to her reduced importance, gave her a secondary role in life and, later, enslaved her to man's will and lust. Once the hearth she tended had served as the altar of his sexual and spiritual reverence.

Up until this time, divinity was vaguely surmised to be the navel immortality whereby women seemed

OF THE WOMB

to trick death in a shell game deception that kept life intact along a continuous umbilical route of the egg. The egg always managing to be precedent to the pursuing knife; and, before knives, the teeth of our human innocence served.

Death bitten off was its dying for death was undone. The body that seemed to die did not where the egg rolled out of woman and clear; and it was as egg, a woman even when it took the shape of man, for, save for an illusion, it is the female's that is the deathless

nature of life.

She alone was manifest in the provenience of egg and employment of umbilical deception that guaranteed immortal ova, and, a nature making women free of the doubts and fears man is the natural heir to.

Hers is the myth of the birth, life, death, and resurrection of the God of the waxing year who loses the love of the threefold goddes to what we would think of as his alter ego- the god of the waning year. Only in such a twinhood is man in any sense to be thought of as divine. Both OSIRIS of the waxing year and SET of the waning year, he is a demi-god. Woman is divine. Were man divine, she would be at best a nymph. Woman loves the infant not the man.

Thus, she is a deity; and to satisfy both lover and son, she employs alternate murder, for which man calls her false.

There are no fathers. Sons and lovers are sacred only by grace of the Mother of all things, the Triple Goddess. She is their mother, bride and layer-out, a slim lovely woman whose changeling aspects are at different times a sow, a mare, a she-ass, a she-wolf, a serpent, a mermaid, a tigress, and a loathesome hag.

The three fates are a form of the Goddess. She is the triple muse and the nine-fold muse. She is sometimes called Cerridwen. Wolves are sacred to her -

eaters of corpse flesh - because their eyeslike those of the noiseless cat, who mates openly and eats mice, shine in the darkness, and as the wolves, so pigs are sacred to her; and sacred is the moon and its colors - white, red, and black. Sacred are many things then, and all beauty flows from the Goddess.

Moon-derived magic and worship in the Matriarchal Age began poetry whose theme is the life, death and resurrection of the Spirit of the Year, son and lover of the Great Goddess whom a true poem will invoke. Thus the poet in love with the truth identifies with Star-Son whom Her love destroys. For a poet has no poetry without sense of the muse, and his theme might as well read: the relations of man and woman. He is rewarded with wisdom and pays with his life for love.

There were no male gods in Europe to challenge her power. The story is told in places that she had a lover who was on the one hand the Serpent of Wisdom and on the other the star of life. Star Son slew his rival twin and won the Goddess' love which consumed him in flames. From his ashes another serpent was born which laid an egg. When the God-dess ate the egg, she became pregnant and a son was born to her.

All the totem societies of ancient Europe were under the aegis of this Great Goddess. There were no fathers until this revolutionary idea of fatherhood came in from the east and, prior to that time, all the female members of one totem society were married in a group to all the male members of another. A child's maternity alone was certain.

When man's success in his environment changed the social status, he assumed many of the sacred and profane prerogatives of the woman and declared himself head of the household. In fact, man may have usurped an earlier traditional female concern and responsibility for agriculture that lacked the later excess of man's patrorage.

Poetry began in the matriarchal age. Fatherhood meant a mythology tampered with by man. There is the invention of Thunder child who castrated Star Son and Serpent of Wisdom, becoming the father and marrying the Goddess, begetting male and female divinities on her.

Another version: Star Son with his twin, infected with patriarchalism, courts the Great Goddess as Thunder God. The Goddess gives birth to twins, male and female, who as the morning and evening stars are given the power of poetic enchantment by the Goddess. Thunder God is the resurrected Star Son, and, later, he is Apollo.

Quite early in the Heroic Age herdsmen, worshipping a male or a triple male divinity, broke into Greece and overthrew the matriarchy that still prevailed there. Out of one of these several intrusions and conquests, Apollo rose to precedence.

His acceptance is really more than it seems. It is an acceptance of a twinship formed of Apollo and Dionysos together, rather than of Apollo alone.

The career of Apollo is involved with the Athenians' own great deity, Athena, for she and Apollo share much of the credit (or blame) for the legal and mythic acceptance of father right that allowed the overthrow of mother right.

That the change over from what preceded it to monogamy meant doing violence to a primeval religious injunction that stated an ancient and traditional right of other men to the same woman can be proven upon recourse to ancient classical literature. New religious ideas, new deities and their representatives intruding upon the old, drove the traditional out slowly but inexorably.

Aeschylus tells us in the ORESTEIA of the struggle between mother-right and the rising father-right that supplanted it. Accordingly: Agamemnon upon his return from war is by Clytemnestra slain for the sake of her lover, Aegisthus. Orestes avenges this murder of his father by the murder of his mother. This act of vengeance is assailed by the three demonic Erynnyes, defenders of mother-right.

Orestes defends his act of vengeance, insisting that his mother should be considered guilty of the murder of her husband and his father. The Erynnyes regard Clytemnestra's act as expiable; his too heinous for expiation.

Both Apollo who protects Orestes and Athena who presides over the Athenian jurors are deities of the new father-right. And, when the Athenian jurors prove to be equally divided in opinion, Athena casts the deciding vote, acquitting Orestes and in favor of father-right.

Substitution of one order of things for another has often proven unsatisfactory, and has always demanded a great deal of inspiration to apply and to make acceptable the accession of the new over the traditional.

There is the mythic inclusion in twinship of a resurrected Dionysos with the immortal Apollo. And it is Apollo who holds up the Gorgon's head to subdue the Dionysiac forces. Apollonian consciousness is a veil hiding the Dionysiac spirit; and Apollo cannot be divine without Dionysos; who before he took the world as a vine god of wine did so as a god of beer, and before that of other intoxicants, for that is the god that Dionysos is.

The primitive say Dionysos is the intoxication of narcotic potions. The Dionysiac imagines himself a satyr and as a satyr sees divinity. Bespelled, he sees a vision which is the Apollonian completion of his state. They say, then: he smiles forth gods; his tears bring men.

Apollo they call the sunlike. Ultimately, Apollo speaks with Dionysiac voice. Together they enhance each other's creations.

In Greek tragedy the Dionysiac chorus expels Apollonian airs. The Dionysiac artist of original oneness makes ecstatic music visible to dreamers by means of Apollonian dream influence. Apollo's spirit saves us from Dionysiac universality. We have also learned that individuation bears evil in its train.

The triple muse inspired poets
who were love priests
of a triple goddess
who was
the instrument of the womb
of all the world
that descends to us
from poets who worshipped
a triple muse
and spoke a sacred language.

Love,
Harry Monroe

And there came one of the seven angels: and he spake with me, saying, Come hither, I will shew thee the bride, the wife of the lamb. And he carried me away in the Spirit to a mountain great and high, and showed me the holey city Jerusalem, coming down out of the heaven from God. Having the glory of God: her light was like unto a stone a jasper stone, clear as ing a wall great and high; having twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels; and thereon, which are the names of the the twelve tribes of the universe On the gates; and on the north three gates; and on the west three gates; and on the south three gates. And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and on them twelve of the lamb. The foundations of the wall of the city were adorned with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the secound, saphire; the third, chalcedony: the fourth, emerald: The fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, topaz; the tenth, Chrysoprase; the eleventh, jacinth: the twelfth, a amethyst. And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty, and the Lamb, are the temple there of And the city hath no need of the sun, her of the moon, to shine upon it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the lamp And the nations shall walk amidst the light there of: and the kings of the their glory unto it. And the gates there of shall in no wise be shut by day (for no night true): And they shall bring the glory and the hounour of the nations And there shall in no wise enter into it anything unclean, or he that maketh abomination and a lie: but only they which are written in the Lambs book of

The Revelation of St John the Divine Chap. 21 Verse 9-27

a crystal: Hav-
names written
east were three,
there-
apostles
the
neit-
there of is the Lamb
earth do bring
there shall be
into it.
an
life.
Bryden '67

FOOD IS GOD

Allen Watts

WHEN people announce that they are intent on the spiritual life, and are going to practice universal love, I lock my doors, bar my windows and get hold of a gun. For it means that a storm of unconsciousness and hypocrisy is on the way. When people do the most apalling things that people can do, it is always in the name of the highest ideals--like the purely unselfish, ideological war we are now waging in Vietnam; like the "Department of Corrections" with its "facilities" for straightening out poor crooks.

On the other hand, a war waged with the admittedly greedy and bawdy intent of stealing land, property, and women from another country will be relatively merciful, because the army will be careful not to destroy what it is setting out to steal. But wars conducted in the name of high abstractions and lofty principles exhibit the most ruthless disregard for such material and unspiritual things as fields and forests, livestock and human bodies.

This is why the United States is such a danger to the rest of the world. I have often said, "Scratch an American and find a Christian Scientist." because we have a national belief in the virtue of being "above" mere materiality.

Our reputation for being a purely materialistic civilization is entirely unfounded, for while it is true, money-wise, that we are the richest nation on earth, our capacity for spending money on substantial and material pleasures is almost nil.

The reason is that we are completely hung up and hypnotized by symbols --by words, numbers, measures, and other abstractions which we confuse with the physical world of nature. Our entire educational system is strictly intellectual and cerebral, preparing us to be clerks or bureaucrats without the least knowledge of our five basic relationships to the natural world: farming, cooking, clothing, housing, and lovemaking. We confuse money with wealth, status with enjoyment, success with happiness, and are always about to eat the menu instead of the meal.

Recently, for example, the Congress voted for stern penalties against anyone who should burn the American Flag, and there was much fervent and sentimental oratory, and quotation of patriotic poems. Yet these same politicians are responsible, directly or by default, for burning up what the Flag stands for--the material country and its people--by the total waste of a war-economy, by erosion of the soil, pollution of air and water, and by the most ruthless and improvident exploitation of our raw materials. While Congressmen moralize about the dangerous hallucinations induced by "dope" and its threat to the very sanity of our youth, they themselves are so far out of touch with the most elementary realities as to be, quite literally, blithering idiots. It has hardly been mentioned among them that the energy and treasure which, since 1914, we have expended upon war, could have provided every human being on earth with a decent independent income. And these people think they can "figure", and consider themselves "practical" politicians and "down-to-earth" business-men.

Very recent studies in France have shown, beyond doubt, that the world's most urgent and imminent need is highly increased production of food. This is not a matter of idealism or altruism; it is a matter of immediate, practical, and realistic self-interest, and any politician or corporate executive who is not considering, right now, how to convert the war-economy to an agricultural economy is simply out of his mind.

But in the U. S. it seems that we have lots to eat, and in any case we are so "spiritual"--i.e., hung up on abstractions, that we don't really enjoy food or admit our dependence upon it. Like the British, we eat apologetically instead of with gusto, like the Chinese and the French. We eat food because it is "theoretically" good for us. We concern ourselves with such dietetic and chemical criteria as vitamin, calorie, protein, and carbohydrate content, and hardly give a damn how the stuff tastes. Our bread, the staff of life, is a wheat-based styrofoam injected with various medications, tasting of nothing at all. We prepare these medications in cramped, white, and joyless kitchens like lavatories. We are superficially interested in how food looks, and seduced by full-color, full-page ads of chocolate layer-cake compounded of gas, ticky-tacky, and artificial flavoring. We're not fundamentally interested in the world food problem because we're not truly interested in food. We don't know how to cook it because we don't love the basic materials from which it is made--the fish and cattle, the apples and lettuce, the onions and celery, the wheat and corn--and therefore cooking is not a reverent and subtle ritual.

If there is to be any effective revolution in the "American Way of Life," a primary factor must be a change of attitude to farming and cooking. It is therefore disappointing, to say the least, that the only constructive revolution now going--the hippie--has in no way distinguished itself with respect to our eating habits. True, hippies are anything but wealthy, but if we would only take some lessons from the Chinese, it would be possible for us to cook and eat superbly with very little money. Whenever I go marketing for a Chinese meal, the cashier-girl at the supermarket raises her eyebrows and says, "Is that all for today?"

Most experienced gourmets will admit that Chinese cuisine is the best on earth, with French a close second. For the Chinese and the French are, in general, true materialists: people who love and cherish material and natural things. The Chinese, in particular, have never made a hard-and-fast distinction between the spiritual and the material, the mental and the physical, for they regard nature as a spontaneous, self-regulating organism which is an intelligent pattern or process rather than an artifact or mechanism. They call this intelligent process the Tao, or the way of Nature, and the art of life is not to conquer or dominate the Tao, but to cooperate with it as one uses the wind to sail a boat.

Thus in preparing fish or vegetables, the Chinese have realized that less cooking is better than more. Their steamed fish is always moist and succulent, and their vegetables fresh and crisp. We boil our vegetables to a dull green, presumably to disinfect them, and in most restaurants they are simply left uneaten. But the Chinese "stir-fry" them for from one to three minutes in a small amount of very hot sesame or soy oil, often mixing them with nuts, and with such condiments as soy-sauce, salt, monosodium glutamate, sugar, and fresh ginger.

There isn't space here to go into a whole exposition of Chinese cooking, but hippies who want to eat cheaply and begin to learn this astonishing art should patronize the less fancy-looking Chinese restaurants of San Francisco, New York, Chicago, and other great cities. Avoid chop-suey and chow-mein, which are "missionary dishes" made up for Westerners, and concentrate on their won-ton, egg-flower, and seaweed soups, and on such dishes as chicken-almond, black mushrooms, pea-pods with water-chestnuts, sweet-sour pork with pineapple, and beef with oyster sauce. (Some of the soups, such as wo-won-ton, i.e., won-ton soup with five ingredients, are a meal by themselves.)

The best book I know about Chinese cooking is Secrets of Chinese Cooking by Tsuifeng and Hsiangju Lin (Prentice-Hall, 1960), and there is also a very inexpensive paperback, TheComplete Book of Oriental Cooking by Myra Waldo(Bantam Books, $ 60). Basic requirements are a chopping-board, a medium-sized sharp knife, a big spoon, a pancake-turner, a skillet, and a generous saucepan--plus chopsticks and bowls.

Do not be beguiled by the so-called "Zen macrobiotic diet;" it takes an expert to use it properly, and has no connection with Zen. Actually, Zen monks have an atrocious diet, consisting almost entirely of rice, noodles, pickled vegetables and tea. Most of them look vaguely green, and survive only because of their excellent constitutions. The older priests, who have graduated from the monastery, have somewhat better fare, but monks are supposed to live in holy poverty. While some of the ingredients used in the macrobiotic diet are fine organically grown substances, the average user of this method will end up with a lousy case of malnutrition.

It is my firm experience that one should trust cooks and avoid dieticians, for the two classes of persons are almost mutually exclusive! Trust the cook who is welltrainedin one of the great traditions of cuisine, whether it be Chinese, French, Indonesian, or Italian. He judges with an experienced tongue and belly, not with a test-tube. (Incidentally, for those who live on the West Coast, I would also strongly recommend Japanese cuisine, as we have many markets selling its ingredients. It is a bland greaseless fare, very easy on the stomach.)

Lin Yutang has said that, "A fish which has given its life for you, and is not cooked well, has died in vain." There is simply no way of surviving without taking the lives of other creatures, be they meat or vegetable. Biological existence is a mutual eating society, and every fish on a platter

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Fuller - Cont. from p 12

solved his problems. And we converge because we want to converge and deploy the things you want and you don't have to stay there at all.

If we want to make our world work we've got to find ways in which we can support all our life. The reason there is killing and war is because there is not enough to go around. So the way you make the world work is to discover if you can by design to improve the performance of the units of invested resources so you can take care of everybody and that's exactly what is really going on today. So we do in this century, just 2/3 of the century we have gone from taking care of less than 1% to taking care of 40% of humanity at a higher standard of living than any king ever knew. All during the time when the resources for each man have been less.

So we didn't do it by finding more resources, we did it by doing more with less. And what I mean by that is with a little transistor than with a big pump, with a telstar weighing one quarter of a ton out performing a 175,000 tons of copper cable for transmission. That's what I mean by more and less. None of the economists, none ever knew that that was coming that they could ever do more with less, but we've now discovered you can, so what I want the young world to realize is that actually we're right in screaming that we ought not to have war, and that they'd like not to have war the way you're going to get it, is by design revolution where you do more with less. Because right now, the way we're using design whether it's an automobile, or a pump or an electric light, all the resources we have operating at full capacity will only take care of 44% of humanity. That means that 66 are doomed to inadequacy and early death and great pain. This can be changed because we've gone from 0 to 44% in half a century means that we can go all the rest of the way. Because we didn't have more resources, we did it out of more from less so you see there's a design revolution ahead instead of a bloody and political revolution. If you go out playing politics, it's going to end in guns because politics always consumes one side or the other. So I say that the big message coming to us out of our experience is that we have a design revolution ahead. You ask what can we do about making that world work. All right, learn how we do more with less.

VFA: Dr. Fuller, for 6000 years civilizations have directed their energies toward bigger and better weaponry. Do you see any possibility that that trend can be broken in our time?

Fuller: I find that man in the business world, which is to say the corporate world, has been impressed with research because it's known to have made some money because some research has been done, but every department head of every corporation has to make a profit this year or he doesn't stay department head. They're inherently short sighted. Politics is inherently short sighted; can't see further than beyond the next election. I find that we're only short sighted in relation to the tact that we've had. Man has discovered it's very difficult to get on and tried to survive and he has found that he has organized the various military leaders he might be on the side that's going to eat and they would decimate the other side.

I find that we get to man then going into military on a very different basis starting about a hundred and fifty years ago starting with Thomas Malthus. Thomas Malthus was a professor of political economics in the East India Company. He was the first economist in there to ever deal with data of a spherical empire. All the empires of Ghengis Kahn and Alexander and the Roman Empire were being talked about; we were never taught in school that these empires were flat empires, the point is they weren't flat but at that time man thought the world was flat and went to infinity. If the world went to infinity, then there was always an infinite number of possibilities that if you didn't like what went on you might find a roast beef if you go out there far enough. So you had an infinite number of gods then representing an infinite number of areas.

With the British empire, we have the first time we have an empire where we've discovered that Earth is a sphere or a closed system instead of an open system. That's a very different matter. As for instance the same great powers put their scientists, geologists and biologists around to let the big powers know which resources are in which places so they could exploit them. So Darwin is amongst those scientists taken around the spherical empire. And Darwin and the other biologists then were able to record all living species because they now know it's a closed system. They then developed the theory of evolution.

It would have been completely impossible for Darwin to develop the theory of evolution in the terms of the Roman Empire because it had included dragons. So it's a very different thing, thinking, when it's a closed system. Now, Malthus then looking over the economic data which was coming in from all around this closed system, from the great masters of the British empire who have their statisticians in each of these different countries came into the data which Malthus published in 1810. To his utter amazement he found that people were reproducing themselves at a geometrical rate and they were only reproducing the foods to support themselves at an arithmetical rate so that everybody was going to run out of food. And this was highly classified information to the East India Company and great powers and was not published until about a century later when it began to get out into the university world.

At any rate, 20 years after his first assement he reviews the data again and it came out the same. This became then the very essence of the great powers who were running the world, that there's clearly not enough to go around. Then on top of it came Darwin who was also on their service and he said...he explained his evolution by saying survival only of the fittest. So the great powers said that between Darwin and Malthus we have...apparently in nature there is a scientific law operating where there's nowhere nearly enough to go around and there's only enough for less than 1% of humanity and it's going to be only the fittest.

So we are the toughest and shrewdest and hardest and we're going to be the fittest. This is the first time that we have that kind of basic thinking which is very different from other empires where the thing was wide open. Then we have Marx running into the Malthus data and he said well I think the data is right but it is the workers who produce the goods and they are therefore the fittest and they ought to survive. So this is the beginning of the really great transfer between the great powers and the socialist viewpoint. All the other idealogies are somewhere inbetween.

So for approximately a century we have had an entirely new viewpoint which is that there is a scientific fact where you're eventually going to have a great showdown where a very large number are going to be decimated. Therefore, the big nations began to go in methodically for great armament. And so far as you were a short distance in your business and short distance in your local voting, you've got a long distance only in relation to Armageddon. And so we've employed science. A has been given by the politicians to go to work on how to develope the greatest hitting power, the greatest distance, in the shortest time with the greatest accuracy, and got into great weapons carriers and some fantastic technological advances have been made on this.

Then a very strange thing began to happen because, again, I was brought up when it was still you have to lift yourself by your bootstraps and there's just obviously not enough to go around. When I went to Harvard I was kicked out twice. When I went there I had an uncle, my father died when I was very young, and this uncle said I'd like to tell you something, young man, your father would have liked me to tell you. He said "I'm wealthy and it is a very rare man who is so wealthy. We've looked into this matter and we've found there's just not enough for very many. I know you like the golden rule. You like what your grandmother's been telling you about the golden rule, do unto others as you would have them do unto you. I'm sorry to have to tell you young man but there is not enough to go around; it's not even you or the other fellow; it's you or a hundred other guys. You're going to have to deprive 500 people. And I see your face falling you don't like this but this is really inside information." So this is the very essence of how you have these enormous appropriations of enormous funds where you have 70 billion or whatever's necessary for the next war.

Now then something began to happen that was absolutely unexpected during this century between 1900 and today we've gone from less than 1% of humanity to 40% of humanity enjoying a higher standard of living than any king has ever dreamt of. And during that same time the amount of metals out of which you make machinery, the amount of metals per each world man has been continually decreasing.

Going from just when I was born the life expectancy of a man was 42 and it's gone to 70 just while I'm alive. So it's a completely a new kind of deal going on here and it obviously wasn't something that was planned by anybody; it operates in many of the West's former colonies; it operates right across all the borders. I'd like to understand how it's going on cause we didn't have as much resources so you must have been doing more with less. I've discovered here, throughout the history of man that less than 10% of the total earth was favorable to support all this humanity. And the area that was favorable was in very tiny little climates, very remote, so most people didn't even know the others existed.

Meantime you have 3/4 of the earth covered with water and the people get on the water so they can carry enormous cargos which you can't carry on the backs of man and the backs of animals and finally the resources are very unevenly distributed and the weather is very different and finally the people here don't know about these people here and I take the resources from here to there and in their absolute astonishment some are getting enormous wealth. So the hand full of people went to sea and there is something about the sea that's very very important because the people on the land find that there's nowhere near enough to go around and if you've found a good place, a nook, somebody's coming around and trying to displace you.

So you built a big wall and you built a fortress and you built big graneries and you put all the grain in you could and when the marauders come around you took everything else in the fields and put it inside the walls and left nothing out there for them to eat. The people out there were starving and you sat till they're pretty weak and you come out and just trap them. This fortress thing worked for a very long, long time. The idea of security to these people then was bigger walls, heavier walls, higher walls. You still have this expression then in insurance, as reliable, as secure as the rock of Gibraltar.

Now the sea is exactly the opposite. These people who went out here, there were no laws, you couldn't stand laws out there, there's just natural laws and the pirates were battling to see which pirate was going to stay on top, very rough and tough going. But if you've finally made a ship that could really keep the high seas and you've discovered the earth's a sphere and the seas took you everywhere so these people became world men. All the 99.9% of humanity were local people and the sea people became world men.

They began to make fantastic resources by mastering the sea. Now they had, the number one about it was they weren't even worried about the people on the land, they were simply worried about the other pirates that tried to take them over just before you go home with a big load. So there's a fantastic battle between pirates. And those fellows who outmanuvered other pirates, out-sailed him, were the winners. You have a basic thing here: this is the size ship you had to have to go to Cathay and you had to have so many pounds cargo on board. So if anything happened you were going to have to repair your spars and so forth. This is the size of the ship and that's how much water's been displaced and that is the weight of the ship. Couldn't weigh one ounce more.

Therefor, you say, all right, these are the things I have to do: I've got to have my cannon and I'll put my weight in to so much in mass, well you've built your ship locally and took the best trees you had. So you came to the next country and you're in this ship and you've found better

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TE THEO - CONT. FROM P 11

can't tolerate this for two reasons: one is I see no reason why we sould be assailed by claims about artificial scarcity and why particularly our children should be assailed by statements of artificial scarcity; and secondly because the system as I told you must have accurate information transfer. And therefore we have to move towards a situation in which the firm's job is recognized as being that of production for the society. Now, the final step which we will take is a re-examination of our pattern of use of power to increase resources. You see, we have the old mythology, and that is: people get paid what they're worth.

This isn't true today. People get paid what they have the power to demand. And we will come increasingly to see that rights to resources must be based on something else but ability to contribute. And this will mean the elimination of artificial scarcity, and there will tend to be therefore a fall in the wages, salaries and interest rates because abundance leads to decline in prices. It's a combination of those two factors which will lead in the end to free goods.

If you say that's a little extreme, let me just remind you that economics has always claimed that abundance and free goods are synonymous. If there is really enough to go round, there would be free goods.

The question is, will there be enough to go round? And here my economic colleague and I are going to differ because he's going to say that we will not learn to cease seeing goods as the most valuable thing; I'm going to say that we're going to learn to settle for enough. We will learn that enough is enough and then there will be enough.

The problem in the economic area is a lack of natural resources, because while you've got growing abundance of labour and of capital, you have a growing decrease in the amount of availability of land. And Ricardo stated, one of the classical economists, that in his view the end of economics would show that the land owner would have all of the money and nobody else would get anything.

That isn't so funny any more. Have any of you watched the prices of land in California, or Florida, or Hawaii or probably New Haven, you've seen that they're going up very rapidly.

We're therefore going to have to replace our present system off allocation of land use by some intelligent system of overall zoning, not on our present block-by-block or small-area-by-small-area patterning, but on a massive view of land use. Let me give you one example where we have gone wrong already. We used the water in California for the coast of California; it's quite clear we would have done better to bring that down on the inside to use it inside the country and to use our capacity to desalinate for the coast.

And if you look at what is really happening, you'll find that it's either being done by groups of people who're excited, or it is being done by things that look as if they're being done by the bureaucracy but when you look at it closely you find out that what's happened is the bureaucracy has been short circuited.

I would therefore turn around the classical argument, and I would say that unless we can find some ways to release people from bureaucracies in the very near future, unless we can set free some of the imagination and creativity which is around, unless we can find some way to allow people the potential to develop themselves, our society will indeed collapse, from bureaucratic overextension.

We have to use the free market but we have to improve it. And therefore what we're looking for is not the end of the free market, but its meshing with other more powerful cybernetic mechanisms made possible by our growing power over the computer.

There are a lot of holes, and I want to deal with one of them. The obvious hole is, won't we all go and guzzle beer? Now that's the great fear, and if we're released from positive and negative sanctions as the psychologists put it, or as I prefer, the whip and carrot, we will all collapse prostrate for the rest of our lives and do nothing.

Well, I don't think myself that the evidence supports this. I would suggest that Americans have a pathological desire to toil. By which I mean that people not only want to do something, but they want to be uncomfortable doing it. And that unless they can come home in the evening and say, 'I had a terrible day today, dear,' they really don't feel they've done their bit for the country.

As I see it today, if you want to get work done you better not go to the bureaucracies, whether they be public or private, because things don't get done that way. They get done because people get excited about them.

Because it's practically impossible today to do something which needs doing just because it needs doing, we have to get it approved, whether it be by the university or by local government, or by state government or by federal government or by all four. And I don't think systems run that way.

The definition of what a computer can do is what--it's those activities for which the decision-making rules can be set out in advance. The remaining jobs will be those for which the decision-making rules cannot be set out in advance. What I've said is nothing more than if we don't have to work with the machine, we can spend our time relating with other human beings. It surely portrays the paucity of our imagination if we believe that we can structure all personal relationships of the future into industry patterns rather than setting them free to roam where they will.

But surely this is precisely where the cybernated era allows an alternative. We can have totally unique communities and unique individuals in those communities. And that the transformation of the situation from a society based on production and transportation--which requires standardization, to a society based on information, which not only allows but encourages diversity, is the key prime reality of this future we're talking about. And that therefore we must aim to create unique individuals who will then create unique communities, peculiarly suited to their own life styles.

Now there're a lot of other things I do which are not inherently meaningful in themselves, but which fit within what I am trying to do in general. And they don't frustrate me. Now, we will have work instead, and that isn't right either because we have a work-leisure dichotomy in western culture, and if you look at the languages of primitive societies you will discover that there are no words for work and leisure in many of them. What we will have is a life pattern in which we will not know whether we are in the classical present day sense working or at leisure.

Once this happens you begin to create more and more areas of life in which people are doing what they want to do. And you move pressure for higher wages onto all of those jobs people don't want to do. In other words, basic economic security will indeed raise wages for jobs that people don't want to do.

This is one of the great advantages as I see it of basic economic security. Once you do this, the higher wages put pressure on the society to automate undesirable activity, so that the pressures of the marketplace start doing what they should have done long ago, which is to start taking out not the desirable jobs but the undesirable jobs.

In our present situation we're doing exactly the opposite, because we're paying the most money for things that people want to do most, and those are the places where we take the jobs away and the possibilities away first, which is a very odd state of affairs.

The jobs that people want to do they'll do for nothing, or the activities that people want to do they'll do for nothing. And that's one way we will move towards this sort of society.

People will say this is terrible, it's the end of democracy, it's a system in which the key decisions would be taken by a very few people. Let me try and provide you with two reasons why this is not going to be true.

One is an effective functioning information net does not allow the use of power, because when you try to use power in an information net, you destroy the information net by distorting the information which was the original purpose of the whole exercise.

But some people say that isn't enough, because while they won't have power to effect the information net, they will after all have the prestige and the authority, because won't we see them as the most critical people in the society.

But I don't think this is true either, because by this point we will have recognized that authority is only good by virtue of your competence in that particular area. And it will not spill over into other areas. In other words, it will emerge from one's competence and will not be postulated on the fact that you "are" something, you will have to be able to show your competence in each area of activity.

The third reason is that people confuse this statement about an information net with what will happen in local politics. As far as I can see local politics are going to be what they've always been when they've been any good, which is the town meeting form of politics in one form or another, which involves pulling and hauling and generally tyring to move a society against personal prejudice and using people's personal prejudices, etc., etc., in directions that the society feels to be meaningful.

A Start

The information net simply provides the basis for this local politics, it does not determine it. And the potential here is greatly increased by the fact that you won't have one form of community but lots of forms of community, and if you don't like the one you're in you can move, and it will not be the present choice of moving, say, from Chicago to Detroit, or from Dayton to New Haven, but real choices in terms of real differences between the cultures and systems of the various forms of community.

The responsibility of each community, therefore, seems to me to become that of finding out where each person will fit if they do not fit within the given community in which they are, and particularly and perhaps most importantly, that of finding out where children fit, because there is no certainty that children growing up within one community will find it suitable for them when they have grown up.

This takes us, as always, directly to education, and what do we do with children who have not yet been destroyed by our society, and then what we do about most of you in this audience and myself who need what I call remedial education.

It seems to me that the basic issue for young children is the development of the child's uniqueness. Which means the discovery of what is inherent in that child, rather than somehow producing a child through stuffing him with data and facts. One can put it this way, one might say that the child grows rather than is grown.

I might suggest as one definition of education that it consists in the removal of hangups, and that this is true of all ages. And this means, you see, that you do not determine directions of growth but you remove barriers to growth. And the growth then takes place in the open space which has been created.

Let me remind you, of course, that removing hangups means that you have to understand the person well enough to know what his hangup is. And that of course is where this whole process runs into trouble because none of us wants to know anybody well enough to do that at this moment.

A second thing I would suggest to you education will be about is providing the ability to learnto learn. Not teaching people, but giving them the ability to learn, it's not the same thing. What we do today is we stuff a set of skills into people in such a way that they can never get rid of them. That's precisely the problem with my profession of economics, in that we seem to be determined to continue to live within an artificial world.

What we have to do is to teach people how to learn, and again if I can put that in more idiomatic terms, learning what we don't know we know. And I believe this happens when people in small groups meet together to talk genuinely with each other, and in this way your two processes of removing hangups and learning what we don't know we know get together.

The trouble is that we haven't time to educate all our young children and wait for them to become intelligent, we have to engage in the much more difficult task in turning the high school graduate into a human being. I think we have to produce a new form of course, and I'll suggest one very briefly for the first year.

In this year we should have three types of classes: one is a class in logic, not in the sense of logic chopping, but in the sense of learning how to think. And when we know how to think we may be able to learn how to

(CONT. P.28)

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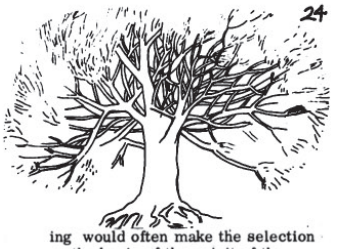
WATTS: CONT FROM PAGE 19

could say, with Christ, "This is my body which is given for you." So also, the Hindus have the saying, "Annan Brahman," or "Food is the Godhead, "for they see the whole finite universe as the divine power giving itself away. The only proper response to this situation is to make your chopping-board and stove an altar, at which you celebrate divine mysteries with the utmost devotion.

But because you must kill to eat, always remember that, to some extent, you are an irremediable rascal. This will season your holiness with a certain twinkle in the eye, a sauciness, which will preserve you from the abominable cruelity and thoughtlessness of those who aspire to be 100 per cent sweetness and light. Do not try to be saints; be content with being completely human, for true sanctity is a divine gift which, when imitated is only a plastic flower.

ALAN WATTS



masts, you dock your ship and put in a better mast. And another country where there are better fibers you make it stronger. So the men who finally got the strongest fibers and the strongest mast, the best in each of these resources, they found around the world could out-perform the other pirates. Ans so there was a great battle with doing more with less. Doing more with less came out of the floatability of the sea and not out of the 99.9% of humanity who were in there protecting themselves with more. Hoarding and so forth.

Then came the running of the world by air which means you could cover 100% of the world and the airplane doesn't even float. It can only stay up there by virtue of lift. And you had to move it through the air by the speed of hurricane in order to give it lift. So that it had to have a heavy engine to pull it through and it had to have a heavy fuel to fuel that engine. The whole had to be strong enough and it had to stand hurricane speed. You had enough weight in there that it could just carry one pilot just a few feet to start off with. In 60 years that airplane has gone to where we're doing so much more with less now that we've actually designed it so that 1000 people can go around the world in two hours. Now this is more with less. Where did this ability ot suddenly taking care of everybody come up? Now contractor after contractor who is producing the goods for the weaponry that society seems to rely on suddenly found that particular product obsolete and they were out of a contract. So they said we're all dressed up with our company and our scientists here, and we need to then find some outlets for our capabilities or our company is going to smash up. So they looked around in a domestic economy for some outlet. And this way steel making, for instance, was making the great battle ships of the sea for the pirates for 50 years before they thought of putting a piece of steel in a building on the land. The great generator, the electric generators, came out of the battleship; we had refrigeration in the navy for 30 years before it ever came out on land; you have air conditioning on sea for 30 years before it came up on the land; the radio... all these things were fallout of this preoccupation with the negative.

Now, very fortunately, in making weapons there is an end tool that will make the shape of a shell, but, before it, has to come a generalized tool to make the tool. So that makes the industrial a little more complicated. The portion that goes into what we call generalized tools that can produce peaceful goods is very much larger all the time. So there's been a gradual fallout of this capability and it is that which has brought about this great change.

So I've discovered then that it takes 22 years to go the cycle through weaponry and to fall out into what we finally call "livingry." When it takes 22 years just to develop that then I see that we can save 22 years by simply deliberately setting out to redesign the use of the world's resources to take care of 100% of the world's population. During the 22 years of waiting for the fall out there's a chance that some guy's going to get his finger on the button, the retalitory button, who just wants to see bang bang is very high. So I say that it's very important for us to really catch on to a design revolution.

ORACLE # 12 will be the Son of the City of God. Send more visions plans plots resurrections ideals poems.

ENVI.—CONT FROM P.8

are a few permanent definitions of space inside the tent, but very few. Living and sleeping may go on in the same room. Only the noise generating functions like workshops or crafts shops must be permanently isolated.

In all this openness there will be apartments and spaces for privacy, spaces for individual meditation, or for the sick or for those periods of despondency when we must return to our primitive selves. These will be cave-like rooms, highly charged with negative ions, quiet and warm, screened from the active areas of the dwelling.

At night most of the tents will glow from the lights within, but perhaps some will be alive with light and color as the entire structure becomes a screen for a light show

The design of the environment will consider such aspects of environment as the radiation balance and the negative ion level, and noise and dust and vibrations and all the unseen things that we have ignored for so long. Negative ions, for instance, are important in respiration and affect the absorbtion of oxygen and affect the sense of well-being. Far from human habitation, in the country or over the open sea, the negative ion content of the air ranges up to 60,000 ions per cubic inch. At higher altitudes it increases even more. But in the metropolitan areas with their high amounts of polutants, with their conductive metals grounded in the earth and the high utilization of electronic equipment, negative ions disappear and a concentration of ions appear which act as a depressant and inhibit respiration. There are even subtler qualities of materials that we haven't discussed; and , again, the ancients were wise: Japanese craftsmen in selecting woods for use in building would often make the selection on the basis of the spirit of the wood, as they called it, making their determination by feeling the material's vibrations. Cherry was customarily used for posts and columns because of its strong regular vibrations that would not be disturbed by the heavy stresses. Other materials like Hinoki wood were used for floors because their vibrations were good to touch and to feel.

We don't know what these phenomena are, all we know is that they seem to exist. What of the effects of materials' memory for events, or the totally divergent feeling of emanations from different materials, to say nothing of plant and animal life. These things have been spoken of for many years. J. R. Tolkien, in his visit to Nepal, spoke of the groan of over-burdened stone that could be heard only inside himself. Some day we will understand what these phenomena are. Now perhaps we must trust to what we can feel. But we must become aware of the higher energy aspects in environment. For this is the threshold of man's next great steps. And with this prospect comes the possibility of an environment of pure electromagnetic energy, screening out adverse weather, controlling the temperature, transparent, translucent or opaque as we wish, responding perhaps to our thoughts directly.

Science and technology and human awareness have come to the verge of reunion. The macrocosm and the microcosm are one, and for man the incredible prospect of living in a time when our wildest dreams of paradise, our visions of ultimate beauty, may happen all about us - all we have to do is reach out and let them come to us.

Cheetah And The Pot Smugglers

In the December issue of Cheetah, writer Rob Ross travels with smugglers as they make a run from Tijuana to Southern California. It's a scary, nasty, fascinating report. And—Tom Nolan writes about the "groupies"—the girls who'll do anything for a star.

There are also stories on campus movies, rock lyrics, "uptight" Washington, D.C. and part one of a three part look at the underground religions. This and much more in

CHEETAH

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(P.S. For an annual subscription to Cheetah, send $5.00 in check or money order to Cheetah Magazine, 1790 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10019.)

PHIL OCHS

OUTSIDE OF A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS... there really are no words to be wrung from an adman's skills to decorate the art of a poet who dyes his mind in music and makes it sing and dance to the meter of humanity's joys and follies. PHIL OCHS is a poet who has stretched his art beyond the accepted limitations of the industry of recorded sound. There are few words now...nor next week. Nor ever. PHIL OCHS (and what and who and why he is) is all there in the album; even the word "album" is inadequate. What PHIL OCHS has created is a movie without pictures. See it in the nearest drive-in (which is your own mind).

Look outside the window—there's a woman being grabbed.
They dragged her to the bushes and now she's being stabbed.
Maybe we should call the cops and try to stop the pain.
But Monopoly is so much fun—I'd hate to blow the game...

Riding down the highway, yes my back is getting stiff.
Thirteen cars have piled up—they're hanging on a cliff
Maybe we should pull them back with our towing-chain
But we gotta move and we might get sued and it looks like it's gonna rain...

Sweating in the ghetto with the colored and the poor
The rats have joined the babies who are sleeping on the floor
Now wouldn't it be a riot if they really blew their tops—
But they got too much already and besides we got the cops...

There's a dirty paper, using sex to make a sale
The Supreme Court was so upset they sent him off to jail.
Maybe we should help the fiend and take away his fine
But we're busy reading Playboy and the Sunday New York Times...

Smoking marijuana is more fun than drinking beer
But a friend of ours was captured and they gave him thirty years.
Maybe we should raise our voices, ask somebody why—
But demonstrations are a drag, besides we're much too high...

But outside of the small circle of friends is a large rhomboid embracing most of the people of the world who are waiting for friendship, praying to belong, aching for comfort. PHIL OCHS' album "PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR" is like the coming of a Dawn—it is not an Answer, but it offers the opportunity of an Awakening.

The album "PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR" (and the songs within its tracks; "Outside of a Small Circle of Friends" is one) is tossed into the rhomboid in the hope that a few more minds may be spun inside the small circle of friends and, thus, the circle may be enlarged.

A&M RECORDS

PHIL OCHS

ORACLE CLASSIFIED ads are $1 line. Approximately 80 units; caps 4 units, lower case 3, punctuation 2 units. Om.

First European Diggers shop is looking for hippie & psychedelic articles, rings, bells, coats, clothes, books, etc. Send to: Digger Shop, 142 Prins Hendrikkade, Amsterdam, Holland.

Bruce Demetrius, please call Auntie Dot, reverse charges AX 1-0348. We have moved.

GOOD KARMA (CAFE) is better than ever. The way to Mind is thru the stomach. Natural food is reality. Dig it.

TOM SWAIN: Merry Christmas, buddy! Love, Dad.

American age 27 would like to correspond with girl interested in God, yoga, LSD, etc. with the object of having her spend some time with him in Ecuador, S.A. with the possibility of a prolonged relationship. All expenses paid write P.O. Box 1042, Quito, Ecuador, S.A. enclosing photos.

Mescal sex freak
Seeks sleak
Tingles & doubles
--No pFahgges--
"Tzigane" 566-4358

CARPENTER - James 626-0129

PETER A. CURTIS. Mom ill. Please call. Barb.

Head Shops, Your credit is good with ESP. Call or write Larry for initial assortment at ESP-Disk, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010, or (212) 255/4800.

Ruth Ann Dunbar, please contact your mother. Phone Collect: Area Code 412, 231/8747, or write Mrs. Dunbar, 722 Tripoli St., N.S., PGH., Pa. 15212. Urge.

BRUCE G. DEMETRIUS--Call Aunt Dot in L.A. Reverse charges AX1-0348.

Vicki Vergith Please, Please write or call--Ring & Love await. Barry Mach, 894 Brookwood, Ann Arbor, Mich. (313) 769/2125.

Debbi, please contact us collect. We love & miss you very much and want you to come home. Kevin & Kerry ask about you too. Love, Mother and Dad, 931/1547

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Searching. Trying to locate person (possibly relative in his 20's) who was so kind as to send me gift last summer. My address: Diane Purdy, 6 S. Ingram St., Alexandria, Va., 22304. P.S. My age, 19. Anyone else wanting to write, please do.

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NEW ZEALANDERS who wrote Oracle for hippie artifacts please contact us. We lost your address.

EVENTYR--send poem to address west of Castle Crag-sunflower languishing-

Gay Goodman please call home.

Wanted: Able, hip typist-chick to assist SF psychiatrist with diverse research tasks. Dependability essential. Details, terms flexible. 387-4043

HAPPY BIRTHDAY SHANE

Is M.L. really the feared & viscious Anal Hoarder? Then who is Thor?

COLLABRIA

Allen Cohen	Marty Linhart
Ami Magill	Michael Ferar
Arthur Groff	Pat Lofthouse
Azul Zangpo	Ralph &
Bill Dodd	Sue Ackerman
Bob Branaman	Reb Barker
Brian Kemble	Richard Honigman
Bryden	Sharkey
Dianne Shannon	Steve Leiper
Eve	Stephen Levine
Gary Ewing	Steve Schafer
Gene Grimm	Steve Walzer
Harry Krishna	Sue Hafen
Harry Monroe	Tary Owens
Hetty	Theo
Kathy Gromme	Tiffany
Lynn Ferar	Tom Karp
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Marsha	Tsongas

Gurdjieff-Ouspensky group now forming. No $ needed. Only a knowledge of the above works & a sincere desire to break through the circle of Relativity to the higher ground of Aurobindos supra-consciousness. Contact Gustave Ridley, 13531 Haynes, Van Nuys, Calif.

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CHESS RECORDS

"Tomorrow's Sound Today"

CHESS LP/LPS 1516

The Oracleds:
I'm enclosing a clipping or two about our to-do over the word "hippie," a circumstance which has caused me to resign my position - twice. This time I'm leaving.

I'm a librarian who likes to hear himself talk - so I read some of my stock outloud.

I read Burns (packed a hall with 160 people for that-but I think the attraction was my kilt) and Browning, and talked on Buddhism (I am one), and then scheduled a hippie reading (featuring the Oracle).

I've been local front page news ever since. A school principal called me and said I'd me to blame if his kids grew long hair (you should have seen how many kilts there were around town after the Burns reading!). The city council met and voted censure, the board investigated the city council again met and voted to withdraw all our funds, then reversed themselves after hearing from board members.

The "Friends of the Library" met (only the right kind of friends having been called) and voted to disassociate themselves from our programs, and a sermon was preached against me in a local Baptist church.

All of this before anyone knew anything about the poetry I would read excepting that the authors were s-called "hippies."

I sneaked in one of my own poems in the beginning, whilst police care circled the library to protect THEM from US, or vice versa. All 60 reservations had been taken the previous week, and we had 10 "extras" standing (it's a teeny wee library).

My own poem (no one suspected) is enclosed. You may prin it.

The reading went off well - but another 70-100 people who had wanted to hear it were prevented by the Mayor's threat to withdraw support if such programs continued.

I resigned, stating I couldn't operate under such a continued threat of censorship of my programs. The board refused my resignation, promising to communicate grievances to the council.

Then the attacks came hot and heavy. My beard, my religion, my nationality, my morals, my wife's miniskirt and morals were all attacked.

I had been under attack before for having paperbacks ("trashy"), using professional reviewing media ("soft on communism") and selling discarded books for 10¢ ("destroying private enterprise") - but now they were serious.

So I resigned again. And here I am still hooked on outdated values, looking for a job. I may end up over there asking for free food and LOVE. I could really use some of that.

Your obedient servent
Gordon McShean
Roswell, N.M.

P.S. If you print this, please send me a copy - I can't afford the subscription right now.

Oracle - DaNang

All's calm in th' Land o' Negation. (Sittin' here trippin' it out, watchin' 'em play cards.) They always try t' git me t' sit in, but I gamble with more important things (don't play chess, ither. I'd make lousy war.) Instid I sit here like a Jewish Buddhit in faded dungarees, lookin' at 'em gettin' all wrapped up in a game within a game: a middle class practical jokin' mechanic who swears on th' Pope; a tattooed delinquent from Cincinnati's streets; a pathological liar, a kid, itchin' t' kill a "gook;" a Mississippi farm boy, wantin' revenge f'r his Marine brother's death; a sado-masochistic football player who says he never loses - they don't know why they're here, but they're jealous o' draft card burners an' undergraduates an' drop outs - 'say they respect my beliefs, but if they did 'wouldn't be s' skeptical t' my friends.

Shit all I wanta do's groove an' write an' make love an' be accepted. What th' fuck j they gonna do t' me if theyver fin' out I'm in th' military underground? Anyhow leg'lly I'm safe - I didn' come here t' do what I'm doin' n'cessarily. 'just came here t' write an' see a war. 'told 'em I wouldn't kill f'r 'em. Couldn't see double standards, murder. 'told me I's blind (chaplain). 'told 'im he's a bigoted hypocrite. (Really a preacher in a war suit? Whatcha done, sir, t' help stop th' war? Oh, you jus' sprinkle 'em an' tell 'em it's all right t' kill. How'd ya git in that bag'? Too many buttons in th' Sunday plate?) I been seein' 'im since th' 4th day I's here. Th' Navy can't seem t' fin' th' instruction f'r toturin' conscientious objectors. All I should hafta say's I don't believe in murder; non-violence is my religion. Hell no that's too easy. We wanta see ya friends stick up f'r ya. We're hard t' convince man we wanta see ya sweat. Mebbe we c'n draw some blood outta that stone head o' yours.

I'm sick, friend, an' bein' here makes me sicker. Good Samaritans don't wear shoulder holsters, grenades, carry M-16's and yell Geronimo! or drop jelly gasoline! 'told 'em they'd hafta lock me up 'f they tried t' give me a gun.

Tell Toolie and Kai that Saxon's alive an' livin' in DaNang. Gotta step out t' th' bomb shelter an' blow my min'. Write soon.

Peace, brothers, Bill Saxon

ALL 10/10
@ sea

day long & last night & the day before that the sea has been hitting in just forward of the stbd beam, knocking us into sickening 20-30 degree rolls. To the north yesterday an american ship broke up and went down: 5 saved out of 42. And typhoons twist & wait from from west of Hawaii all the way to and up & down the China Sea. So if I wait for better weather to send this it wldn't go out til next spring. But I did have to wait to answer til I got back, out here, the Pacific, 'cause it's my place being Cancer and having crushed my shore shells behind me.

The sections of my poem dealing w/Rap Brown & Jones attack them not for being leaders of the Black Revolution but as men directly responsible for deaths of their own people. The NFL in mr johnson's holy ranchwar and barbeque is slightly more organized than the Black Panthers etc. A few bodyguards trained in rudimentary karate aren't going to beat Bull Conner & co. This isn't a moral question, it is basic tactics. Jones & Brown are letting their hate snow them into premature attacks. Result: a lot of useless death. If it comes to a shooting war, fine, that's how these benighted states started - but I object, and I thought this was clear in the poem, to Brown & Jones letting their rashness get their own blood all over the gutter. Spirit is beautiful but it is just not enough. I mean like remember Hungary, right? I'm scared all that is going to come of this is maybe a few more Ralph Bunches & a bunch of impassioned badly written elegies to young kids who had their guts & faces blown in.

You say 'the white power structure must give more than they took 'yr emphasis on 'give') - as the whores on Tu Du St Saigon say 'never happen baby' It must be clear that anything the blackman gets he is going to have to take. And he isn't ready for guerilla warfare. Yet.

O Allen, man, this is such jive conversation. I grew up on the southside on Mayor Daly's Plantation, good old dreadcity Chgo. Some of my best friends had natural rhythm and didn't want to diddle my sister even. I was down @ Hunter's Point on the 2nd day of our riot 'cause Shelly looked such a scared drunk old man on the front page of the Chronicle. And now I am in the NMU, the only really integrated seafaring union: my watchpartner is from Aden and is teaching me Arabic and trying to stop me from eating barbeque & drinking & fucking. I've drank T-bird with hankerchief heads @ McAllister & Fillmore and 47th & Cottage Grove. And I say, I KNOW that New Left meeting @ the Palmerhouse in Chgo was one of the sickest examples of whiteliberal misplaced guilt feelings I've ever seen. And this hardly more than a year since the one man one vote legislation. I mean, it is possible for any man to be wrong and I take Jones & Brown as wrong.

At sany & all rates, keep up the gude worke.

yrs
Frank alias
Appollonius of Olengapo
MS & S

Dear Editor:
I recently read of an idea someone had of getting 100,000 or so free-thinking individuals to move to the State of Nevada in order to establish residence there. It seems to me that if this were done, the Free Movement would be able to get a voice in Congress and would have a sanctuary from the destructive tendencies of the Establishment.

Nevada has approx. 90,000 registered voters. If enough people could be convinced to go to Nevada to establish residence in time for the 1970 or 1972 elections then it would be that much sooner that we are able to establish our own society and withdraw ourselves that much further from the capitalistic machine.

I would like to know if anyone has given any thought to this idea, and what, if anything, has been accomplished in this direction.

Yours in Peace,
Craig Davidson

TO: THE ORACLE
FROM: MARY LOU PATTON - Seattle

RAIN IN SEATTLE

Alas,
The grass
On Hippie Hill
Doth chil
The ass,
Alas.

Dear sirs or madams
I hope this reaches you, since I do not have a more accurate address.

To be brief, I am (have been for nearly twenty years) trying to form an ashram of sorts here in West Virginia, in the rural section where I own about a half a section.

The conception is one of a non-profit, non-interfering, non-denominational, retreat or refuge, where philosophers might come to work communally together, or independently,--where a library and other facilities might be developed.

Since it shall be non-profit...I need a bit of help in the form of cooperation...I do not think money is needed as much as determination. I would therefore like to use your news medium to contact any sincere people doing the same line of thinking. I want to meet one, two, or any number of people who would be willing to settle here and devote some time to getting the thing started. I know of many elderly people who are heartily in favor of the project, but I feel that a nucleus of young people is somehow necessary to supply the vitality to bear this project into three dimensional existence.

Thanking you for any contacts,

Richard Rose
R.D. 3 Moundsville, W. Va.

Dear Oracle People,
With the current Death of the Hippie and the decentralization of free people - getting away from crowded street scene mass media focus points - Many will be seeking new areas to live in. I would like to make the suggestion that anyone willing to help a budding scene flower make a move to Louisville, Kentucky. The scene there began to grow with the opening of the town's 1st Dance & light show place around six months ago, but we need more turned-on real people. There is plenty of housing with low rent in many old victorian houses in the downtown area. Also some beautiful country scenes. Anyone interested can contact Changes Unlimited (light show place)
519 West Zane St.
Louisville, Kentucky

Love, Love, Love
Kevin O'Dea

Dear Friend,
I've read or rather almost experienced your newspaper. It's so beautiful because it doesn't tell what happened in the west end or east end of town but what happened in a person's soul or mind. As soon as I can I'll subscribe. Your paper is a much sought after rarity in this neck of the woods. The two stores that sell it sell out in one day!

The second thing I want to say is: is there someone in the City of St. Francis (a Flower Child) who would enjoy writing to me, to help me understand the new trends in the love community? I'd like to correspond with a girl who would have enough time to write every two weeks. She can be any age and preferably serious on the deeper sides of the Movement. My interests are: painting, yoga, writing, spiritualism and just plain new exciting ideas to explore. My grandfather has psychic powers (how's that for openers!) I'm seventeen and a high school junior. I'd like to avoid taking part in this money grubbing anti-Christ society but I would like to attempt to help it. That's love too. I go along with the Beatles on drugs. You need a highly developed mind for acid. Yoga can do it. If you sincerely want enlightenment you could go on yoga alone. Would you be able to have them write to me soon? I'd be very happy.

Love and universal awareness,
Liz Hamilton
3820 Eileen Drive
Cincinatti, Ohio 45209

P.S. and I naturally am against all war and wish and pray that your part and other beautiful people's part in the peace mobilization week starting Oct. 21 is successful.

THE SECOND COMING

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of thedesert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

William Butler Yeats 1921

STOP WAR

Buffalo, N.Y.-Today, Dec.9, in a twenty-five minute period, between 2:00a.m. and 2:25 a.m., 91 people stenciled WAR beneath 1,028 STOP signs in the city of Buffalo to read STOP WAR.

This was the first action taken by a loosely organized group, Haka, united in an effort to end the slaughter of thousands of people in Vietnam.

Haka (hah-kah). Among the Ovimbundu tribe, this is a common and much used interjection. Like some of our expletives, it is an emotional release. Umbundu, a language using tone discrimination, thus has at least ten differing forms and meanings of this word.

Added differentiation is secured by lengthening either or both syllables of the word, thus: "Ha-a-a-a-ka." "Haka" may indicate exasperation, disapproval, anger, surprise, astonishment, consternation, or fear.

Again, the term may imply that some statement is questionable, and can be equivalent to, "Do you think that I can believe that?"

II

Everyday we ask the few men in control when the cost will become too high for them, and their reply is silence. Silence is a lie.

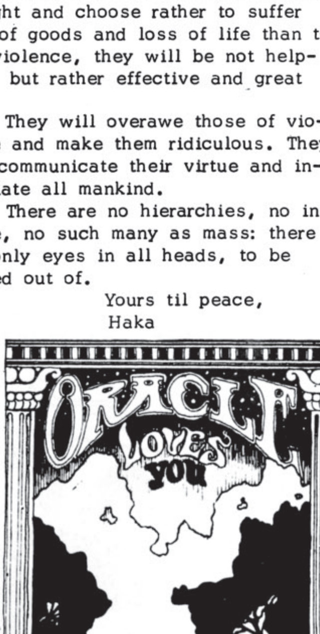
The Vietnam war is NOT a rational or legal condition, and Haka refuses to treat it as such.

If this nation of men is exalted to that height of morals as to refuse to fight and choose rather to suffer loss of goods and loss of life than to use violence, they will be not helpless, but rather effective and great men.

They will overawe those of violence and make them ridiculous. They will communicate their virtue and innoculate all mankind.

There are no hierarchies, no infinite, no such many as mass: there are only eyes in all heads, to be looked out of.

Yours til peace,
Haka



THEO-CONT FROM P.23

write, but learning how to think precedes freshman English.

Now the second course we have is a creative course, by which I do not mean learning how Michaelangelo painted the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel. I mean that each of us needs to be forced to engage in some creative activity, however hard it may come. And that each college and university must find out how it gets all of its freshmen involved during a year in some form of creative activity, including of course the men. That's difficult too. Creation for men is still not the done thing.

Finally we have a short course in social reality, the course in a sense that's been going on in this seminar, and this consists of a three-week cycle course in which the first week one sees a film, not on the discipline but on a problem or the problems being caused, say, for example, by biology. Then for the next two weeks one sits down and talks about them, recognizing that there are no answers.

Now what you've got here is a combination of one course which is taught, that of logic, one course which is creative, and one course which teaches you basically that you as a student are involved in the creation of knowledge as well as your teachers.

Then I think that perhaps when we've done that we may be ready with a bit of luck to go on to education, which as I see it is involved in problem solving, in small group activity and thinking, and in non-authoritarian situations.

There're two keys, it seems to me, about this new society; one is a shift from competition to cooperation. These are mixes, obviously, there's always cooperation in a competitive society and competition in a cooperative society, but we're way at the competitive end of the spectrum and we have to move way back towards the cooperative end of the spectrum.

Secondly, we have to give up the idea of strength to overwhelm the environment, to moving towards a society in which one cooperates with the environment. And that leads us to two major crises: one crisis is the crisis of the old and the young, a crisis where it becomes necessary for the old to be humble and for the young to be responsible, both of which are very hard demands.

Let me deal very rapidly in closing with a few other issues. First, is there any realistic chance of achieving all this? Well, that depends on what you mean by realistic. You mean can we do it from where we are or would we want to do it from where we are, I think you will agree with me that the answer is a rather flat no.

If you mean, do we know how to get there if we decide to get there, I think the answer is a very clear-cut yes.

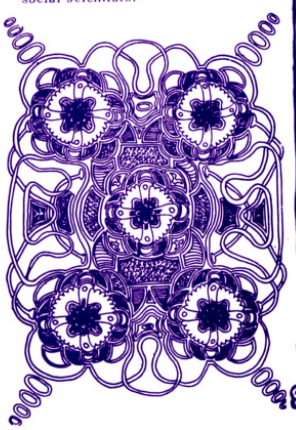
And I think the reason it's a clear-cut yes is because we know how social patterns now are changed, through the science of cybernetics, and let me list what we know and how they get changed very rapidly.

First, we know that social change must be evolutionary in appearance and revolutionary in consequence. In other words, if you try to put into a social pattern something that appears revolutionary it will be rejected. The trick in getting social change is to find something which appears evolutionary and is revolutionary.

Secondly, we know that social change happens because somebody makes it happen. The great disadvantage of history isit makes history look inevitable, and we look back and we say, well, isn't it wonderful how things always turn out certain ways; but history gets rewritten to justify the past and the present, and we know that.

Thirdly, as I have already stated, that none of us under any circumstances ever have the right to distort information to achieve our goal. This is playing god in the most dangerous and disreputable fashion, because what it says is, I am sufficiently intelligent that I can tell how my distortion of information is going to effect other people. This is extraordinarily arrogant. Our only hope, surely, is to say that we together if we search for truth and wisdom might find it, but to do that we have to search together and not manipulate each other.

Robert Theobold originally presented this speech, earlier in the year, to a panel of economists, technologists and social scientists.



THE SOUND OF THE UNDERGROUND

5093 No. 3 BEST SELLER IN ENGLAND

5079

tower

NOTES FROM THE GENETIC JOURNAL

Praveritune cycling
STEPHEN LEVINE

I ASCEND FROM FIRE
EMERGED FROM EARTH
BECOMING THE SELF
IN THE CONSTANT CORONATIONS
OF THE HEART--
BEYOND ALL LAWS,
LIBERATION.
I AM THE SACRED SOIL.

Spineflow: inhale and corona

Beginning very slowly
like settling into a chair
or rising from Maya's couch
withdrawing the senses
between breaths
and near the center of the chest
I pass within
entering internal hemispheres
in the pilgrimage toward the self
contained in this constantly expanding
universe of my body.

Traversing the quasar storms of the plexes
and the endocrinal moons of my functions
the genital volcanoes and
the earthquakes of my bowels
meteors traveling along my nerves
toward my brain entering the myth
and glow of ten thousand cellular
solar systems and the sun
like life at the center
of each cell

From the celestial concurrence of my matter
a noticable humm
strummed on the scale of AUM--
that basic recognition of the ancient Vedas
the seed-sound of Shiva's lefthanded drum
about which the universe was collected--
the lifesong ascends itself
following the vocal spectrum of the being
the lips closing like the shutter of a lens
the tongue hung in the mouth
like the clapper in a prayer bell
recognition steadied like a beam of light
on the conscious silence following.

The original tonality of the mind--
that sound present at the moment
of the life monad's primal formation
perhaps the drone in the atmosphere
during the planet's solidification
that humm that strikes a genetic reiteration
in the cells that hold this beginning incarnate.
The genetic basis of mantra and the harmony
of the risen spheres that light the mind
with consciousness echoing notes
from the Melody of Evolution
chanted beyond meaning
or the victimization of the senses
at that point where sound and light concur
to a single vibration
cartographed beyond symbol
and disease
in the slowly annotated regions of the mind.

The mantra lyriced like psalms in the genetic melody
waking from dream to dream
and again to dream and again
into the Now-Atomic Age of the Kali Yuga
the final season of this historic cycle
into which I am poured in this body
receiving this tune now in the key of $E=mc^2$
Seeking some recognition in the chanting of my stuff.

AUM-having entered from the cave of the body
evolves-tonight in the equal and opposite HUMM
haloed from the crown of the Brahmachakra
The vibrations sounded in the uppermost regions
of consciousness begun and ended with the same note
the serpent of Kundalini grasping its own tail
like Uroborus forming that perfect circle
out of which the energies of the universe originate
encompassing all form and manifestation
in the unitive equation of a single source

The sound center of my cells reverberating my mind
balanced as though on an axis
in the equilibrium of the cellular liturgy
released within from the Gregorian chants
of the solar plexus to the Bach
of the contrapuntal pituitary pineal harmonies
at the center of the hidden eye.

Melody of the spheres emitting
from the vortexing galaxies rising
from my abdomen through my body
into my chest and the microcosmic tides
of my lungs turning to heraldic fountains
at my throat chanting chanting...
diademed and crescendoed in my skull
breaking from my fontanelle
as though reversing birth
reborn nor dying
joining the fire of universal coincidence.

I AM THE SACRED SOIL

AZUL

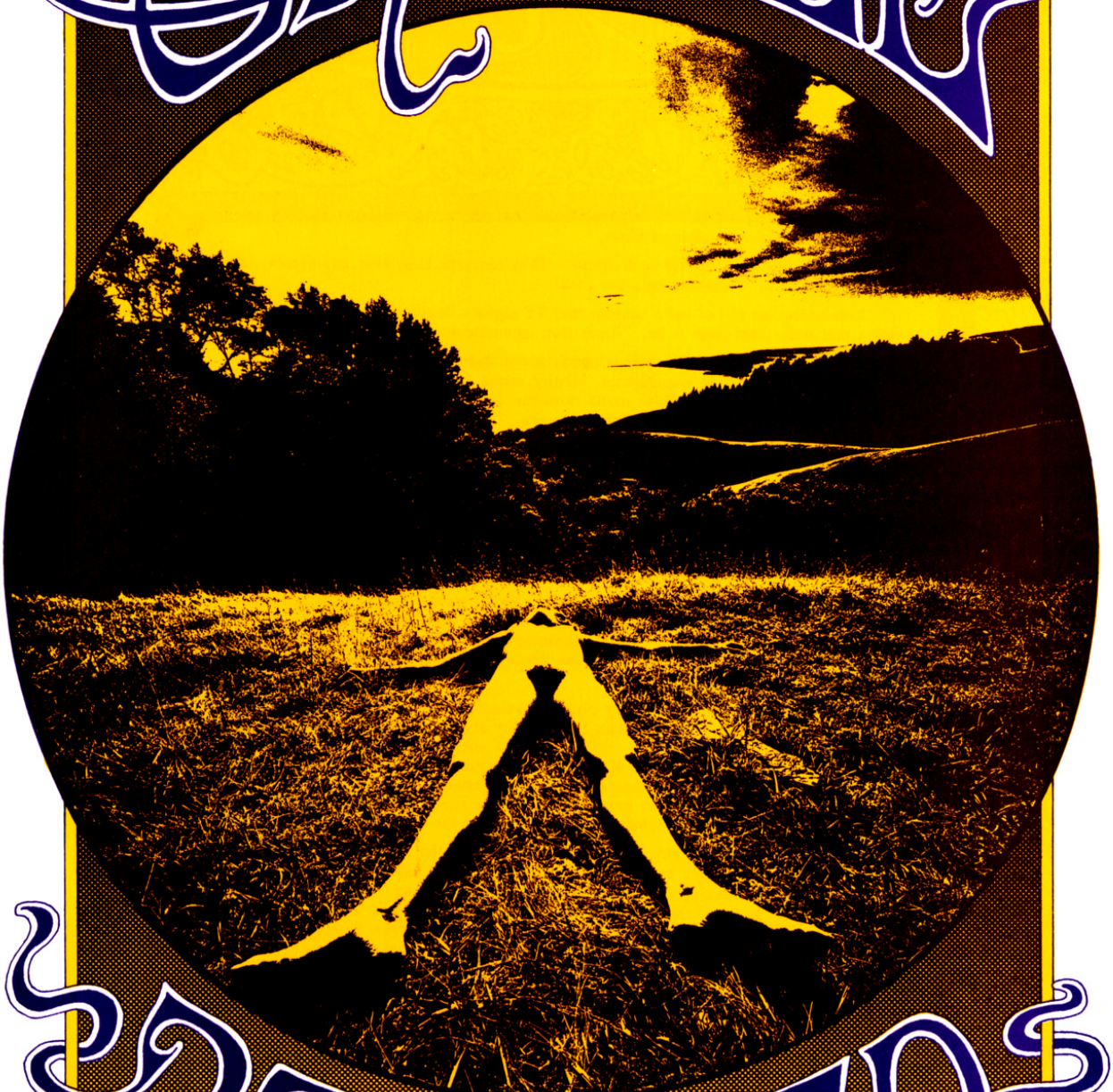
Float beyond time:

'We are ageless, timeless, We have been here always... and will be here always...

in one form or another... 'We created ourselves to be ourselves.

CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO

ORACLE



SYMPOSIUM AD

CARL ROGERS · ALAN WATTS · HERMAN KAHN

25¢ BAY AREA • ELSEWHERE 35¢

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PHOTO: THOMAS WEIR

DESIGN: BOB SCHNEPF

FINAL CITY

They grow wherever there is water.

From the sea they mostly look white. Thin concrete skin over bay-shores, lake shores, riverbanks. Barnacles on a sea rock?

Dome of foul air full of radio squeaks and TV signals, foulness flowing into the very waters that made them come to be. "Hard, flat, incurable sore," Baltimore, James Agee.

Inside millions of terrified Beings scurry about through senseless mazes of tunnels and lanes. The noise is unendurable. Every sense is insulted. Everybody rushing about on some incomprehensible errand someone forced him to do at pain of death. "Faces insane with Purpose," William Burroughs.

Designed to protect everyone inside from everything outside, ("country" they called it) gradually there was no "outside." Lots of danger, in.

Now these things, Cities, kept getting bigger and bigger and faster and faster, the people getting more and more crazed. Finally a lot of them couldn't do it anymore, you see them in giant madhouses scrubbing a single marble step for 20 years, or the guy who wants to set the record for most wallets in "Leather Therapy," makes only one kind, a fast kind, can't get him to stop for lunch some days.

Leads to Final City, Tap City, any one of a dozen ways. Temperature Inversion in London 1962 killed 5,000 in 3 days -- mostly old folks or folks with lung trouble anyway. but they took to thinking about it, measuring it, and figured if the trapped air hung for 5 days, instead of 3, it would do in the whole population, man and boy. 7 million, give or take a couple thousand.

Water does it in 5 days, too, many cities so vulnerable $50 worth of TNT in just the right place (there is only one aqueduct feeding City after City after City), then all the taps would just not drip anymore. Millions killing each other for a cup of water. Or every summer of the world 3 inches of rainfall in 24 hours or so, and Chicago just stops. Elevators don't run, electrical centers short out, basements flood: "Wiped out," they say, bewildered. "$5,000 for the game room, not even counting the pool table. I can't understand it, never happened before." Every summer of the world.

Not many years ago the guy in New York who watched the water-pressure guages all night was suddenly terrified to see every dial leaping about like crazy. He ran around twisting dials and pressing buttons, then everything went crazy again and he had to turn all back to "Normal" they call it. Took several days to figure it out. It happened on the first commercial of the I Love Lucy show. Everybody in New York getting up and flushing the toilet at the exact moment. They had to put a TV set in the water-pressure control room so he'd be ready. Got so he could play it just dandy, like an organ.

Leads to Final City, Tap City. You don't even have to figure the Atom Bomb.

TAP CITY

"The trouble with organization is it's just like perfection. the more you have the more you want," said Gertrude Stein.

City is so Human. It may well be our tragic flaw, seeing City as our Mindless Evolution, irreversible. Man's way of changing, not Biological? Is he doomed to overspecialize this way? City for Man like the Pterodactyl flew his huge carcass with his little finger? Pinky finally 6 feet long and a web of skin for wing, till not enough animals big enough to feed him and he cashed in?

Who knows? Enough Doomstalk. What to do? Today?

II

Co-lively

No use going through Sociological crap how breakdown of family-church-community-morals "we lost our roots" cause fidgety kids in the suburbs, build huge head-shrink industry, drives us all to dope. Let 10 grand a year people in Universities and Buck's County Mansions grind out their huge sad books on "Grants" they call them, and let these books sit unreadable on more and more inaccessible library shelves. There is not enough time.

Instead, look at spontaneous solutions now being created by hundreds of thousands of kids who woke up early, finally, wised up to the big scam.

I remember a 1959 gathering in Big Sur with Kerouac, McClure, Neil Cassidy, me, Lenore Kandel, Kirby Doyle, Ferlinghetti, and all assorted manner of minstrels and painters, their ladies and kids. Every one of us had the same car. A Jeep Station wagon, variously equipped for various survival patterns, not planned, the car, it was just that that Jeep Station wagon, then, got the job done.

It was like a funny train, 6 cars long, without couplings, but Kerouac did have his famous Brakeman's lantern.

Today it's even more exciting, far more general and creative. VW buses, Campers, Ford and Chevy Econo-wagon type things, retired Hearses, delivery trucks, I'd really like to have one of those red Gallonno Linen-service outfits, and the all-time champ still has to be Kesey's "Further" bus with its ball-park size square-baffled speaker on outrageous roof.

Inside these outfits are 6 to 15 folks, on their way. Where? That's what's being invented. We'll have to wait. "Naturally you cannot think about, you cannot formulate a thing until after that thing has been made," said Gertrude the Wise.

The living-groups, the houses, are even more interesting, not so much because they're so new, every group of immigrants has had to band together to save work and money, but because the style is gradually taking on a very workable and beautiful form. When the fuzz decided to rid the Hashbury of the Hippies they made 60 citations for breaking of codes, and only 12 of these were Hippie pads. How pleased we were. But how awful to discover our neighbors, those sweet square types, are so very filthy?

When they did succeed in busting the major Digger house (which on several occasions managed to get free bunks for 300 homeless tired people), the Diggers answer was to start 30 more such establishments, stretching, on this coast, from somewhere near Santa Barbara to Oregon border, and as far East as New Jersey. The addresses are now not findable in the Chronicle. The sizes are smaller but the total capacity is greater. Who wants to sleep in a bunkroom with 300 people? Also, the vow is: bust a Digger House and we start 30 more. 30 seemed like a good number. Why not?

But it brings up a word problem of great importance, at least to me, the Poet being a Namer of things, what are we to call these homes, these buses and cars, these groups?

"Communes?" The vision of red-necked senators and their dim brains making us all into "Commies" (another word they only will ever know as "bad" - they don't even care why anymore). "Co-op," though blamelessly American and so forth, is, I'm afraid, too square.

Others object to "Digger-Pad," they're on their own macrobiotic kick, shave their heads, and (though frugal) don't want to tear up dollars and shower the shards on the heads of the NY Stock Exchange.

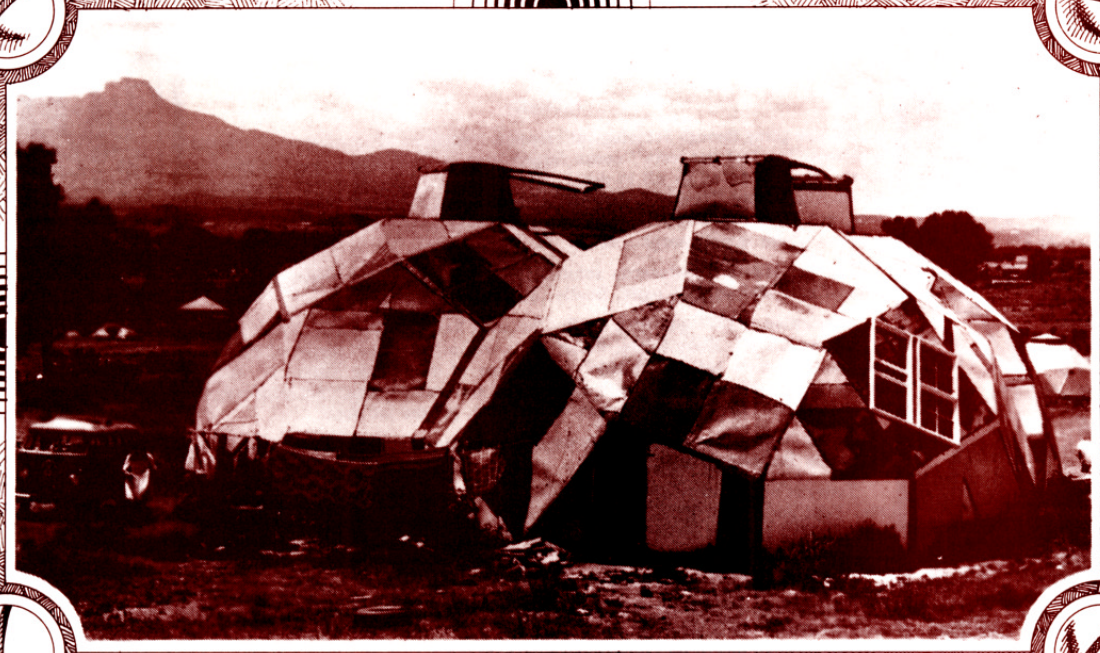
I suggest the word "Co-lively." Those who've suggested "Tribe" have forgotten that you're born into a tribe. no Shoshone in his right mind would wander into a Sioux camp unless he had pretty well figured out something to say to that chief. The other rejected words I will spare you. Try them out.

But you can say "Co-lively." "Why don't you fall by our colively in Mendocino?" Or. "Let's take our colively boat to Mexico, man. this fog is really bringing me down." Or. "There's a pretty corner on our colively ranch where you guys could set up just the scene you're talking about."

Co-Liveliness in thousands of buses and cars and campsites and mountains and stream-sides and City Pads. The already invented or being-invented answer to Final City, Tap City. The way out is out.

Cont. on pg. 24

DROP CITY



At the outset let me say, having just made a brief excursion back to the area in which I grew up (West Texas, New Mexico), that one of the most noteworthy things about the existence of the new drop cities (New Buffalo, Drop City and Drop City South, at Taos, N.M., Trinidad, Colo., and Placitas, N.M., respectfully) is the courage on the part of the people (families) who are attempting to establish them.

Of course hostility is evident almost everywhere in whatever venture people who have dropped out and dropped into the bag of Love and Responsibility, but, because of the geographical isolation (relative) they are more easily discernable Targets.

So called "building inspectors" who have probably never before shown up in such small, primarily Spanish-American communities as Placitas, now do so. Although to this point, it is my impression that official harassment has been as minimal as one might expect--given the circumstances of the revolution.

And, equally, in terms of the geography of the Southwest, there is some great amount of idealism and courage in attempting to construct self-sustaining communities in such an arid environment. Here, of course, the local Indians and the Spanish-Americans, as I have been told, have been of some help, and, if this kind of detente between the communes and the native populaces is expanded and nourished, undoubtedly there will be even more rewarding instances of these exchanges.

Let me say that, as far as I know, the two indigenous groups I have just mentioned are, also, on the whole receptive to what these people are attempting. Economically the three groups are similar (poor, monetarily, for the most part) and certainly in the general sense of the center of their attentions being at least away from the geometrical progression of self-aggrandizing materialism, they are compatible, albeit the forms of sacrament and/or disciplines may vary widely.

Out of this--fortunately comes humerous anecdotes. I was told (apocryphal?) that the idea someone had at New Buffalo of giving a new litter of puppies away to the neighboring Indians was discarded when they were told that the dogs were not "fat enough." The implication being clear. But such things are necessary in the evolution of the communities.

What is important is that despite whatever Apparent Realities, either for better or worse, the fact that such a detente is possible and that interaction is taking place. Surely, these are the first "Americans" who have not approached tbese people with the hypocracies of superiority, noblesse oblige, condescension, and exploitation with the exception of the few in the Southwest who have always shared a respect and love for what was of value in their traditions, such as LaFarge, D.H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, etc.

To this point I have been speaking in relatively general terms, but I would like to take up several points crucial to any evaluation of the drop cities.

First, the type of people who inhabit them. Timothy Leary maintains that in any tribal or communal attempt, the heterosexual, traditional man/woman (husband/wife, etc.) relationship must be the core around which this must be built, if it is to remain secure and self-perpetuating. I agree.

This is certainly true of Drop City South. There the core and the reality of the City are the families. Perhaps greater maturity plays a part here. In the sense that these men and women have been through and explored the possibilities of the bourgeois type of family life in America, and consequently, as one friend expressed it, they have to make it work. And, remember, these are families and as with the earliest settlers, given certain crucial distinctions, are people with a great deal they could lose, already having forsaken the illusory comforts which, for example, suburbia affords.

It is obvious that frequently younger men and women can, depending on the individual, rationalize or justify a kind of insurance psychology that would dictate that when the going gets really tough, they can simply leave.

Not so, obviously, with the man and wife and their children who have put a great deal of love and labor into constructing their relationship inextricably within the context of the commune they have created. There is no going South for them in the winter. They do not want to leave their homes. And whether or not one believes in the validity of teaching by example it is these core family units that can supply the example.

I would of course maintain that there is much efficacy in the example one might set for another, surely for a younger person. The Master and the worshipful Acolyte and the perpetuation of this cycle is as old as civilization.

When visiting my very old and dear friends at Drop City South, the most embryonic of these communities, it was obvious that the majority of the work being done on their domes, in this case a variation on the geodesic dome, constructed of wood, overlaid with flattened car tops, multicolored, was by the family men.

I must admit to being somewhat critical of some of the younger people, single, who were on their own trips, but even so, one could easily discern that these younger men and women had charged these more mature men and women, and they themselves, with the challenge of seeing them continue on.

Or, that in the same manner one might test his or her parents for the trueness of their love, here too the younger persons were involved in just such a test. I think one could accurately say that this would work in any such attempt. For anyone thinking of beginning this difficult kind of work, albeit a labor of great love and devotion, he or she or they should certainly be apprised of the great responsibility they have towards the young in securing the success of the City.

It almost goes without saying one would be acting with a greater ethic not to begin such work if, in examining oneself or the conditions or any combination of same, the possibility of the completion of the city would be a tenuous one.

Secondly, one is confronted with the religious or sacramental. The use of psychedelics is inextricably bound up with both the changes in the individuals which lead to their initial dropping out and in the nature of the communities. And while the perhaps infinity of possibilities for the trip of any given person(ality) cannot ever be overemphasized, again the family, the family bags and the others, is itself a kind of liturgy which is necessarily going to condition the various psychedelic experiences.

It is of course not necessary for anyone in any of the communities to use psychedelics. Most have at one time or another, but my impression seems to be, and at Drop City South, I heard Steve Katona, one of its founders, say as much, that the evolution and development of the Tribe's or Family's interpersonal relationships had grown, due to the huge task involved, into such a profound entrustment that for many of these people the use of psychedelics had diminished greatly, if not altogether disappeared.

Diet seems to vary widely. Not perhaps as widely as the neighborhood supermarket would appear to offer, but whether the particular individuals might be on macrobiotic or vegetarian, etc., diets, there appears to have been ample food available to the members. cont. on pg. 24

RETURNING FROM MEXICO

February 3, 1968

Allen Cohen

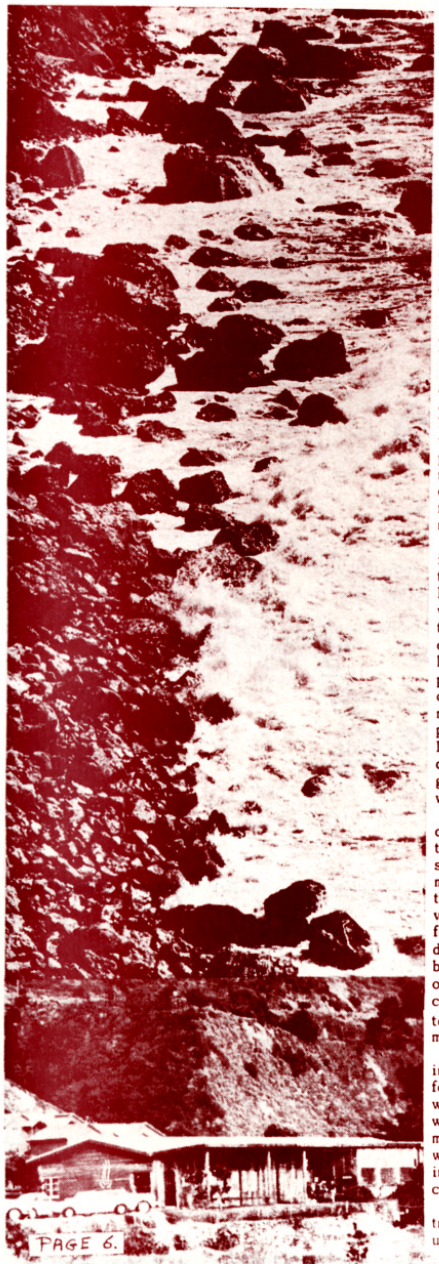
Flying over U.S./Mexico border at 17,000 feet
Mexican hostess in white flowered dress
4 inches above knees, smooth thighs, soft skin in
metal surroundings & jet roars; a red carnation
in her dark hair reminds me of my first lover
She pours champagne:
I toast the sea, the desert below
the air for our safe flight —
I toast the happiness & bliss of all sentient beings
I toast the Victory of the Viet Cong
and Johnson's gang's graceful surrender
I toast the opening of the compassionate
chakra of the heart before America
falls into time's abyss for empires
and the people of the earth suffer again
from the obsidian knife of pride and power
dripping the blood of dreamers

Flying across high desolate snow capped plateaus
I see Los Angles' pois on smog creeping
over the foothills covering the earth in an impenetrable veil
America these shall be your fabled cities
forgotten shattered miracles of glass slivers
monuments to your impovrished spirit — your energy externalized
to skeletal & rusted cars tractors chimneys & planes
testimony of your ascending desires
pyramids of sacrifice fed the world's peoples
and your own children to keep the moon & sun
of your investments & profits rising each night and day
of your enormous greed
Open chakra of the heart
bring us to our planetary unity
Open door of the heart
we are the meat of the earth's body
children of Venus and the Sun.

ESALEN

Kairos means Eternity breaking through into Time

by George B. Leonard and Michael Murphy



History unfolding like a bursting star. The present opening upon itself so that every scientist may become a seer, every academic a prophet. *Kairos*. A time when ten thousand voices in a multitude of strange new tongues struggle to utter a single thought: *The atom's soul is nothing but energy. Spirit blazes in the dullest clay. The life of every man--the heart of it--is pure and holy joy.*

How can we speak of joy on this dark and suffering planet? How can we speak of anything else? We have heard enough despair. We have heard enough clever restatement of the same sick old doctrine of Original Sin. Those who dismay at humanity's condition have had their turn upon the stage. They have offered intricate critiques, sinuous analyses of everything that is wrong with mankind, leaving unanswered only the questions they have almost forgotten how to ask: What do we do now? How do we change it all? How do we act to make our society and ourselves whole? At a time when at last we have all the means at hand to end war, poverty and racial insanity, the prophets of despair discover no vision large enough to lead men to the merely possible.

This is a time for action, not analysis. No man can sleep secure while others suffer. Every one of us must go on working in the usual social and political ways to help reduce the fever that saps men of their natural joy. But this is not enough. We must not merely ameliorate man's heritage of pain; we must create anew. We must not merely analyze maladies; we must show people the way towards their own true selves so that, filled with the joy of learning, loving and being, they will study hatred and war no more. We must build new societies that seek, not empires on the face of the earth, but ever-receding frontiers in the infinitely rich and varied common countryside of humanity.

Listen to the new voices in a time of *kairos*. Here is what they are saying: Ever since the race of man first learned to think and hope, men have been haunted by an irrepressible dream--that the limits of human ability lie beyond the boundaries of the imagination; that every human being uses only a fraction of his abilities; that there must be some way for everyone to achieve far more of what is truly his to achieve. History's greatest prophets, mystics and saints have dreamed even more boldly, saying that all men are somehow one with God. The dream has survived history's failures, ironies and uneven triumphs, sustained more by intuition than by facts.

Now, however, the facts are beginning to come in. Science has at last turned its attention to the central questions of human capabilities. Looking deep into the brain, it finds unsuspected wave forms so subtle and complex as to suggest that, for all practical purposes, the human creative capacity is infinte. Looking afresh into human action, it finds new ways for ordinary people to achieve what appear to be miracles of feeling and doing. It is a beginning, a glimmering, a curtain opening: What the mystics promised is upon us now, not out on some apocalyptic plain, but in the laboratory, the church, the classroom, the home. Here is the century's biggest news. If we read it right, life on this planet will never again be the same.

We speak for scientists, religious leaders, educators and interested citizens who have cast their lot with the future. We believe that all men somehow possess a divine potentiality; that ways may be worked out--specific, systematic ways--to help, not the few, but the many towards a vastly expanded capacity to learn, to love, to feel deeply and to create. We reject the tired dualism that seeks God and human potentialities by denying the joys of the senses, the immediacy of unpostponed life. We believe that most people can best find God and themselves through heightened awareness of the world, increased commitment to the eternal in time.

We believe, too, that, if the divine is present in the individual soul, it must be sought and found in men's institutions as well; for people will not readily achieve individual salvation without a saving society. We envisage no mass movement, for we do not see people in the mass; we look instead to revolution through constant interplay between individual and group, each changing the other.

The revolution has begun. Human life will be transformed. How it will be transformed is up to us.

EXTRAPOLATION

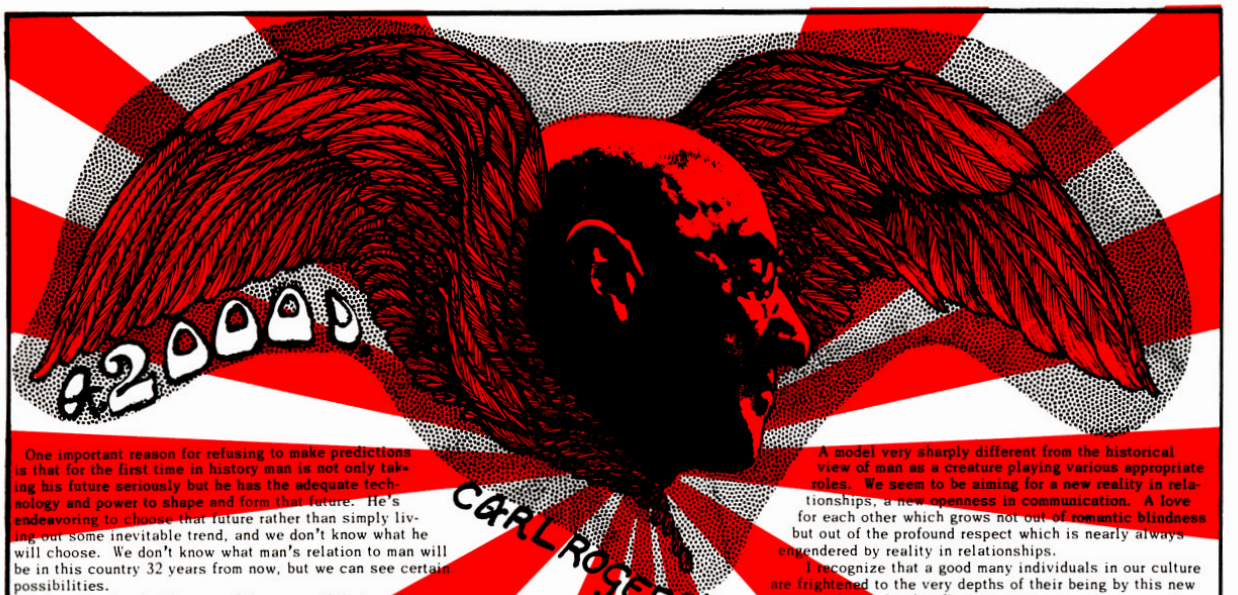
To develop the neglected sensory, interpersonal and depth aspects of human functioning, Esalen uses techniques such as Encounter Groups, Sensory Awakening experiments, Psychodrama, and Dream Theatre. The Oracle staff have formed an Esalen-led Group, where we are trying out these various techniques at first-hand. In a subsequent issue, we hope to give you a short anthology of the experiences of the various participants.

It seems to me that this is of more than academic interest - for if these tricks really work (and there is every indication that they do) then they are a natural for our own people: we live in groups, in communes, and the group is the basic unit in the Esalen dynamic. This stuff has been used to straighten out straights - pass it on to heads to grow taller with, and it could be dynamite.

Gary Goldhill

PHOTOS: PAUL HERBERT.

AD 2000



One important reason for refusing to make predictions is that for the first time in history man is not only taking his future seriously but he has the adequate technology and power to shape and form that future. He's endeavoring to choose that future rather than simply living out some inevitable trend, and we don't know what he will choose. We don't know what man's relation to man will be in this country 32 years from now, but we can see certain possibilities.

Before I try to sketch some of those possibilities, I'd like to point to the greatest problem which man faces in the years to come. It's not the hydrogen bomb, fearful as that may be. It's not the population explosion, though the consequences of that are awful to contemplate. It is instead a problem which is rarely mentioned or discussed: the question of how much change the human being can accept, absord and assimilate and the rate at which he can take it.

Can he keep up with the increasing rate of technological change or is there some point at which the human organism goes to pieces? Can he leave the static ways and the static guide lines which have dominated all of his history and adopt the process ways, the continual changingness which must be his if he is to survive?

There is much to make us pessimistic about this if we consider the incredible difficulties in bringing about change in our great bureaucracies of government, education and religion. I think we've become hopeless when we see how frequently people take action which is clearly against their long-range welfare such as the resolute refusal to face up to the problem of the urban ghettos. We become discouraged.

But I see two elements on the other side of the balance. The first is the ability of the western democratic culture to respond appropriately at the very last cliff-hanging moment to those trends which challenge their survival. The second element I have observed often in individuals in therapy and intensive encounter groups, and in organizations. It is the magnetic attraction of the experience of change, of growth and fulfillment.

Growth Into Freedom

Even though growth may involve intense pain and suffering, once the individual or group has tasted the excitement of this change in them, persons are drawn to it as to a magnet. Once the degree of actualization has been savored, the individual or the group is willing to take the frightening risk of launching out into a world of process with few fixed landmarks where the direction is guided from within. So in this field of interpersonal relations, though there is much reason for dispair, I believe that if our citizens experience something of the pain and risk of a growth toward personal enrichment, they will grasp for more. With this context of uncertainty about our ability or willingness to assimilate change, let's look at some of the specific areas of interpersonal relationships as they may be

I want first to speak briefly about urban crowding and its possible effects. The world population will more than double in the next 32 years. A ghastly trend which will effect us in unknown ways. When I was in grammar school in 1915, it was easy to remember the population of the United States because it was 100 million. 52 years later it was 200 million. 22 years after that, it will be 300 million. By the year 2000, it will be somewhere between 320 and 340 million, though hopefully it will start to stabilize itself at about that time. The great bulk of these millions reside in a great megalopolis of which there will probably be three. One trend which we may follow is to crowd more and more closely together as we are now crowded in our ghettos. Such crowding has consequences.

Even in rats, as Calhoun has so vividly shown, over-crowding results in poor mothering, poor nest-building, bizarre sexual behavior, cannibalism and complete alienation. Some rats behave like zombies, paying no attention to others, coming out of their solitary burrows only for food. To me the resemblance to human behavior in crowded rooming house areas or the complete lack of involvement which permits people to watch long, drawn-out murder without so much as calling the police, with increasingly poor family relationships--these could be trends which will be carried even further by the year 2000.

Decentralized Cities

On the other hand, we could learn to decentralize our great urban areas to make them manageable. To provide not only for more efficiency, for warmer and more human interpersonal relationships. We could use more space, build smaller cities with great park and garden areas, devise plans for neighborhood building which would promote humanization not dehumanization. What will our choice be?

Then I want to speak about closeness and intimacy in the year 2000. In my estimation, one of the most rapidly growing social phenomena in the United States is the spread of the intensive group experience. Sensitivity training, basic encounter groups: the labels are unimportant. The growth of this phenomenon is rendered more striking when one realizes that it is a grass roots movement. There isn't a university, a foundation or a government organization which has given it any significant approval or support until the last few years. Yet it has permeated industry, is coming into education, is reaching families, professionals in the helping fields, and many other individuals. Why?

I believe it's because people, ordinary people, have discovered that it alleviates their aloneness and permits them to grow, to risk change. It brings persons into real relationships with persons. In our affluent society, survival needs are easily satisfied for most people. So for the first time the individual is free to become aware of his isolation. Aware of his alienation. Aware of the fact that he is during most of his life a role interacting with other roles, a mass meeting other masses. And for the first time he is aware that this is not a necessary tragedy of life; that he doesn't have to live out his days in this fashion. So he is seeking with great determination and inventiveness ways of modifying this existential loneliness.

New Group Techniques

Intensive group experience, perhaps the most significant social invention of this century is an important one of these ways. What will grow out of the current use of encounter groups, marathons, labs and the like? I have no idea what forms will proliferate out of these groups in the coming decades, but I believe men will discover new bases of intimacy which will be highly fulfilling. I believe there will be possibilities for the rapid development of closeness between persons--a closeness which is not artificial, that is real and deep and which will be well-suited to our increasing mobility of living. Temporary relationships will be able to achieve the richness and meaning which heretofore have been associated with life-long attachments.

There will be more awareness of what is going on within the person--an openness to all of one's experience. The sensory input of sound and taste and hearing and sight and smell. The richness of kaleidoscopically changing ideas and concepts. An openness to the wealth of feeling, positive, negative, ambivalent, intense and moderate towards oneself and towards others. There will be the development of a whole new style of communication in which the person can, in effect, say I am telling the way it is in me--my ideas, my desires, my hopes, my angers, my fears, my love, and where the response will be equally open. There will be experimenting with ways in which a whole person will communicate himself to another whole person. We will discover that security resides not in hiding oneself but in being more fully known, and consequently coming to know the other more fully. Aloneness will be something one chooses out of a desire for privacy, not an isolation into which one is forced.

In all of this, I believe we will be experimenting with a new ideal of what man may become.

A model very sharply different from the historical view of man as a creature playing various appropriate roles. We seem to be aiming for a new reality in relationships, a new openness in communication. A love for each other which grows not out of romantic blindness but out of the profound respect which is nearly always engendered by reality in relationships.

I recognize that a good many individuals in our culture are frightened to the very depths of their being by this new picture of man, by this flowing, open, expressive, creative person. They might be able to stop this trend, or even reverse it. It's conceivable that we'll go into the manufactured images on TV, or we may insist more strongly than ever that teachers are teachers, parents are parents, bosses are manipulators, but we may rigidify every role and stereotype in new and more armor-plated ways. We may insist with new force that the only significant aspect to man is his rational and intellectual being and that nothing else matters. We may assert that he is a machine and no more.

Yet, I don't believe this will happen. The magnetism of the new man for which we are groping is too great. Much of what I say in the remainder of my talk is based on the conviction that we are, for better or for worse, in labor pains and growth pains turning towards this new view of man as becoming and being the continuing growing process. Now what do the coming decades hold for us in the realm of intimacy between boy and girl, man and woman? Here, too, enormous forces are at work and choices are being made, which will not, I believe, be reversed by the year 2000.

In the first place, the trend toward greater freedom in sexual relationships in adolescents and in adults is likely to continue whether the direction frightens us or not. Many elements have conspired to bring about a change in such behavior and the advent of the pill is only one of these. It seems probable that sexual intimacy will be a part of going steady or of any continuing special interest in a member of the opposite sex. The attitude of prurience is fast dying out and sexual activity is seen as a potentially joyful and enriching part of a relationship. The attitude of possessiveness, of owning another person, historically has dominated sexual unions, is likely to be greatly diminished. It is certain that there will be enormous differences in the quality of these sexual relationships from those where sex is purely a physical contact which has almost the same solitary quality as masturbation to those in which the sexual aspect is an expression of an increasing caring, of feeling, of experiences, of interests, of each other.

By the year 2000 it will be quite feasible to assert that there will be no children in the union. By one of the several means currently under study, each individual will be assured of lasting infertility in early adolescence. It will take positive action, permissible only after a thoughtful decision, to re-establish fertility. This will reverse the present situation for only by positive action can one prevent conception. Also by that time, computerized matching of prospective partners will be far more sophisticated than it is today and will be of great help to an individual in finding a congenial companion of the opposite sex. Some of the temporary unions thus formed may be legalized as a type of marriage, with no permanent committments, with no children and mutual agreement. And if the union breaks up, no legal accusation, no necessity for showing legal cause and no such thing as alimony.

It's becoming increasingly clear that a man-woman relationship will have permanency which satisfies the emotion, psychological, intellectual and physical needs of the partners. This means that the permanent marriage of the future will be even better than marriage in the present because the ideals

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In the year of our Lord Jesus Christ 2000, the United States of America will no longer exist.

I am not given to prophecy but I think that one is reasonably certain.

Now, by the expression the United States of America, one can mean two quite different things. In the first place, one can mean the physical territory of North America now physically designated as the United States plus its biological and other geographical features: people, rivers, animals, plants, mountains, skies and clouds.

On the other hand, by the United States of America one can mean a political and sovereign state existing in competition with a number of other sovereign states distributed over the earth. And if the United States continues to exist in that sense and to be primarily identified with that meaning for much more than 10 years, we shall create in this world a holocaust.

There are so many ways of doing it: by the obvious ones of nuclear or biological warfare, by the less obvious ones of total depredation of the wild life, pollution of the atmosphere, poisoning of the waters so that we shall erode the natural resources upon which we depend. There are so many threats from so many different quarters when you consider just adding up nuclear warfare, biological warfare, overpopulation, bad conservation, racial strife, civil war; take your choice. Either one or any mixture of them and we shan't be here. That is to day that we shan't be here in the sense of a territory-a biological world. We may exist in some abstract sense like: "See I was right after all. Better dead than red."

Staying Alive

Now herein exactly lies the problem of the future. When I make prophicies from a purely realistic and hard-boiled point of view, I tend towards the extremely gloomy side of things. I have never yet voted in an election where the candidate of my choice won the election. And I tend to feel that practical politics is a matter of assessing that human beings are so stupid that they will always do what they can do, what can be done must be done, and that we will go like the gadarene swine down the hill.

And if I were betting on it, and if I had somewhere to place my bet, I would bet on it that way. But I don't have anywhere to place my bet. And, furthermore, I can look at it from the point of view that I am not just an objective bystander looking at the situation as something which I'm going to predict about. I'm involved in it. And as I'm involved in it, I'm damned if I'm going to let it happen that way.

There is another alternative: that if the United States of America ceases to exist in our minds and in our hearts as an abstract political nation and we focus our attention instead upon the physical people and upon the physical environment and the love of it, then we have some chance of creating, by the year 2000, a most extraordinary state of affairs. But it is based upon the realization of that distinction between the territory, the people and all the biological life that goes with that situation, on the one hand, and on the other, the United States as a nation with pride and honor.

You know, quite recently the Congress passed an act against burning the flag, with all sorts of patriotic speeches, and those same congressmen are responsible directly for burning that for which the flag stands. By absolute callousness as to the care of the physical nation--the water, the air, the crops, the forest. So this is the great confusion of civilization and if we don't find some way of overcoming it, I'm afraid that 2000 A.D. will see us as a non-geographical expression.

The point then is this: that civilized man has developed the incredible technique of civilization, of words which represent things and events, of numbers which represent atoms and arrangements of physical nature, of social institutions, laws, states, family patterns, and so on. And in these terms, he represents the physical world in the same way as the menu represents dinner. But he has been so fascinated by the power of this symbolic way of looking at things, that he very easily confuses it with what it represents and so has a tendency to eat the menu instead of dinner.

Money Isn't Wealth

This is precisely the disease from which those congressmen who are irate about burning the flag are suffering from. But this disease assumes much more serious forms, and the one I want to talk about first as the major obstacle to the survival of the territory of the United States in the year 2000 may be symbolized by the confusion of money with wealth.

You remember, don't you, the great depression. Suddenly the whole country was in a state of poverty for the reason that there was what they call a financial collapse.

There was no diminution of our natural resources. There was no diminution of our physical strength, of our intelligence. But suddenly, almost overnight, we had an economic depression: incredible poverty and suffering because of a financial slump.

If you came to work one day and they said to you, "You are going to build a house." And they said to you, "Sorry, baby, but we can't build a house today. We haven't got any inches." "What do you mean we haven't got any inches? Haven't we got wood? Haven't we got lumber?" "Oh, no, no we don't mean inches of wood or inches of lumber. We got tape measures. Oh, no, not tape measures. Just inches. There's no more inches to go around."

And that's exactly what happened in the depression. Based on the fallacy that money is wealth or that money is real. Because money is, in a sense, a reality, but a reality of exactly the same order as six inches, hours, or lines of longitude. It is a measurement of wealth, but it is confused with wealth. And this is the main thing which is blotting the proper expansion of the technological genius of our time.

There is no question that within a relatively short time, we have the technical capacity to wipe poverty off the face of the earth. It isn't a question of the old socialist program of robbing the rich to pay the poor. All that kind of thinking is entirely obsolete. It is a question of realizing that we are now, in 1968, long, long beyond the age of scarcity in which we cannot provide adequate and more than adequate necessities and luxuries for every human being on this planet. It is technically possible.

The amount we have spent upon warfare collectively since 1914 could have given every human being on earth a comfortable, independent income. And the amount we are spending daily on the war in Viet Nam could abolish the problems of almost all underveloped nations in the world. But the confusion is when we suggest the very idea that money doesn't matter. People feel deeply insecure.

And if we should go further than that and suggest such outrageous ideas that in the year 2000 AD there will no longer be taxation, that all utilities will be free, and that every citizen instead of having to pay taxes will receive from the government a guaranteed basic income, people say, "Where's the money gonna come from?" As if money was something that came from somewhere in the same way as iron or hydroelectric power or lumber or just plain anything.

Money doesn't come from anywhere and never did. Money is an invention, in the same way that inches, and hours, and clocks, and rulers are inventions! Money is a measure of wealth. Now if we define wealth as consisting of a sum of three things. wealth is firstly energy. Secondly technical intelligence, and thirdly raw materials. These three things.

When, for example, people think that gold is wealth and use gold for money, gold being used for money becomes immediately useless for anything else. It is locked up in just plain ingots doing nothing in banks and fortresses and is of no material value whatsoever.

But the trouble is that we who pride ourselves on being materialistically minded people and are sometimes even ashamed of ourselves for being that, money materialises in any sense whatsoever. We are high abstractionists. We are concerned with money, with status, with what we are called, what people say about us, with this whole mess of verbiage, and are very badly related indeed to any kind of physical, natural reality. Therefore, we have simply to get over...

You see, I'm simply a philosopher. I'm not a very highly informed fact man about matters economical and political but I go down to basic principles, and therefore come with a certain naivete and innocence like the child in Hans Christian Andersen's tale of the Emperor's New Clothes that the emperor was naked. And I see in astonishment in this kind of childish way that people really think that money is necessary.

They don't understand the following simple principles. If you create a technology and the purpose of that technology is to increase our supply of goods and services and to make it unnecessary for anybody to perform drudgery, then of course, you're getting rid of work. So we have the amazing idiocy to penalize getting rid of work as something called unemployment, to be on the lower social status in which you crawl into a labor office and regretfully receive a dole. Because, you see, money is just a convenience to get rid of barter so that you wouldn't have to go down to the market with a basket of eggs in order to exchange it for a piece of meat.

But if you have nothing to barter with because the machines are doing it instead of you, then the people obviously have to credit themselves for the work done on their behalf by the machine. If they do not do so the manufacturer will not be able to sell his product. Then what must he do?

He invents instead-wars and all sorts of disturbances so that the people will be persuaded to fork out taxes and the government will be persuaded to overextend the national debt, which is merely a method of issuing credit in order that the thing may go on. It is not necessary to invent wars; it is only necessary to invent money.

But the difficulty is, with our present psychology of money, that the moment there would be a guaranteed national income, and everybody would be given $10,000 a year as a mere starter, whatever else they may acquire by various enterprises, prices would go sky high. The so-called 'catch.' The new money in circulation. The result of that would be that you would be a pauper on $10,000 a year. Because people do not realize that when you put up prices in order to catch an extra flow of money that the money you are getting by this method is increasingly less valuable. And, therefore, you are doing nothing at all. You are simply going around in a vicious circle. And so we have a situation: when profits go up the unions say, "More wages, please."

O.K. more wages. Then what happens? The prices go up. And then the manufacturer thinks he's gaining something. He isn't gaining anything at all because it costs him more for everything he has. So, you see, the obsession of making money is a thing from which, if we're going to survive at all, a thing from which we must be delivered. Because, if you substitute for the idea of money the sensuous experience of real material wealth, you will very quickly realize that you cannot drive three cars at once, nor live in six houses at once, nor eat five breakfasts simultaneously, that there is simply a physical limit to your consumption of the most luxurious wealth imaginable.

Enjoy Luxury

The point is that everybody is going to have this. Without limit. Because it is technically possible. Therefore, a very curious thing is occurring-that it is becoming an entire reversal of the Protestant ethic which was, of course, that human energies cannot be trusted unless most of them are absorbed in hard work, bringing out products. If we are dead tired when we come home from that then the devil finds work for the hands to do. And there will be pleasure-seeking and orgies and all the perversions which flow therefrom, until finally we become weak and sickly, and a prey to our enemies, and fall apart.

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I ought to start by admitting not that I'm a war planner or a member of the establishment but that I come from Los Angeles. And it's a good place. In fact a good deal of what I'm going to be talking about is the Los Angelization of the world. Somebody called it the barbecue culture; someone referred to it as a kind of wholesome degeneracy. The issues which arise in that culture I think we pretty much will be talking about and facing over the next 33 years. I have seen the future, and it doesn't work.

Actually, Tony Wiener and I, we did take a trip to the year 2000. We took photographs, but they didn't develop for some reason or another.

Let me tell you about it. To me, I have a rather startling degree of agreement with both Carl and Alan Watts. Most of my disagreements with Carl Rogers are sort of details of interpretations. Carl and I just met this evening. Alan and I are old friends. We've drunk together so I can totally disagree with him. At least on some of the issues.

I'd like to start by taking a kind of a neo-Marxian view of the problem. Look at the economics of the situation. The numbers aren't important. Let me backtrack for a second. I gave a talk in Washington a few weeks ago and I decided to look very profound. So I started the talk by saying, "Man has been on earth two million years."

That doesn't sound as profound as saying I'm one with the cosmos, but, you know, it's a pretty big idea. And then I pointed out that I had examined every one of those years with loving care and all that, and I noticed only two incidents of any interest. If you're a religious man, you'll have to add a third. I get the impassioned exception of Alan here. That's not a serious issue with most of you. Or am I wrong?

The two incidents of interest were the agricultural revolution, or the neo-technic revolution, generally say, about ten thousand years ago, and the industrial revolution, say about two hundred years ago, but you can't place it exactly. The agricultural revolution was exciting because it made civilization, cities, living in cities. That was a very, very big change. It created classes, it created luxury, it created organization. It created all of the things that Alan doesn't like, but that's what makes it so exciting. It didn't really increase the standard of living of people because Malthus was operating, and the change in technology meant that there were more people rather than that they lived better. And there is some concern, of course, that this may happen again. I don't think this will happen, but you see it expressed, and sometimes the same people will talk about the fact that there is total starvation facing the world and unlimited goods, and these look a little wrong and they could be right together too if you're stupid enough but that seems unlikely.

Up until roughly the Industrial Revolution, no human community every got much above, say $200 per capita, much below, say, $50 per capita. If you want to get a feeling of what is that is without worrying too much about what these numbers mean--these are inches, inches with a ruler that gets bigger and smaller, so that it's hard to use. Think of Indonesia today--100 million people about 100 dollars per capita. That's the Han empire, the Roman empire. You know, the same number of people, same way of living. Roman peasants or Chinese peasants they go there today. They would recognize it and vice-versa. You can think of that as the normal state of human beings. Normal is a bad phrase there. Typical.

If you think of the Industrial Revolution, you think of Europe today, say somewhere between $500 and $2,000 per capita. And again, here's a Marxian notion, if you make enough of a change quantitatively it eventually make a qualitative change. It's different. Europe is not like a pre-Industrial civilization. I think it takes about a factor of 10 to make the next change. That's roughly $5,000 to about $20,000 per capita; and that's roughly the United States and about 20% of the world.

At the end of the century, it is not a post-economic world. That is, most of the people in it will be worried about how to pay the rent, and how to make the payments on the third helicopter, and it's really too expensive to put in a second swimming pool, you know. You may say, "My God! What trivia," but you know, it's nice to have a swimming pool, and you may want another one so the kids can play in theirs. If you look at a man in the United States who makes about $50,000 a year after taxes, he generally does not feel post-economic. He rather objects to any terminology of that sort.

Rather surprisingly, it would not be shocking if before the 21st century closed you would hit what I would call an almost post-economic society. The "almost" is of some importance...somebody will want to take a trip to Saturn and not quite be able to afford it, and he'll feel very deprived because everybody else is going that year. Or they'll want to go to Mars 'cause that's where the action is, and you can't make it, and that's annoying because it'll just cost too much. But for any kind of thing that we think of today as a moderate necessity of life, other than love, affection, friendliness, competant teaching and so on, these (the necessities) will be sort of free. The other may or may not be free; that is one of the things I'd like to talk about. I want to restrict my remarks to this post-industrial society, which is not yet post-economic.

Now, post-industrial: it doesn't look like Europe. It may also be a post-business society. Here, the notion is that when Calvin Coolidge said that the business of America is business, he was probably making a perfectly reasonable statement for his period. I would say as late as 1955, when Secretary Wilson made his statement, "I'm not aware that what's bad for General Motors is good for the United States, or what's bad for the United States is good for General Motors"--remember he got kicked in the teeth for that--it's a reasonably accurate remark.

If you ask what makes the United States the kind of country it is, lemme tellya, General Motors plays a bigger role than any activity I know of. Now you may not like it, that's your privilege, but it's an accurate description of the United States, as people think of it. I am reliably informed that they manufacture unsafe cars, and that can't be good for the United States. Unless you don't like the country, as some of you I gather don't. But you really don't probably want people killed in accidents. I am saying that by and large, it's hard to imagine the United States sick and General Motors healthy, or General Motors healthy and the United States sick, economically. Now there are other definitions of health, none of which I share. That's not an accurate statement, but I couldn't resist it. That's no longer true today. The United States is bigger than General Motors, and it'll be increasingly untrue in the future. It's a little bit like a farmer. A hundred years ago this was an agricultural country. Today, a farmer comes home and tells his wife, "I just doubled production in the south 100." Wife says, "That's marvelous, what else did you do today?" No confrontation, no interpersonal relations. She's not interested. The *New York Times* puts it on page eight, none of you read it. I do because I've got to; it's my business, but I'm not excited either. It's just not an exciting thing to do to double productivity on the south 100 acres in the United States. That's a fantastic statement, but true. Twenty or thirty years from now, and even in some degree today, we would expect a minority of the country to be in business and a certain manufacturing , and a doubling of productivity of goods will not be exciting. It'll be interesting, you know, you'll be richer, but it won't be exciting.

Where will the excitement be? I don't know, but I would predict a kind of mosaic society. Not Moses, but mosaic in the sense of lots of little patterns. Uh, I'm getting a slight fondness for the other kind of Mosaic society, as I look at the current society. I had a grandfather who was a rabbi. He talked regularly to God. He looked very rigid. He had no identity problems by the way, knew who he was, knew who his children were, knew what the world was like. Couldn't eat pork, but somehow led a freer life than many people I know. Married for life, it never occurred to him to uh ....I see you're nostalgic for that. You may like to see those familiar wrinkles on the pillow next to you. A surprising thought, but ponder it.

Why is that people think they have so much freedom today? Well, the first thing that Watts said, he didn't say it first but think he said it very profoundly, it that the world has changed. Roughly speaking, there's 135 nations in the world today. Fifty-five of them as far as I can see do not worry about frontiers. And as far as I know that was never true anywhere in the history of the world before. No Latin American country, for various reasons which are kind of complicated, worries about its frontiers. Now you can find no twenty year period in Latin American history since 1810 in which there was not a serious frontier confrontation, except in the last twenty, and no one expects it for the next thirty either. That's true in North America. I can't write you a scenario in which Ho Chi Min gets into San Francisco, unless invited by an audience like this. It's just, you know, very difficult to write that scenario. In western Europe, with the exception of Germany's east border, there's no problems. Everybody knows that Germany and Japan lost World War II, and are the most successful nations since. Neither has a navy and they're the second and fifth largest trading powers in the world today. And don't seem to worry about the flag following it. Uh, there's a joke I sometimes tell, lemme tell it tonight because I think it illustrates it. You may know the story about the Israelis. About four or five years ago they had a balance of payment problem and decided to declare war on the United States, on the theory that the US would win the war, occupy them, rebuild their economy, protect them from the Arabs, you know, no problems. And this rabbi got up who was grey with wisdom, and said, "With our luck we'll win." You couldn't have told that joke thirty years ago. Nobody would know what you're talking about.

Alright, let's look at the economic problem. Now there's a possibility of starvation in the world. I think it's overstated because it depends on a series of thing...you have a problem which I ought to mention. If someone comes up to you and says, "Everybody in the world's going to starve to death," he generally looks like a warmhearted human because somehow he's worried about it. But if he says that everybody's not going to starve to death, he looks kind of callous, he looks detached and he's not worried about it. My statement's in between: I am worried about it, but I don't think it'll happen. For it to happen would depend upon the monsoons, floods in China, maybe bad weather in North America. The US government, I think unwisely, cut back production this year. They looked at the problem and decided that the problem was a lot more likely to be food surplus. I think that's a mistake because our food stocks are depleted, and it's good to have some surplus, but I think their guess is right. But there are serious economic problems in the world. Most of the people, if not as hungry as often described, are hungry, and a lot of them are undernourished and underfed and so on. In the US, as far as I can see, outside of some pockets in the South and some other very odd areas, no serious starvation. There's a fair amount of malnutrition, that's of both the over- and the under- sort, and it has the question of choice involved in it.

I'm not sure about Haight-Ashbury. I've talked to some of the people here and they tell me it's the same. I know about the East Village and Cambridge Square, and my friends there tell me it takes about ten dollars a week to live reasonably well, per person, about $500 a year. That if you

go to New York City or Boston, and I suppose the same here, and work at the Post Office at night, that's about $500 a month; so roughly in one month you can get a year's income, or say twelve people in a pad, they can take turns working one at a time. And you don't have to take a bath or dress or anything like that because the Post Office doesn't care at night. It's very permissive. The thing's stronger than that. An American, an upper middle class American can drop out, knock around for four or five years, get married, have a kid. There are three syndromes; it's kind of interesting. Criminals, dope addicts, and many hips who grow out of it. About the age of thirty-thirty-five (we know less about the hippies because they haven't been around that long), they often want to go back into that society. If you started off as an upper middle class kid with the skills you achieved people will say, "Come back, we're delighted." They don't forclose it. It's not like Europe. In Europe if you drop out for five years, you'd have trouble getting back in. No problem in the United States; you look kind of romantic, and you can make a living years afterward telling anecdotes about it. There's no pressure.

Let me give you a distinction in pressures here for example. I was in Israel about two years ago. That country has a peculiar structure. It's about 40% Ashkenazy, or European Jews, and 60% Oriental Jews. Ashkenazy Jews are more or less on the top; Oriental Jews are more or less on the bottom. Sometimes a Moroccan Jew will say to an Ashkenazy Jew: "I don't want your European culture."-which is being forced on him, by the way. Ashkenazy Jews will always say, "There are a hundred million Arabs." The Moroccan Jew will think about ten seconds and say, "Where is the electrical engineering school?" You see, he has absolutely no choice. He can't fool around; there are no illusions possible, you know. He is in a structure, and the structure tells him what to do, and that's reality, and he can see it.

Now if you take the structure away, you've changed reality. If there aren't one hundred million Arabs around, you don't have to go to electrical engineering school. But you have another interesting problem: you are free to define reality any way you choose. And nothing's going to knock it out of you, at least in the short run. You notice, for example, how people play the soldier game or the business game, or the farmer game? You've all heard the terminology. I want you to think of two countries. One of them is tough, mean, nasty, barbarian, and they've got soldiers. They don't play the soldier game; they've got soldiers. You know, people who believe in Duty, Honor, Life and Death matter, Glory. The kind of people who kind of enjoy a good fight. There are a lot of people like that. The other side's got a group of people who play the soldier game. You know, it's the kid's game grown up. Who do you think's going to come out well? Well, I'll tell you: the people who are not playing the soldier game but have real soldiers. Take away the barbarians, no river, big ocean, no problems.

You can play the soldier game, you know, and nothing's going to happen. Take a country faced with starvation. You've got to have farmers rather than people who play the farmer game. Take a country which is economically in trouble. It's good to have businessmen, not people who are playing the businessman game.

What I'm saying is that in the United States, if you wish, you will be able in the future to downgrade what we used to think of as serious activity to the level of a child's game. As far as I can see, the thing will not become so pervasive -- not everybody will do it, you understand, somewhere between say five and thirty per cent of the population. I doubt it'll ever get more than thirty, probably will be at least five. That means they have no problems. A little bit like the Greek or Roman Empire. The Stoics ran it for about two hundred years, ran it very well. Nobody appreciated what they did. They didn't expect appreciation-it was part of their creed not to. When Marcus Aurelius died, they just disappeared without a trace, and then people learned that they had done something useful. In the sense that from that point on, the Roman Empire was run by crony, by warlord systems, gangster systems, and it was different. And people noticed the difference by the way. Romans had middle class cops. You could riot and they wouldn't knock you in the head unless you were Christian. Then, they'd throw you to the lions because they made distinctions which we don't make today.

Now, how dangerous or good is it to have this kind of freedom. How good is it to have this kind of freedom? It clearly gives you enormous ranges of choices. It is true, you can choose now,to a great degree. Not everybody can choose now, you understand. I was having an argument with someone in the audience a few minutes ago. I had made the comment at Berkeley that in Continental Europe, there are no hips. There are Provos or people like from the Dada movement who mock society or don't like the middle class smug morality and hypocrisy. But they're elite groups. They don't say everybody should drop out. They say, "We drop out; you keep working."

It's hard for a European to say, "Everybody drop out." He's got a vague fear in the back of his mind that maybe everybody will! It looks to him like it's hard to put together. Take it apart and maybe it doesn't operate as well. You know you may not be able to put it back together again. In the United States, it's different. Middle class Americans will borrow up to their next year's salary, and that spirit rolls right down to the hippy. We all have faith in the future. We all know the system's going to work. We all know that we're not going to get into a 1929 depression again. We all know the country's not going to be invaded, almost irrespective of policy-good or bad policy.

There is however sensible policy which at least realizes that while you can't manufacture goods simply by redefining money, you can lose goods by defining money badly. The system is an organization, a social system. Money is a symbol, if you will, but really, money is a technique for making the thing work. There are lots of other ways for making it work. A number of the socialist economies have noticed that even if you want to have socialism, it's good to have this technique of money and using market prices and market orientation.

Alright, how good is it to lose this structure? To be able to make total free choice? And really not having any nagging, guilty conscience that you're not paying your share because you're really not making an example for other people anyway. No, you're doing your thing; let the other guy do his thing. I would guess that there is a real possibility for a superior type of human being. But I would be very dubious that he is going to be a hedonist. My guess, and I'm not just being sentimental, goes back either to the European tradition of the gentleman or the Hellenic tradition of being a good Greek.

I don't happen to like the kind of thing that's produced over here, but I would guess it would be something like the following: let me define a gentleman for you - a man with many, many skills in all of which it is very hard to achieve high capability, but in all of which he does achieve high capability, none of which are useful. They are done for other reasons. They are not done grimly, but they are done seriously, but with a touch of lightness. A society could live that way I'd guess if it has a kind of internalized discipline. To be a little inaccurate, the Greeks were like that, the Romans weren't. The Greeks stayed fit because they liked to be fit. The Romans stayed fit because they had to fight wars. Take away the war, they quit being fit, and they ran into trouble. The Spartans had that same sort of theory. They were more like the Romans than Athenians. They had the notion that once they got rich, the place would collapse. They got rich and the place collapsed. One of the soundest predictions I've ever seen.

Freud once made a very perceptive comment which I want to rephrase to make it better. "For most people the long arm of the job and the requirements of national security are their only touch with reality." Take that away and they can live a completely illusioned life. They need not touch face with any kind of reality from that day on. They can make it up as they go along, and they will find it satisfactory.

Now that is, of course, part of your freedom. That's what Carl Rogers was saying when he said you learn by making mistakes. But one of the important things about making a mistake is to know it's a mistake early enough in the game to change. Let me ask a question-and I'm being a little unfair to Carl Rogers at the moment. Say you could create an environment in which you could raise your children so that practically 100% of their experiences were affirmative, pleasant, warming, supportive, and so on. Would anybody care to raise their children in that environment?... You have a strong sense that they ought to have at least some frustration, some failures, some rejections, some nastiness. Not too much; it's not good for young children I'm sure, say up to ages 5,6,7, but at some point the psyche can take it. It bruises, but it doesn't get damaged. And the world has that character.

I remember here at the Berkeley riots, one girl was carrying a sign saying, "I'm a Human Being. Please do not fold, bend, spindle or mutilate." Well, that's a reasonable request. I also recall a slight change in styles of raising children. Some years ago we were told that if you frustrate them, it gave them neuroses. Today we're usually told, not always, that a certain firm discipline is as natural as rain, and the kid needs it just as well as he needs vitamin B. It's part of his growing up. The ability to do sustained effort on unpleasant, dull tasks-that's part of the ability to grow up. Not everything comes for free, for fun. Now this girl appeared on a BBC program, and it was really kind of fascinating. The BBC announcer said to her, "Berkeley is one of the three, four or five best schools in the world. You have a sign saying that life here is a living hell. Now this is really a marvelous area within 20-30 miles from Berkeley. You can get any kind of wholesome or degenerate pleasure; you have wide choice. So why is it living hell?" The girl said, "They have a computerized program for classes. It gave me only ten minutes to get from the tennis courts to math class, and it takes fifteen. I'm not treated like a human being." The announcer said, "That doesn't seem to me to be a living hell. Do you have another anecdote?" The girl, "I'm an art major, and the computer programmed my class for the cellar, and programmed the engineers for the sixth floor with the view, and this is very bad for the psyches of the art majors, and anyway the engineers have no psyches." The announcer looked dubious. It didn't strike him as a living hell, but he was an Englishman and didn't understand these things. Then the girl pointed out perfectly correctly that suicides are on the increase among college students. Well you can't laugh about that. But you wonder, is it the living hell or is it the students? Maybe it's the low frustration index. There seems to be some evidence of that.

What about the longer term? That is, let's assume we pick a society which really was hedonistic, secular-now Alan Watts is not secular but most of us here are secular. How many people here worry about an afterlife? David, I'm impressed! One of the things that will change this way will be not just the economics but the technology. Let me give you three examples of this. I'll start with the computer. He just said five minutes, but that's only a symbol. You can't run out of minutes! That's just his hangup. If you don't mind, I'll self-actualize for the next ten minutes.

Let's look at the computer for a few minutes. It's an interesting gadget, an exciting one. They talk back to you. Computers have improved by about a factor of ten every two or three years, which is one of the new elements. Anything you learned about computers two or three years ago can be obsolete today, and anything you learned today can be obsolete in two or three years. There is rapid change as Carl Rogers mentioned. And this may in turn mean that you will want some familiar sign posts elsewhere. Today, for example, in computer technology, unlike say civil engineering, you reach your peak salary at about early thirties. And then you're obsolete. You go into administration if you want to keep up your salary. You don't make an honest living anymore. Or, you really work hard, and go back to school at night, which turns out to be kind of dull today.

A second thing of interest. There is reason for believing that despite many of the computer experts, this improvement of a factor of ten will continue for the rest of the century. This means an improvement by a factor of some billions or some quadrillions. Now some of you are not familiar with numbers; those are very big numbers. It means a very big change in the technology. Now it certainly means that they surpass the number of neurons in the human brain by quite a bit.

That raises another issue. You sometimes see statements that there are some things which a human can do which a computer cannot. Nobody has ever made that statement carefully. To the extent that a person really knows what he's talking about, he must have had divine revelation. Now it's hard to argue with a man who has talked with God, and I don't. I don't argue with my grandfather; I don't argue with him. But for those of us who have not got divine revelation, we simply do not know if there are any characteristics of a human being, including the most intimate at the mental-emotional-feeling level, which could not be duplicated, or in some reasonable sense of the term, surpassed by a computer.

If it turns out that somebody proves that computers cannot do what a human being does, that there is something vital or special or different about human beings, that we're not just a collection of atoms put together in a laboratory, I think that would be the most significant event of the 20th century, ranking with the other two events I mentioned earlier, and for some of us replacing the events I overlooked. It's a kind of theology, in other words. It's a theological statement.

If, as I believe much more likely, the computer can do anything the human being can, and maybe surpass, that is also in its own way the most significant event of the 20th century, though achieved more gradually, and will change very much our view of ourselves. This is secularism at the limit. And when the computers get better, who needs human beings? It's not a joke. I would guess that before the post-economic society comes, you'll get the intelligent computer. I used to make a comment that it wouldn't surprise me if by the year 2000 a computer was making this lecture to a group of computers. But it won't be as funny. If I say that to a technical audience, they say, "How do you know?" They get mad. I want you to imagine this human being: he's got an artificial heart, a false leg or two, carries an extra three brains on his back because he gets tired thinking with the other ones sometimes. And, you know, when you phase out the other obsolete equipment maybe you phase him out too. He's only another mechanism. Or, maybe you have votes for the computer.

Let me give you the next device which is interesting. Alan Watts made a comment that pleasures pall, that you get tired of them. That seems largely correct, but there's at least one exception which is of interest. Some experiments were done with rats. You can take a rat and wire his pleasure centers to a button and give him the choice of pressing either the button for food, water, sex, or rest. He seems to press that button 6000 times an hour, give or take a factor of two. They seem to like it very much. If you force them to take a little food and rest, they seem to lead longer lives than the control rats. In other words it's a sort of healthy thing to do, by that secular...alright, why fool around, lemme tellya how to enjoy yourself!

We know where the human pleasure centers are roughly; there are people doing experiments on them right now. Get them wired to a computer on your chest or a console. I'm a prudish type, I'm

HYMN TO DR PIERCE AND THE OGILVIE SISTERS

I dropped an apple-quarter on my drink
Everything all wet and sticky
What town is this ? What day

what year?

* * *

Hand is the same? Wrong again:
This wrinkled, chapped and chillblained fist,
This exquisitely experienced appendage...

* * *

Somebody else's eyes hurt in a different town
Stale tough gelatine, old boiled eggs

The mushroom warped and scarred.
Blackening purple toes;
None of us corpuscles travel there any more;
Ears gone baggy and purple--

"The woods decay, the woods decay and fall!"

* * *

What do you know what do you see
Walk in sunshine rains on me
Drops of water spray from trees
Wind knots my whirly hair

Imperial Palace plum trees blossom now

* * *

O tell me it's only temporary
A slight pause while the operator changes
all to Corning glass of Denmark Pennsylvania

O don't disappoint me, I hear
pages turning Haydn
quince blossom tits bright coral
Jack London's great blue eye

(Did you remember to bring the gin?)

Passional disease lions/bronze German song

PHRASE

wind?

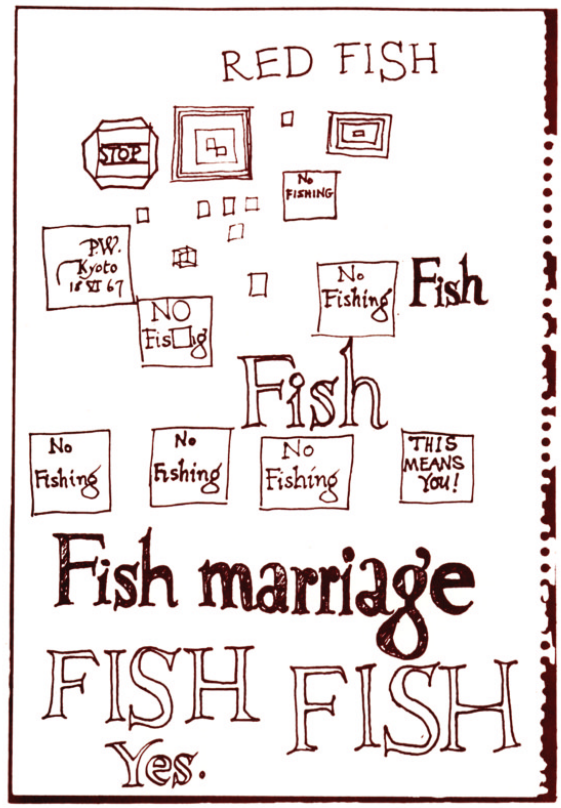
Jack London lovely skin

The changed operator.
The temporary Danish.
Pennsylvania coral blossom.
Bronze alcohol.
Jack lion glass coral cock and balls
Blue eye gin blond London
A glassy pause tit skin don't.
Passional winding phrase
Palpitant quince. Blind Haydn.
Blue German dong. Gin. Phrase. Wind
glass in Pennsylvania bronze
Lovely temporary Jack pause.
Pennsylvania operator balls quince.
Alcohol turning coral temporary.
Bright german disease in blossoms
Tell Jack: slight bronze pages
wind me disappoint me
glass?
coral?
Haydn?
Slide back just a little bit and
let me.

* * *

Now Imperial Palace plum trees flower
All this aged skin dances one more time
Between the pine tree and the plum
Deathless and singing, freed from time's dusty bag, O Love
We return again! throb throb throb throb throb throb throb
splurt! splurt! splurt! splurt! splurt!

7.12:III:67-29:XII:67



characteristically

Saturday April 22, 1967
at Kyoto

characteristically

characteristically compressed.
Compressed
characteristically
spaces betwixt and between
and so it should easily take
on a columnar shape. The
problem of composing the lines
into a pleasing pattern of
black and white also becomes
less. Under the circumstances
mentioned above, we tend to
find a number of lesser ques-
tions of space and
layout. These
must come
later.

MUCH LATER.

YES.

"Come on," I said.
"Try again one more time.
It was the telephone &
not the lark that whis-
pered in the boughs of
that sovereign tree—
O do not go and leave
me here in the mad
green light of dawn &
the purple wings of mor-
ning flap the crystal
airs and the silkworm
scarfs all the mulberry
leaves and none is left
which can shade my
giddy head alas!

Straighten UP!

SHAPE UP OR SHIP OUT

SHAPE UP!

I said to my soul,
Come. Do not write
so fucking big. try
to fit the pen and the
letter shapes together.
what's wrong with
you anyway?

I said to my Soul,
"Come. Let us flee
into the distant
rain-bow hued clouds
of infinite beauty
and delight. Arise
and go while yet
the swallow slumbers
in the aloe
tree

19:V:67

I have lots of answers; all the questions
elude me:

That was Donald Duck on the phone,
a minute ago—

Is this Porky Pig?

Remember:

tomatoes.	DANCING IN THE DARK
post office.	BESSA ME MUCHO
sincerity.	DINNER FOR ONE, PLEASE, JAMES

Claribel Cow?

Joris-Karl Huysmanns!

---

turn out the lights.
Nobody will know
we're in here.

PERFIDIA	Tomato Surprise.	NOLA
LA COMPARCITA	Remodeled Postoffice.	DARDANELLA
JALOUSIE	Abnormal Sincerity	CHARMAINE

DAFFY DUCK?
Walter De La Mare?
Walter Giesking!
walter Lanz?

PHILIP WHALEN

Angelica wet with wine.
Tears sliding slowly
up a forehead.
Plastic heartbeats echoing
amidst chromium rafters.
Clarity of desecration.
Turn yourself on
with a diamond needle . . .
travel with us in
your favorite color.

ROTARY CONNECTION
from Cadet/Concept
a slight deviation
from the norm
LP/LPS 312
Single:
Like a Rolling Stone
bw Turn Me On
Cadet/Concept 7000

B
J

Leave it the less you learn. the way to do is to be.
there is no need to run outside for better
THOUGH YOU LIVE IN THE GUTTER, NONE CAN PREVENT YOUR BEING A SAINT THERE
THE EAR HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH RIGHT AND WRONG. CAN YOU HEAR THAT NOTHING?
Nothing is too small for clear vision & tender strength - use outlook & insight.
Give and it shall be given unto you - good measure, pressed do
Yield and you need not break... Emp
unto your bosom...
The meaning of life is the elebration of it.

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nd miles a second, this would
ch other without colliding
The Andromeda nebula.
der of one solar mas

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and goals for that marriage will be of a higher order. The partners will be demanding more of the relationship than they do today. If a couple feel deeply committed to each other and mutually wish to remain together and raise a family, then this will be a new and more binding type of marriage. Each will accept the obligations involved in having and raising children. There may be a mutual agreement as to whether or not the marriage includes sexual faithfulness to one's mate. Perhaps by the year 2000, we will have reached the point where through education and social pressure a couple will decide to have children only when they have shown evidence of mature committment to each other of a sort that is likely to have permanence.

What I'm describing is a whole continuum of man-woman relationships from the most casual dating and casual sex relationships to a rich and fulfilling partnership in which communication is open and real, where each is concerned with promoting the personal growth of the partner, and where there is a long-range committment to each other which will form a sound basis for having and rearing children in an environment of love. Some parts of this continuum will exist within a legal framework, some will not.

One may say with a large measure of truth that much of this continuum already exists. That an awareness of and an open acceptance to this continuum by society will change its whole quality. Suppose it were openly accepted that some marriages are simply ill-mated and transitory unions and they're going to be broken. If children are not permitted in such marriages then one divorce in every two, which is the current rate in California, is no longer seen as a tragedy. The dissolving of the union may be painful, but it isn't a social catastrophe and the experience may be a necessary step for the personal growth of the two individuals toward greater maturity.

What of the relationships between parents and their children? Here it's terribly difficult to foresee the future. Parents in general hold to the static views which have served reasonably well through the centuries of little change with such attitudes as: "I know the values which are important in life. I'm wiser than my child in knowing the direction his life should take."--That whole point of view. If that's the point of view, then the generation gap will grow so large that our culture will literally be split wide open. This may be the course of future events.

Peace in the Home

But there are straws in the wind which point in another way. Some parents wish to be persons growing, changing persons, living in person to person relationships with the youngsters in their family. So we see the development of family encounter groups a movement very much in its infancy in which parents learn about themselves from their own and other's children. And children learn about themselves from their own and other's parents.

A new type of parent education is also developing in which there is respect for the parent of the person with feelings and rights as well as for the child with his feelings and rights. We find family groups where parents and child groups listen to each other, where honest, open expression is also mutual. Parental authority and childhood submission give way before a realness which confronts realness. Such family relationships are not necessarily smooth and the problems of process living are as perplexing as the problems brought on by static views. But there is communication and there is respect and the generation gap becomes simply the communication gap, which to some degree separates all individuals.

It may be hard for us to realize that some help for this new type of family relationship may come from industry. Some corporations, realizing that to start to educate a child at the age 6 is much too late, are beginning to dream up learning activities, learning packages which will not only be fun for the children, but which will involve the whole family in mutually pleasurable and communicative activities. Everyone will have a good time learning together.

Kids' Feelings Are Real

So let's turn and ask what kind of education in the year 2000, especially as it involves interpersonal relationships. It's possible that education will continue much as it is, concerned only with words, symbols, rational concepts based on authoritative roles of the teachers, further dehumanized by teacher machines, computerized knowledge and the increased use of tests and examinations. This is possible because educators are showing greater resistance to change that any other institutional group.

Yet I regard it as unlikely because revolution and education is long over-due and the unrest of students is only one sign of this so I'm going to speculate on some of the other possibilities. It seems likely that schools will be greatly deemphasized in favor of a much broader, thoughtfully devised environment for learning, where the experiences of the students will be challenging, rewarding, informative and pleasurable.

The teacher or professor will have largely disappeared. His place will have been taken by a facilitator of learning chosen for his facilitative attitudes as much as for his knowledge. He will be skilled in stimulating individual and group initiative in learning; skilled in facilitating discussions in depth of the meaning to a student of what is being learned; skilled in fostering creativity; skilled in providing the resources of learning.

Among these resources will be much in the way of programmed learning to be used as the student finds these learnings appropriate, much in the way of audio-visual aids, such as filmed lectures and demonstrations by experts in each field...much in the way of computerized knowledge from which the student can draw. These hardware possibilities are not my main concern.

We will, I believe, see the facilitator focusing his main attention on the prime theory for learning from infancy to age six or eight. Among the most important learnings will be the personal and interpersonal. Every child will develop confidence in his own ability to learn since he will be rewarded for learning at his own pace. Each child will learn that he is a person of worth because he has a unique and worthwhile capacity. He will learn how to be himself in a group; to listen, but also to speak; to learn about himself, but also to confront and give feedback to others.

He will learn to be an individual, not a faceless conformist. He will learn through stimulations and computerized games to meet many of the life problems that he will face. He will find it permissible to engage in fantasy and daydreams, to think creative thoughts, to capture these in words or paints or constructions.

He will find that learning, even difficult learning, is fun both as an individual activity and in cooperation with others. His learning won't be confined to ancient intellectual concepts and specializations. It will not be a preparation for living. It will be in itself an experience in living.

Feelings of inadequacy, hatred, desire for power, feelings of love and respect, feelings of fear, unhappiness, all these will be an open part of his curriculum worthy of his exploration as history or mathematics. In fact, his openness to feeling will enable him to learn content material more readily. His will be an education in becoming a whole human being and the learnings will involve him deeply, openly and exploringly in an awareness of his relationship to himself and an awareness of his relationship to the world of others, as well as an awareness of the world of abstract knowledge. Because learning has been fun, because he has discovered the world to be a fantastically changing place, he will wish to continue his learning into adult life. Thus, communities will set up centers which are rich environments for learning and the student will never graduate. He will always be part of commencement.

Less Dogma

I want to speak a word or two about religion as interpersonal living. Historically, much of man's life has revolved around his relationship to his God or Gods, and his relationship to others who share his religious views. What will be the situation three decades from now? It's definitely conceivable that out of a deep fear of the rapidly changing world he is creating, man may take refuge in a sure dogma. Implicit answer to life's complexities, religion will serve as a security blanket. This seems unlikely but I can imagine the circumstances under which it might occur.

The more likely possibility, or so it appears to me, is that by the year 2000 institutionalized religion, already on the wing, will have faded to a point where it is of only slight importance to the community. Theology may still exist as a scholastic exercise, but in reality the God of authoritative answers will not only be dead, but buried.

This doesn't mean at all that the concerns which have been the basis of religion will have vanished...the mysterious process of life, the mystery of the universe and how it came to be, the tragedy of man's alienation from himself and from others, the puzzle of the meaning of life... these mysteries will all be very much present. There may indeed be a greater appreciation of mystery as our knowledge increases, just as theoretical physicists now marvel at the true mystery of what they've discovered. But religion to the extent that the term is used will consist of tentatively held hypotheses which are lived out and corrected in an interpersonal world.

Groups probably much smaller than present day congregations will wrestle with the ethical, moral and philosophical questions that have been posed by a rapidly changing world. The individual will forge with the support of the group. The stance he will take in the universe, a stance which he can't regard as final because more data will continually be coming in. In the open questioning and honest struggle to face reality which exists in such a group, it is likely that a sense of true community will develop. A community based not on a common creed nor an unchanging ritual but on the personal ties of individuals who become deeply related to one another as they attempt to comprehend and to face as living men the mysteries of existence.

Religion of the future will be man's existential choice as a way of living in an unknown tomorrow-a choice made more bearable because formed in a community of individuals who are like-minded, but like-minded only in their searching.

A Ghetto Rebellion?

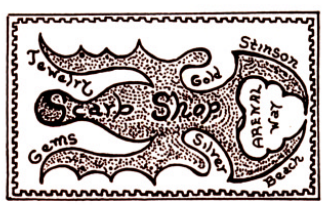
I've left until the last the most difficult area--the relation between persons in the urban ghettos and the persons outside the ghetto. Our inability to accept the changing nature of this anguished struggle isone of the deepest reasons for pessimism regarding the future. The more favored communities seem thus far unwilling and unable to understand the effects upon individuals of a life time of defeat, frustration and rejection. It seems thus far to be unable to comprehend that rebellion is most likely, not least likely, to occur in the very cities in situations in which there is at last some hope. We seem reluctant to give the ghetto dweller responsibility, the one thing that might restore his human dignity, because we are afraid he will make mistakes. We seem to have no recognition that learning from mistakes is the only true way to independence. And most tragically of all, we appear on both sides to have lost the belief that communication is possible.

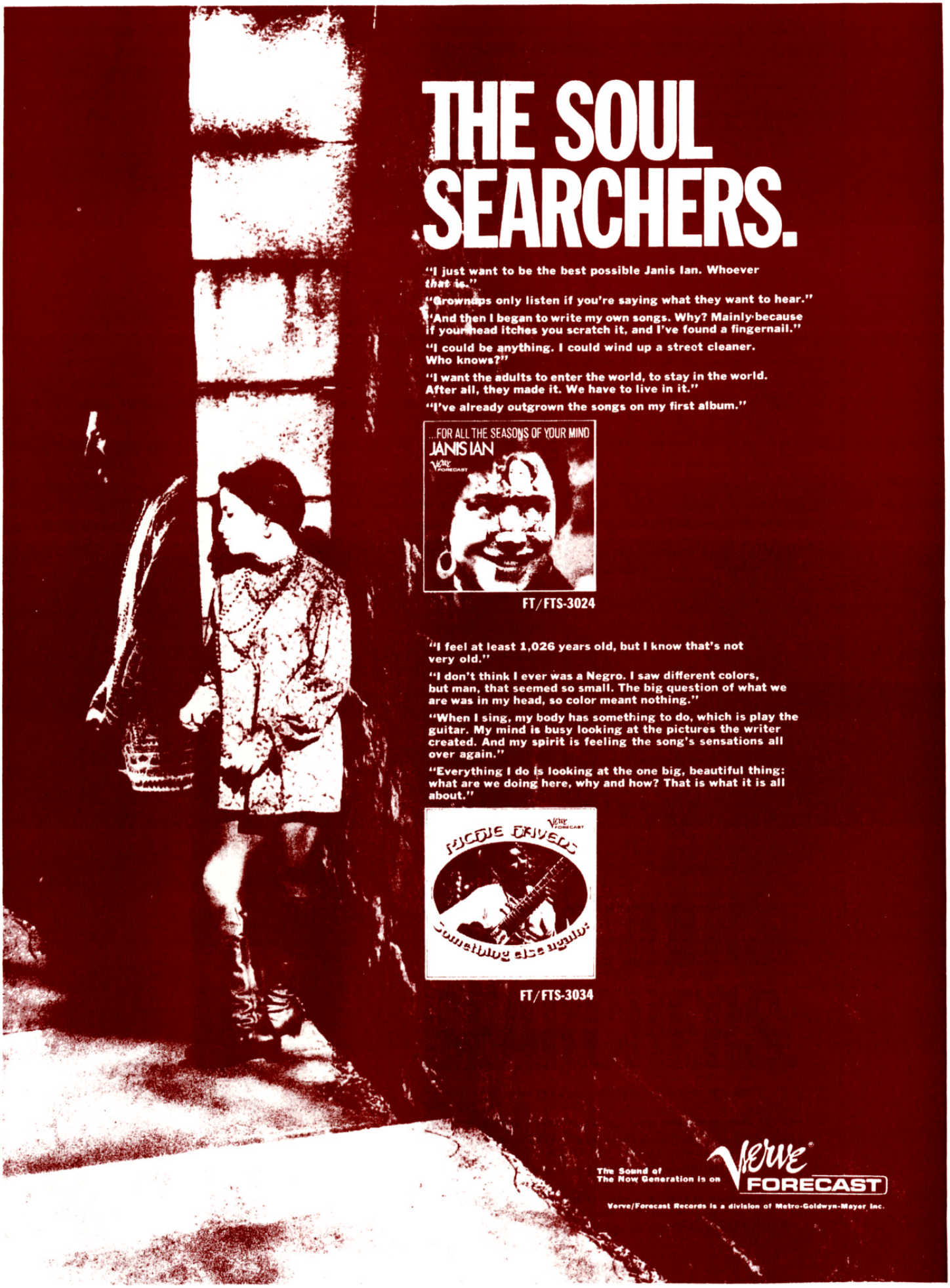
Thus, I can't deny the possibility that the next decade will see a growing rebellion of bloody guerilla warfare in our cities, with concentration camps, with military governments, with fear and hatred in the heart of every citizen. It took a century for the hatred between the North and South to diminish to manageable proportions. How many centuries will it take for the hatreds of this new war to die down? A war which it may be too late to prevent.

What makes it from my point of view incredibly tragic is that the deepest most basic issues revolve around communications. Distrust, suspicion, disillusionment have grown to such mammoth proportions on both sides, perhaps especially on the part of the ghetto dweller, that it is taken for granted that communication is no longer possible. Yet, funds, however great, vocational retraining and housing projects and all the rest can do very little without free, direct, honest communication between persons.

It is my contention that it we mounted a massive effort to re-establish communications in groups ranging from militant black to liberals of both colors to conservative whites, if we drew into this effort dedicated individuals from the ghetto and outside who were desirous of improving relationships, if we drew on the expert knowledge available in the social and behavioral sciences, if we backed this effort with a sum at least equivalent to the cost of our B-52 bombers, (blank place in tape)....the responsibilities to black power and white power for seeing that the decisions were carried out.

Idealistic, you say, but we have the knowledge and the wealth which would make such a thing possible, And if we choose to follow the present trend, we have in South Vietnam a full color picture of how guerilla warfare not only sacrifices lives, but brutalizes the minds and hearts of the living. Will we permit it to happen here? Or will we choose to make a great and concerted effort to behave as persons with persons? On this issue I dare not even speculate. Perhaps it's just as well that I conclude on this somberly precarious note.





THE SOUL SEARCHERS.

"I just want to be the best possible Janis Ian. Whoever *that* is."

"Grownups only listen if you're saying what they want to hear."

"And then I began to write my own songs. Why? Mainly because if your head itches you scratch it, and I've found a fingernail."

"I could be anything. I could wind up a street cleaner. Who knows?"

"I want the adults to enter the world, to stay in the world. After all, they made it. We have to live in it."

"I've already outgrown the songs on my first album."

FT/FTS-3024

"I feel at least 1,026 years old, but I know that's not very old."

"I don't think I ever was a Negro. I saw different colors, but man, that seemed so small. The big question of what we are was in my head, so color meant nothing."

"When I sing, my body has something to do, which is play the guitar. My mind is busy looking at the pictures the writer created. And my spirit is feeling the song's sensations all over again."

"Everything I do is looking at the one big, beautiful thing: what are we doing here, why and how? That is what it is all about."

FT/FTS-3034

The Sound of The Now Generation is on Verve FORECAST

Verve/Forecast Records is a division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc.

THIS BODY

It's the Body who breathes, I breathe the Body in,
the Body breathes me out!
From electrical sponges of porous Fire
flashing thru nectar rainbows who take their shifts of color
from sunlit permanent worlds, dark forces & gliding
beasts whirl & revolve hot universes
out of their heads! Streams of glowing
juices swirl in arteries from their green eyes
to moving points of my Body
inside & outside and join in cosmic romance
in the depths of embracing surfaces.

O I is a walking lung!
Stars are lungs who
burn blue in the centers of flowers that

open and close as I pass, and the
opalescent rhythmic streams we send out loop knots of vibrant song
in clear nothingness between us in the air
or undersea
or in resounding booms in the
wood of undersea Tables surfacing in thunderous white swells
suddenly to greet me, invisible splatters of black waves
shivering off them dropping in wet sheets
down thru these undersea floors back to the bottom
to curtain windows of Atlantean chambers
where huge gods recline throbbing breathy bubbles of
animate creatures of Fire & Air outward
bursting thru each surface, succeeding each other
in swift prowling breaths, long migrations of
ravenous hammer-beats breathing!
Disappearing thru colliding surfaces of waves
to their centers drawing in spikey snake-tails after them,

a rattling diamond hook at the end left dangling
outside links all surfaces together
while inside the outcurling lizards of breath's fire
contemplate schemes and watery maps of new attack into
snap movements, cracking whips of Breath
swung out across worlds!
Cracked by the fierce Master of the Body
on mountainous high peaks of animate light.

O it's this Body of Light who breathes! Our Body
upright in movements & leaps of space!

And down below all around us in the fiery worlds
ferocious sleepers crouch as his whip cracks out!

Daniel Moore

WAT TS Cont. from pg. 9

There 's a certain truth in that.

Therefore, we are going to find that in the year 2000, which is not very far off, that we are going to realize that it is our sacred and solemn duty to learn how to enjoy total luxury. Very seriously. Because, as I pointed out in the very beginning, talking about utopia today is no longer a sort of wishful fantasy, it's a grim necessity. There is no alternative, except utopia, to the direction we are presently taking. The direction of destruction.

We've got to have the nerve, you know, the damned cheek, to stand up and say, "Yes, we are going to enjoy ourselves as much as possible. Now, let me point out that that is a high art. It isn't easy. In case any of you want to feel a bit masochistic, and many people do because they don't feel that they've contributed to society unless they've suffered during the day.

Now, I want to propose an entirely new and adventurous form of suffering which is the art of enjoying yourself as much as possible and accepting, full-heartedly, the real physical possibility of immense prosperity. Now, the problem of this is what we call fatigue. That consciousness is a peculiar neurological phenomenon which gets bored rather easily. So that when a certain stimulus is given to consciousness for a period of time, it ceases to notice it. And, then for lack of anything to do, it seeks out another one.

And, therefore, people who are permanently comfortable cease to notice that they're comfortable. You know very well, when you were worried financially, you're constantly preoccupied because you didn't have enough money and then suddenly you got enough money. You were very happy for a few days and then you started worrying about your health. Nature abhors a vacuum.

Therefore, all high pleasure must go hand in hand with a certain degree of asceticism. Very skillful cooks and gourmets are different from gourmands, The French distinction between gourmet and gourmand is extremely important. A gourmand is a person who just shoves it down--a trencherman. A gourmet takes it subtly. He doesn't ever over-drink. He doesn't ever over-eat. He's fussy, particular and disciplined because he attends to the art of cooking as a very rare business so that he mustn't ever fatigue himself with it. That's one of the major tasks in front of us. And that goes hand in hand with the other thing which must occur as a form of change of spirit in technology if we are to bring about this kind of prosperity.

Hitherto, the spirit motivating technology has been unfriendly to the physical environment. We have spoken of the technological enterprise as man's conquest of nature. As if man were an alien in the universe, was something that came into this world from outside, that is to say from the abstract world, and landed in the concrete world incarnate in the human body, and therefore, as an abstract spirit at odds with his physical prison; it was his duty on this earth to order by violence his physical prison and make it submit to his will.

As a result of that, we have a type of technology which, with few exceptions, is purely exploitive and destructive. It's chief symbol is the bull-dozer-that great metal bar which will shove down mountains in ghastly fulfillment of the prophecy in the Bible that every valley shall be exalted and the mountains laid low and the rough places made plain. So, the progressive Los Angelization of the world--I knew I'd get away with that in San Francisco--is going ahead.

What is fundamentally important to all this change, if it is going to happen at all, and could indeed happen, is a change in the individual human being's consciousness of his own existence vis-a-vis, face to face with nature. We have been brought up to experience ourselves as separate souls or egos occupying bodies and confronted with a world of nature that, since the disappearance of God at the end of the 19th century, is a profoundly stupid environment consisting of animals who are not very bright, rocks which are quite clearly stupid, and other electronic forces which have only rationality in so far as our physicists can impose it upon them.

Therefore, we feel quite alienated from the outside world. We feel that we are mere occurrences. We arrive in this world for a short time and then disappear forever. So make the best of it while you can. We have absolutely no idea of experiencing our relationship to the physical universe as both ecologists and physists know it to be.

The ecologist knows that a human being or any other organism is not something that comes into this world from somewhere else but is an expression of it; grows out of it like fruit from a tree. And it's absolutely imperative that we realize this. Because only on the basis of that new kind of conception of the human being, or felling of human existence, can we have the motivation for developing a technology which will cooperate with the environment instead of merely destroying it.

If you are a great wine-bibber and you love to drink, you must realize that with that goes a love of grapes. And if nuclear energy in the end turns the planet into a star that may be the way all of the stars were made. But, you see, you won't disappear. The important thing to realize, you see, is that if this goes on and on and that's the process, then whatever new human beings of whatever kind-insects, mammals, fish, people-wherever they come into being, each one of them

Cont. from pg. 3

Wheels. Mobility. Real families. Colivelies. The use of all this generous and undemanding Planet. Earth. At will. With loved one, friends. It is all in our heads and hands, my grandfather used to say. They can't take that away from you. And we can take it anywhere. And wait.

III

It is quite clear that gluttony, greed, lack of compassion have caused America to become the most despised nation on this Earth. And the sad thing is, as my Polish wife tells me, we were and still could be, the hope of all. Instead we have not one friend on earth despite the babblings of that Texas millionaire in Washington.

We face great holocausts, terrible catastrophies, all American cities burned from within, and without.

However, our beautiful Planet will germinate, underneath this thin skin of City the green will come back to crack these sidewalks. The stinking air will blow away at last, the bays flow clean.

And there will be signs. We will know when to slip away and let these murderous fools rip themselves to pieces.

In the meantime, stay healthy, there are hundreds of miles to walk and work. Keep your mind. We will need it. Stake out your colively retreat. Learn the berries the nuts the fruit the small animals and plants. Learn water.

Build whatever colively is your Way.

For there must be good men and women in the mountains, on the beaches, in all the neglected beautiful places, that one day we come back to ghostly cities and set them right, at last.

-AND THERE MUST NOT BE A PLAN! It has always been the plan that did us in.

In all that rubble, think of the beautiful trinkets we can wave above our heads as we dance!

As we do right now. As we do RIGHT now!

Meanwhile (1) Freak Out (2) Come back (3) Bandage the wounded and feed however many you can, and (4) Never Cheat.

Lew Welch 9-1-67

BUILDING Cont. from pg. 4

Some is purchased, other has come through the government's good rationing plan, which I was told was being threatened by the authorities at Drop City in Trinidad. Eventually, of course, each City intends to become self-sustaining by growing their own crops, etc.

At Trinidad, the Domes are completed and have proven very successful in sheltering the Family. New Buffalo and Drop City South are at present in temporary quarters; the former in canvas Tipis and the latter in an old adobe complex close-by their Domes under construction. In short, the transitional machinations necessary to daily life seem to be there when needed.

For one thing, the individuals involved are able and most of them have been in the Southwest long enough to be adept at securing the necessities. What one is finally interested in is the eventual success or failure of the undertaking.

There are certainly in American history many precedents for the Drop Cities. Oneida comes immediately to mind. Countless others have appeared only to fold in less than a generation. One could, of course, take the success of the Drop Cities as an article of faith in the Love Generation, otherwise, one can certainly add that never before were the underlying reasons for such attempts as these as numerous, expansive, and as well-articulated as at present.

Everywhere, it seems, people, even those far removed from such a way of life, are at odds with the regimentation, alienation from their society and from themselves, and simply sheer drudgery of their lives. Equally, it seems that if means were readily available to drop out of this vicious cycle there would be no one who would not do so.

I will not attempt here to go into why they do not in even greater numbers, but I can say that almost everyone agrees that there must be a better way. Drop City does not in any way represent a regression; it simply represents a rejection of the implied premise in the American way that truth and happiness can finally be made available in the accumulation of material accouterments at the expense of spiritual growth, which everyone agrees is the final end to the activity of life.

I emphasize those material accouterments which displace and distort and repress the mental and spiritual development. Comfort, while a relative issue, is still what everyone desires. Drop City is not an attempt, wherever it might develop, to return to primitivism. The virtues and vices of technology will have to be reckoned with. Likewise, population increases. But one thing the Drop City does represent is a channeling of energies in a creative and meaningful manner.

Perhaps the final solution is that all cities will become Drop Cities. That they will finally wake up to the truth that the present ones represent. The brotherhood of man, the importance of strong, but non-puritanically derived family units (in the fullest sense of that term) and activity that is rewarding to the participants.

What these cities represent it would seem are simply cities as they should be. Neither something new nor unique. Neither primitive, so-called, or progressive. But a community of people living life as it was meant to be lived. Activity and work but not out of external expectations or societal illusions.

Drop City is one of many attempts at creating a humane organic alternate community with very little material resources in usually hostile environments. These communities rightfully discourage curiosity seekers. The Oracle considers them examples and explorations. Begin your own communities and stay out of their hair. You are one of many. ~ by Bill Oodd

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Andy Boehm
Arthur Groff
Azul Zangpo
Bob Schneff
~~Brent Daingerfield~~
Bryden
Colin McHamey
Daniel Eggink
Dianne Shannon
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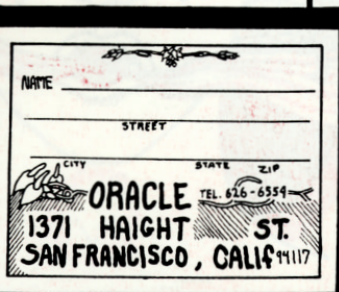


EVOLUTION

not free, so I won't let you play your own buttons That's depraved. But get yourself an opposite number, hopefully of the opposite sex, but I'm not going to be rigid, and play each other's buttons. If the mice experiments are any example, you've got it! It's what you've been looking for! Anybody want anything else? Wanta join the club? There's something annoying about it. My grandfather would be very upset. He'd be more than upset. It's clear that's not what you want by and large, so I would guess only 5-10% of Americans would go for it. But the rest of us are going to find it somehow inadequate. But it's very hard to explain why it's inadequate.

One of the points which strikes me is that when you do any study of groups from the viewpoint of objectives-that is you have some kind of objective, a nation trying to increase wealth, or businessmen trying to make money, it can be people trying to win a football game, I don't care what it is-you soon find that there's a role for what's called the rationality of irrationality. That is, you cannot do your objective efficiently by almost any criteria you care to mention unless you can lock yourself in on some issues rigidly. To give you a simple example: any business situation-unless you can lock yourself in to paying money, you can't borrow money. A society which doesn't feel an obligation...well, do you know the game of chicken? If you get in a car dead drunk, throwing whisky bottles out the window, very blind, throw the steering wheel out, you win that game. Because you're locked in. I'm not recommending that, but I'm describing in a very dramatic way some of the roles of irrationality. For many people, getting married for life may be a very important thing for them. Literally. Because that's the only way that they can conceive of it. They simply cannot give and receive unless they feel that it's permanent. Take away the concept of permanence and they can't have the same kind of relationship.

Carl Rogers said, and I think correctly, that in an interpersonal encounter, you can get a kind of feeling that would come to most people only after a lifetime of interaction. Now, that's a typically American thing too. If you go to Europe, you'll find that people don't call each other by the first name unless they went to high school or college together. If you look at World War II, for example, if you had a guy next to you who was killed, and he happened to be a close relative or very close friend, you often get a syndrome of tremendous guilt. Because you first feel happy that it was him not me, and you then feel very guilty for that happiness. It turns out that Americans get that syndrome for someone they met last week with the first-name basis and get along with them very well. To Europeans that closeness looks very ersatz. They find it incredibly shallow. I think the other kind of course will also satisfy us. We get in the habit of getting into relationships with someone we brushed past in the elevator. You know, we shared that experience together so I can give you my mose intimate thoughts and you can give me your most intimate thoughts because what could be closer than sharing the same elevator. I think you'll find people like that in life. But I think many people here would not like it. Who's to say who's right and who's wrong? I really don't know.

I'm not trying to knock the T-groups. I think they're a good thing, and they may well develop this new human being. And it may be very different from anything Carl Rogers or I think of. I don't know what it'll be like, but I would give you even money for a new human being in the 21st century. But I really doubt that he'll be a hedonist, a dropout, a materialist, a console player...I rather suspect he'll be a little bit like me.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q: Could you comment on where you think the internal revolution of psychedelic drugs is taking us.

WATTS: I think the psychedelic drug problem is in a very primitive condition, both as to the sophistication of the chemicals in question, the predictability of their effects, and the way in which they are used. They are instruments of extremely high potency, and the way we are using them at the present time is as if we forbade children to play with extremely dangerous automobiles, but there were enormous clubs scattered all over the country for doing just exactly that without any supervision whatsoever and without any particular wisdom. The usual way the United States deals with difficult problems is on the principle of the ostrich which is to pretend that they do not exist. I think we have in this dimension what people have often called an exploration of inner space which is quite as important potentially as any other exploration that man has made. Instead of throwing up our hands about it in horror, or going overboard for it with unbridled enthusiasm, it's one of those things which we should take, not seriously, but sincerely. And really work at it.

KAHN: I'm going to make a couple comments on it. First, I think it's clear that Western culture and the United States in particular has very much neglected this side of the human personality, sometimes known as "inner space." I would assume that as part and parcel of this post-industrial revolution there will clearly be more emphasis on so called Dionesian man, spiritual man, mystical man, and the drugs definitely go in this direction. They clearly lead to an increase in privatism of the personality if any of the reports are right. They lead to a withdrawal from structured situation to unstructured. One of the real problems with the drugs is that maybe the people who so to speak could use that change in personality most are least likely to take it; the ones who are already pretty unstructured are the most likely to take it. The ones who in some sense it may be most harmful for. The question of legalizing it either under care or generally is a messy one and I don't know where I would stand. There is a widespread agreement, no particular data, but you don't need data to get agreement, that marijuana is less dangerous than alcohol. So that if you had a choice between marijuana and alcohol, you'd probably choose marijuana. On the other hand, if the question is whether to add marijuana to alcohol that's not so persuasive that it's less dangerous. Alcohol does cause a lot of damage in the world and you're asked to sort of double it or at least by half. And that's something you want to look at with care. Now, I'm perfectly willing to concede the likelihood, and certainly the possibility, that marijuana is less risky to the average person in terms of habituation or personality destruction than alcohol, but that still doesn't settle the issue. There seems to be a great deal of evidence that it does create personal problems among some per cent of the population. Small, but we often deny things to the majority because we think that five per cent can't take it. My own guess is that despite this argument, marijuana will be more or less legalized in the next ten-twenty years, and we got to be prepared to live with it. I think it's just going that way. I don't know which way I would vote myself. The stronger drugs have exactly the same argument but just more so. They do change your society, there's no question about that. And that leads directly to the previous comment that maybe you don't want to reject some of those old things that fast, maybe you want to let the thing work its own way. But there are a lot of things which change the society, some of them in very unpleasant ways. This is a case where you want to look with care before you jump. It's practically impossible to work it backwards. My guess is that they'll all be legalized, or effectively legalized, unless you have a sort of right-wing authoritarian swing which I don't really expect.

ROGERS: I liked what Alan had to say, and I'd just add this little bit to it. It seems to me our society is sufficiently affluent now that we do begin to feel the need to explore new areas and consequently to look inward, and drugs is an enticing way of doing that. We need to know much more about it than we do now. I think also we will find that there are probably many ways of achieving the same kind of inner exploration, inner experiences without drugs. I am interested that a number of people who have used drugs have now come around to the point of view of feeling "Yes, but I can accomplish just as much for myself without the use of drugs." So there is a wide area to be explored there, and I liked Alan's note of caution on it too.

Q: Have you read *Report from Iron Mountain*, and if so what is your answer to its main thesis, the necessity and inevitability of war?

KAHN: I think of *Iron Mountain* as one of the most interesting phenomena of the last two-three years. It's supposed to be a satire, and I think it is. The question is a satire on what? If I was going to write a satire on some of the beliefs of say some of the protest groups in this country, I'd say well these are the kind of people who think for example that a US government committee would write a report saying that war is essential, that medical science is bad, that slavery is good, and they would find a name for that report and send it to the government and say "This is the answer to your problems. We've got it on computers, and you can't argue with it." My friends would say, "Look, there's nobody in the country who thinks that way. I mean *nobody* thinks that the government operates that way." Well, it turns out that a fair per cent of the population do. And now the question arises: how can these people think that the government operates that way? Well, one possibility is that maybe the government does operate that way! I haven't noticed it, and I've looked around. I think you have a kind of alienation here which has gotten to the point of maniceness. Literally manic. Remember my illusioned life I was talking about, this is what I was talking about. People take this kind of thing seriously, they do. Now of course, you've got to be a little careful. If you go to the war industry, you'll find that most of the workers there think that their prosperity depends on the war. If you go to the businessmen, you'll find a high per cent, but not all of them. There is no study I have ever seen of any sort, whether left or right, that was mildly respectable that argued that war production played an essential role in the economy. Just to give you the numbers, according to *Iron Mountain*, we simply can't consume the goods that are consumed in war. Alright. Last year we spent 70 billion dollars in defense preparations, which is just the increase in the gross national product which we consumed. Did anybody notice any trouble in consuming last year's gross national product? The increase? I didn't see any trouble! In other words between '65 and '67 we added to the GNP more than the defense budget and consumed every bit of it, and I didn't see anybody having a problem. And we've done that every two years for the last fifteen. It's just that trivial. And yet you find serious people taking it seriously. Why and how?

WATTS: Well, I haven't read this particular book. But when you speak of war as a necessity, I think that's just one of those things that we used to talk about, that it was really very necessary for women to bear children in agony. It was sort of one of those things, the sort of masochism, we feel condemned to these procedures. As a matter of fact, we can change them overnight. You just have to get out of your head the idea that this is just a law of nature, that you have to be aggressive in a certain way. A lot of that is a kind of role playing. When you want to cure people of certain habits, you can do so very quickly by getting them to change their conception of their personality, and that means it's based on a thorough questioning of what your basic assumptions are about: who you are and what is human nature. There is no fixed quantity for human nature. It's an extremely malleable thing. Only people who don't want to change very much always argue that human nature is unchangeable.

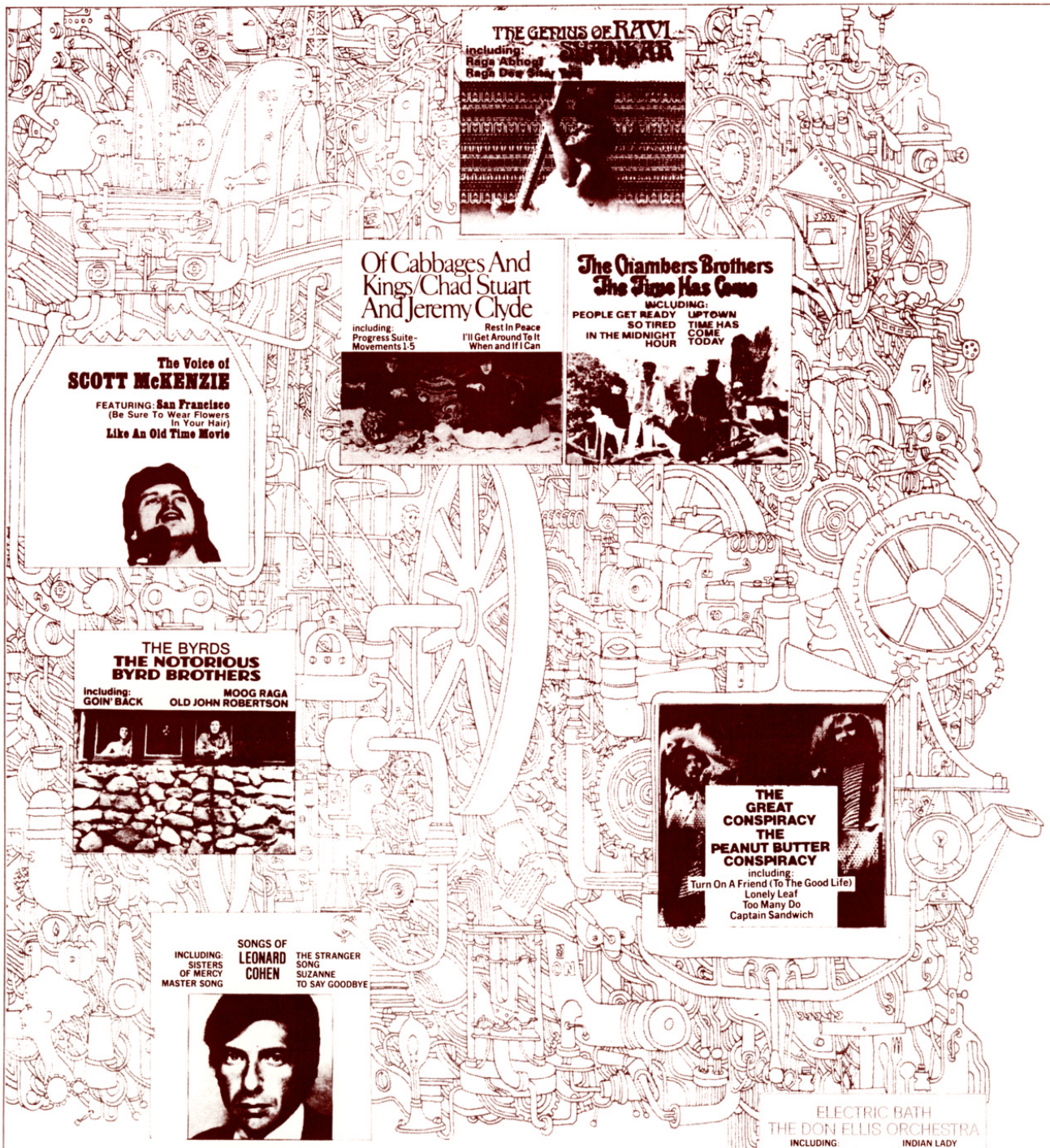
Q: Today spiritual thought and experience are nearly unheard of in the Christian world. What are the possibilities for the development of spiritual man in the future? And, if the spirituality develops, what form might it take?

ROGERS: I'll take a small shot at that one. I don't like the term "spiritual"; it doesn't come very natural to me. But I think that the richness of interpersonal experience that we're discovering in a number of situations is probably quite similar to what in the past has been called "spiritual experience." And I think that we may very likely see what I would regard as a somewhat more down to earth interpersonal spirituality, if I'm forced to use that term, in the future than we see now. I think there will be less perhaps that has any supernatural flavor to it.

WATTS: I don't like the word "spirituality" either because it implies a dimension of life which is exclusive of or in some way outside of our sensory input. But I do feel that it goes beyond the domain of the interpersonal. That's certainly included in it, but the great wonder that man has is not merely in the domain of his relationship to other people, but his curious situation in this extraordinary cosmos in which the more he knows about astronomy the more startling the whole thing is. The more he knows about physics...but uh we find it relatively easy to understand our human situation and our relations with humans, but what on earth are we doing in this extraordinary fireworks display called the universe? And the development of a feeling of an increasing at-homeness in this thing may lead us to conceive it less as a thing, a contraption, a system, and more as what Carl Rogers calls personal. But not in the sense of something with whiskers on, you know, a personal God, but as something alive like an organism instead of something dead like a mechanism.

KAHN: Uhh...I'm an agnostic..anduhh.. a reluctant agnostic...that doesn't mean I can't have spiritual experiences, and it doesn't mean that people can't be agnostics and even be interested in Dionesian type things, even a certain degree of mysticism, and even play along with myth as literature. You know, read it and kind of half believe it. But there's always that nagging notion that this is in fact a game. You know as opposed to my grandfather who was not playing games. Y'know and this kind of thing..they're dead serious about it. It seems to me clear that people will find the agnostic life and the atheistic life more and more empty for a number of reasons, the most important of which is that the charisma of economic, materialistic, and even scientific society is decreasing. It just doesn't grip any more. Yes, physicists are not going to be attracted by the mystery of physics any more, they're all becoming bio-physicists or moving out of the field. They're finding it unexciting. And I assume you'll get a wave of religions in the United States: esoteric religions, Oriental religions, mystic religions, brand new ones, made up ones, and these will fulfill various roles for various people. And it may well turn out that one of them may become kinda dominant. If that's true by the way, those tend to be unpleasant periods in human history. You have a kind of catharsis before you have any new religiosities.

ROGERS: Uh, uummm, because I feel we're getting into the role of playing the academic game. You...we talk to you, then you ask us the questions and we give you the answers. I don't know what to do about it in this particular situation, but I just will feel better if I say I don't like it. (Aud. Hosannah)



The Rock Machine is a machine with a soul.

The Rock Machine never sleeps. Day or night you can hear it. With its happening sounds. Of today... of tomorrow.... The Rock Machine. Its beat is relentless. Because those at work within it are.... Ravi Shankar. Genius of sitar. Master of Raga. Father of rock's new sound.... Chad and Jeremy. A rock suite. A symphony of strange sounds. Of Cabbages and Kings.... The Chambers Brothers. The Time Has Come. Their time is now.... Scott McKenzie. The haunting voice. The soulful lyric. The beautiful feeling.... The Byrds. Trying their wings in Country and Western. Soaring.... The Peanut Butter Conspiracy. Spreading the word from the underground. The Great Conspiracy.... Leonard Cohen. Novelist and poet, singing his songs. The voice of a beautiful mind.... The Don Ellis Orchestra. Electric Bath. Reverb amplifiers, clavinets, loop delays and quarter-tone trumpets. Shocking....

The Contemporary Sound on COLUMBIA RECORDS

COLUMBIA RECORDS

ONE: MACHT: SHOUT: BUST

Dear Editor,

I hope that you will print this letter because what I have to say is very important to all people. I am going to give out some information that up until now has been held in secrecy. This may or may not shock a lot of people, but a very dear friend of mine, Dr. Mathew Reinhart, has invented a time machine. Like I said there will be a lot skepticism when people read this, but it really works, and the reasons it hasn't been released in other public newspapers is because of patent problems and skepticism.

I wouldn't have believed it myself except that I've seen positive proof.

Dr. Reinhart went into the future and returned to the present via his 9 foot tall capsule which contains about $50,000 worth of equipment. Dr. Reinhart has the machine stored in a barn somewhere, but I won't give out the location for obvious reasons.

I was with him on Tuesday, September 19, 1967 when he was transported into the year 2000.

He said that in the coming next few years nations will fall, including all communist and democratic powers. They will destroy themselves, but it will not be an atomic war. The people who survive will evolve into super beings. They won't change very much in regards to physical appearances, except they will be healthier and their heads will be a degree larger than they are now. Other than that they will be much the same as they are now. However; there will be a drastic change in attitude. They will live a similar life to that of the present day hippies of Haight Ashbury district, but it will be better. No one will have to work to survive, no fighting, no wars, and it will be a complete anarchy. Also, there will be no boredom, no jealousy, but a large abundance of love and brotherhood. They won't need any drugs because they will be superconscious and won't need them.

That was about all the data that I can release at this time but I will inform you of further proceedings and details at a later date. Meanwhile don't be distressed about the world condition because it's going to get better and sooner than anyone could anticipate.

Thank you for letting me give out this information. I couldn't up to now, but now I can faithfully say everything's going to be all right.

As soon as the machine has been properly patented and approved by the government he will be able to have visitors to his secret barn and they can look at his life's project and witness test runs of the machine.

Incidentally it is called Nero.

Sincerely,
R. N. Rogue
West Covina

Oracle people,

There are forces about who seek to destroy you. The National sanity police in their present form--FBI--CIA--SS--and for me ONI*--are out to flush you into the bowl of all their shit.

They've figured the angles and laid their traps carefully--their commission is by length of hair--their after your ass; they have mine. "I'll comprimise", I said.. They've got me-don't let them get you.

Did you ever have the pleasure of "Johnie got his gun?" Whats-his-name says If anyone ever tells you come-on boy, your going to war-theres a job to be done over there tell them to go to hell and cut out." Very roughly paraphrased but the message is clear--don't comprimise baby--Tell the Brain Police to stick it in their ear.

Stay beautiful
F (USN)

* Office of Navel Intelligence

Dear Gary, Harry, Travis, Reb, Tiffany, Diane, Hetti, Lynn, etc.

The twisted fibres of my love addiction are just about straightening out and uncluttering my head. Deities of vengeance and lovelessness unveiled and purged

Mexico with its ghetto city slithering over its towering history is a stimulant to the heart rebounding from passion to passion from the sense of immortality having been unveiled here in its pre-history to the savagery of Moctezuma's massacre of dreamers who wouldn't dream the prophecy he wanted to hear.

In Mexico City economic slavery of 5 million peasant people selling endless Tacos and chewing gum in the midst of the worst smog situation outside of Los Angeles while American capital builds another unconscious robot international city to the tune of dollars

In Cuernavaca huge market place underneath airplane hanger type structure-fruit & vegetables piled ten feet high-fresh fruit drinks mixed before your eyes papaya mango banana watermelon and drink it down herbs that will cure anything and more, cows sheep & pig intestines hanging from racks-magnificent dark skinned ancient women peeling onions on floor children pulling on pant legs yelling "hippie" while Beatles music echoes louder than jet roar over huge loudspeakers

At Xochicalco Toltec pyramid that reshaped a mountain in the middle of an enormous fertile valley practically uninhabited except for the few peasants who live in primitive huts caring for grounds and serving as guides-inhabited at one time by perhaps 100,000 people who made a mountain into a pyramid-temple and hallowed it out entirely for meditation rooms-sensory deprivation chambers and stone astrological turrets to fix star and sun observations-here a temple to Quetzalcoatl the plumed serpent-man-icon God-idea for the merging of spirit & matter who gave these men of legend the arcane truth to become fully human & whose name & powers were used for the inhuman slaughter and sacrifice of unknown numbers for political jealousies and the protection of yet more classes of priest-kings-religion used here more savagely even than Christianity-But at some dim time past unrecorded

even by these obsessed recorders of time a people lived enamored and embraced by glories of the heart open for all benefited in by all attuned to the measures of the universe. The sun set over the mountains 40 or 50 miles distant across the valley the sky gold & violet, the mountains shimmering losing their substance become dancers of Maya as Michael Martin and I chant for the coming Buddha chimes ringing in the chilled air. Who danced here before us waking from the dream? And who slept here forgetting their awakening hurling bodies hearts wrung from the chest down the stairway of giants? We drove home singing and chanting peace in all cities countries & worlds of arrogance & anguish.

Love to you all
Allen

Hippies' Publicity Agency.

Dear friends.

If you could imagine the way of feeling of some South Americans boys and girls in regard to your grouping and ideas and the whole impossibility of being able to express what they feel! It's awful! At least you can forming groups, meeting with friends who think in the same way as you, to publish newspapers, to shake the countries, societies, etc. But we, the South American nonconformist youngs are tied. We cannot express ourselves and to protest because we live in an awfully bad background land, so if we want to meet in public places, all kind of coarse, teaser, degenerate and robber fellows go around us making really impossible all manifestation. Don't think we are cowards. Oh! If you live here you'll be agree with us.

I have written to many famous persons (Princess Grace. King Gustav Adolf of Sweden, Agatha Christie, Lawrence Rockefeller, Princess Farah Diva etc) asking for an economical help only for buying a ticket to go to live to a country in which I can do what I really want to do in my arts (music, writtings, paintings and photography) but none of them helped me. Life is so short to lose in a country so mediocre like this. My psychologist (who made me live the unforgettable experience of LSD) agrees at me very much.

With LSD I understood and discovered so many things! Living as we live here is a smothering thing and I can't stand it! Sometimes I drink alcohol or I take narcotics but this is not an adequate mean to escape to thispsysically amputated country...Now I'll enter the University (classes begin in March), but I'd much prefer to go away from this country and to help all of you in spreading out our ideas but I don't have the money I need for the ticket.

I'm 23 years old. I spend the most part of the time playing the piano and composing.

Could you help me? Would a group of you collect only the money for the ticket? I don't know what to do. Getting a work here is more difficult than entering to the University. I go out early every morning looking for works but I always come back disappointed. I want to work for keeping the travel money. The cost of the ticket to USA is about US $300.

It would be one of the most wonderful things of you, the Underground People, to have a mean of transportation for underground people in all the world! We could live in an island!

Please, you can help me or not send me your address and if it's possible an issue of your newspapers. I don't know your address but I hope the letter arrive to your hands

I have composed a lot of songs and written books. None of them published. of course. I'd never publish in this country.

I hope you'll answer soon Many thanks.

With my affection
Miss Fanny
Address: Juan Enrique Concha
495
Nunoa-Santiago-Chile

Don't care I didn't write my last name.

Box 7432, University Station
Austin, Texas 78712

Friends of the Oracle:

The Argentine magazine Cormoran y Delfin wants to publish a selection of the newest young poetry flower love non-rut. South America cares, that's why.

Please send poems to me at above address, since I'll be doing translations. Include a note on your Self, thing, tribe, etc.

Yours in a world of poetry & love.
Jose L. Varela-Ibarra

In Memoriam ·

DAVID SANDBERG

moving
in a windowed
world

or trapped
into a response

(steam rising from sun-soaked
house rooves after rain

picking images

from floors of stone
wavering

stalks of dread

or
birds

coming at us

an attack of the senses
filling the mind
an

attack of

FREEDOM!

coming sure

tooted

across fields at
night
i am carried

on a blade of breath far
beyond
my normal zones

woman

your body is a good design
to hold me

to take
the charge
our coming
together
coiled flesh glistening
we two
a
becoming

convoluted
woman your body
driven by a web of need
crawling upward

your cunt is a well of

opening

you take my root
muscle

driven deep into the flower of your being

fantastic hot beer gentled
by your depth

suck it dry

all the juices of my
growing
for your need

your belly swollen
earth-woman

am sky.
cloudless deep

i wait to
se a growth
of mandrake

from your thighs

woman
wife

what crimes must i commit (did & do commit) to make an action, what motion is good motion. real motion? i sit bewildered. & make the keys go faster. my shoulder so sore still & pained that typing is harder & harder. i should be a player piano.

i search to seek. to give up. be done with seeking. to find, or i think to hold something up. to myself mostly, & say. something like. look here shithead, this is the way to do it. but can make no models of sturdiness. & it all crumbles in my four fingers (forefathers, flushers) demons crowd my night, making vision an arduous & trying thing.

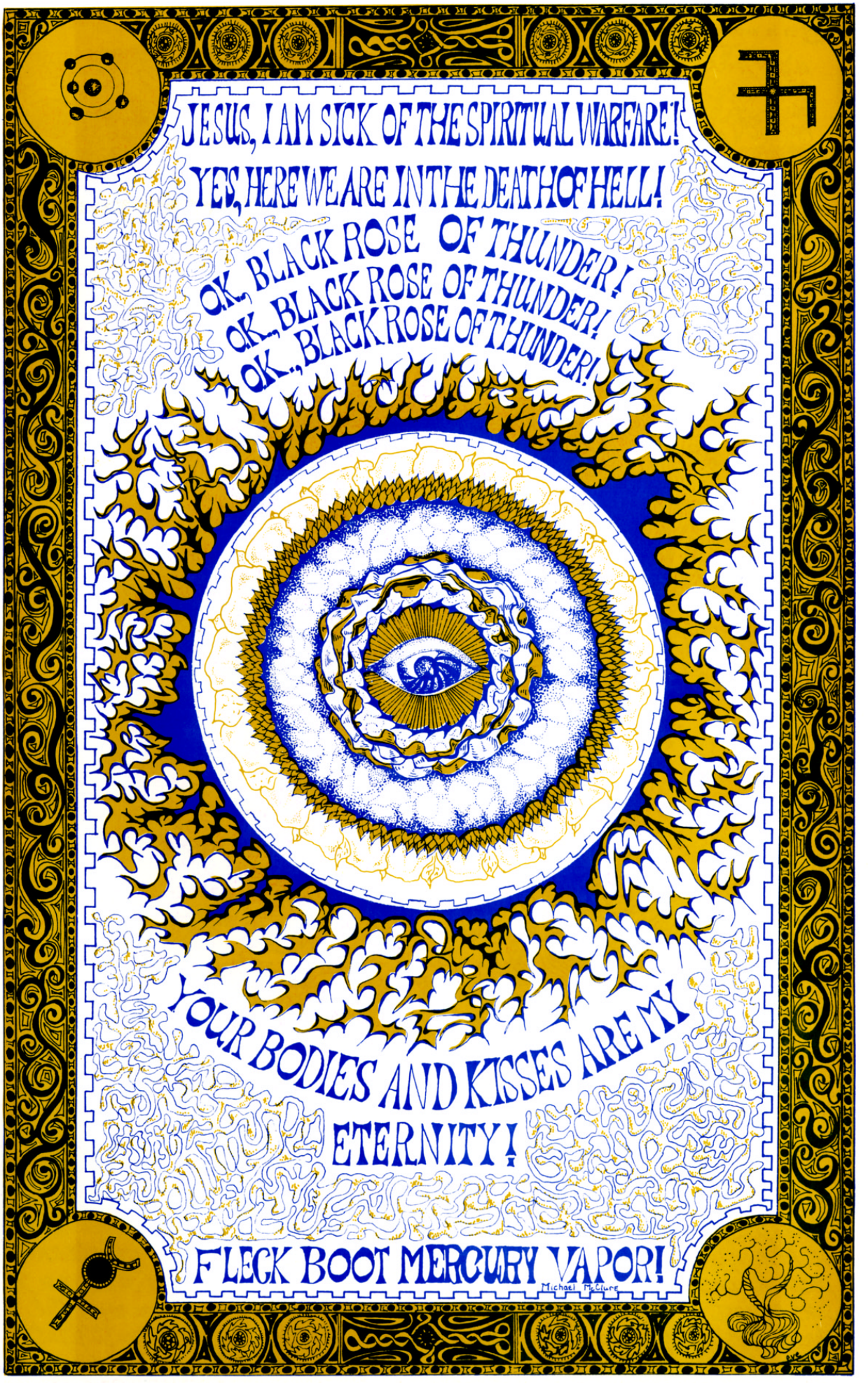
not super vision. but an more ordinary kind.

i dont even know what i'm saying half the time, dont know what its all about, & run screaming thru labyrinthine corridors of my cell-body-holy-ordering of things, grasping at flashes of light. which are bloody fish which disappear as i reach for their lantern cave-like eyes.

** i bend, god i bend, & sway on some solid foundation that i can no longer trace culturally religiously morally hereditarily or even by drinking tracer fluid & pounding on a dark voyage thru my veins.*

Maybe you should get away from 1360 before it caves in, move into a tomb, or a fish box. & pray from that kind of home. I worry for your safety & at the shark toothed tiger people. biting at your only flesh. & I sing to lose myself in total reality dream.

I'll see you inside of 5 days. If not the floating pieces of my body will drift over everything. a fine black rain of dust.--

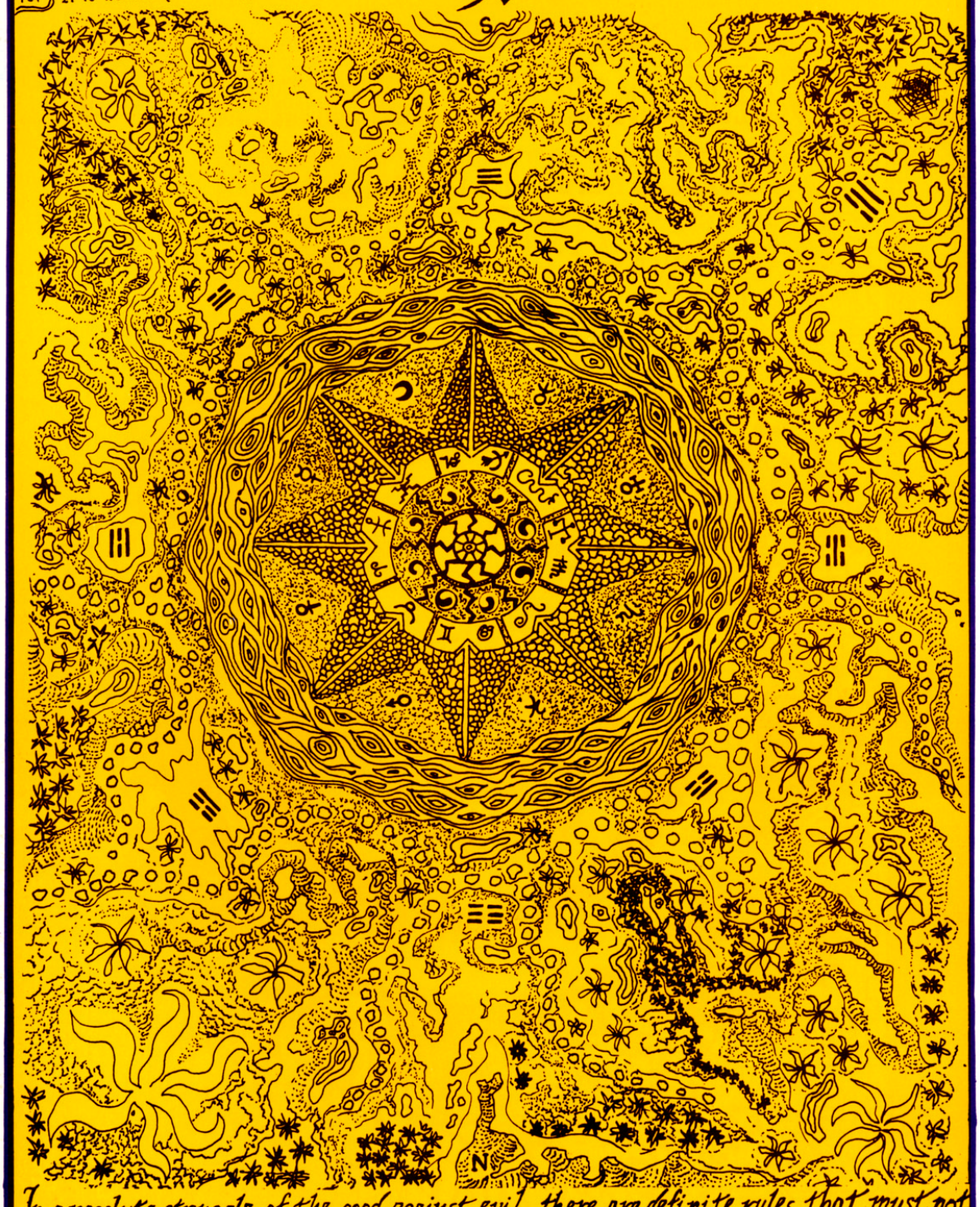

JESUS, I AM SICK OF THE SPIRITUAL WARFARE!
YES, HERE WE ARE IN THE DEATH OF HELL!
OK, BLACK ROSE OF THUNDER!
OK, BLACK ROSE OF THUNDER!
OK, BLACK ROSE OF THUNDER!
YOUR BODIES AND KISSES ARE MY
ETERNITY!
FLECK BOOT MERCURY VAPOR!
Michael McClure

TUI

43. KUAI - BREAK-THROUGH. DANGER.
IT IS NECESSARY TO NOTIFY ONE'S OWN CITY.

(RESOLUTENESS)
IT DOES NOT FURTHER TO RESORT TO ARMS.

CH'IEN



In a resolute struggle of the good against evil, there are definite rules that must not be disregarded. First, resolution must be based on a union of strength and friendliness. Second, a compromise with evil is not possible; evil must under all circumstances be openly discredited. Third, the struggle must not be carried on directly by force. If evil is branded, it thinks of weapons, and if we do it the favor of fighting against it blow for blow, we lose in the end because thus we ourselves get entangled in hate and passion. Therefore it is important to begin at home, to be on guard in our own persons against the faults we have branded. In this way, finding no opponent, the sharp edges of the weapons of evil become dulled. Finally, the best way to fight evil is to make energetic progress in the good.

BOB SIMMONS